HÖLDERLIN

Other Publications

VERSE

Flowering Cactus — *The Hand & Flower Press*

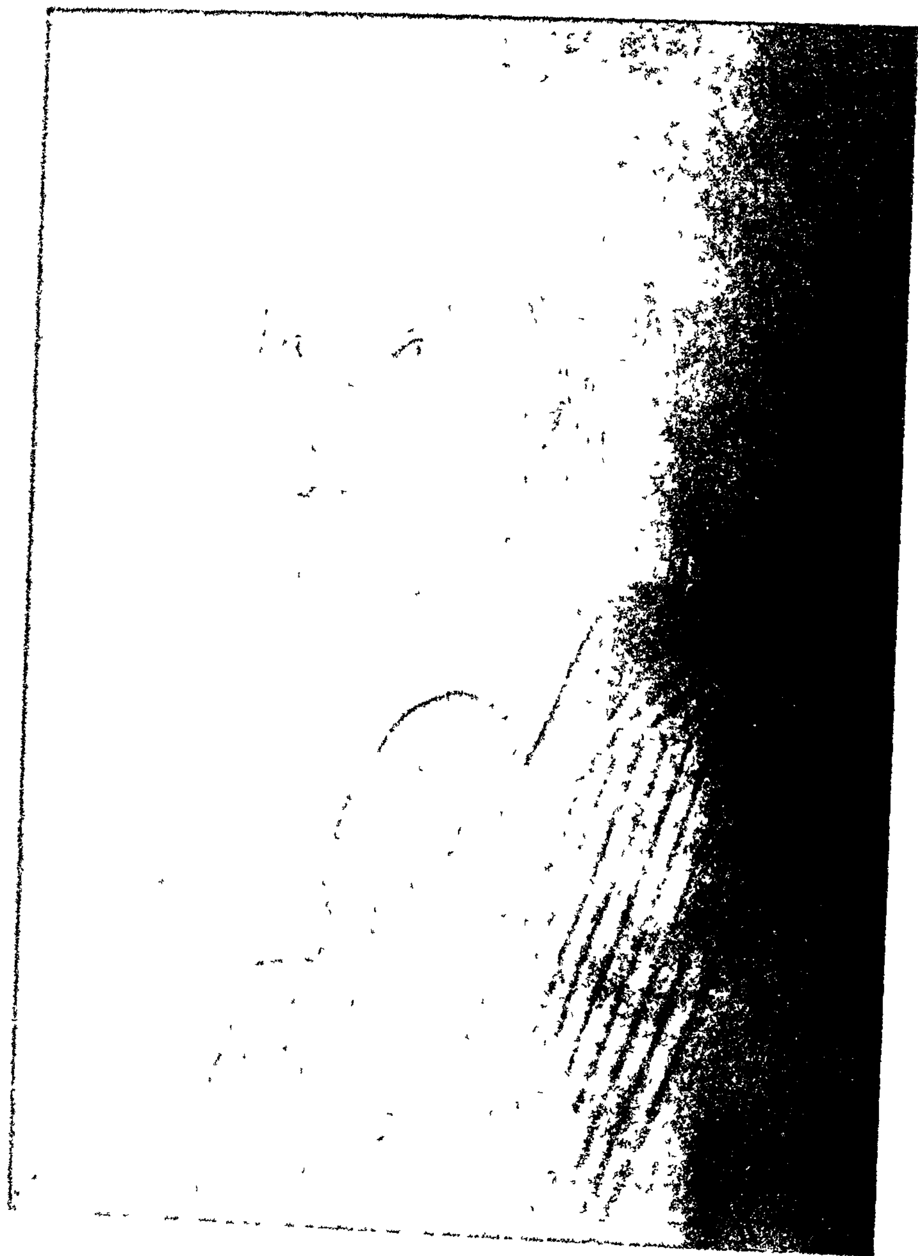
Poems 1950–1951 — *The Hand & Flower Press*

TRANSLATIONS

Twenty Prose Poems of Baudelaire — *Nicholson & Watson*

Decline. Twelve Poems by Georg Trakl. *The Latin Press, St. Ives*

Beethoven. Letters, Journals & Conversations — *Thames & Hudson*



by F C Hiemer

HÖLDERLIN

His Poems translated by

Michael Hamburger

with a critical study

London : The Harvill Press

PREFATORY NOTE

My aim, in these translations, was to reproduce the poems as literally as possible, and I was therefore at times obliged to sacrifice regularity of metre and also, perhaps, much of the musical quality of the originals, upon which their beauty and appeal largely depend. I consider these offences less unforgivable than an intrusion of the translator's idiosyncrasies into the author's work. Any substitution or grafting on of images, similes and thoughts by the translator seems to me like an act of trespass, and I have tried throughout to avoid these faults, at the risk of committing others.

The translations must therefore be read as an introduction to Holderlin's work or as an aid for those who cannot read the original with ease, rather than as a personal rendering or imitation

I have used two editions of Holderlin's works, those by Hellingrath and by Zinkernagel, but have relied mainly on Hellingrath's version of the texts.

I am profoundly grateful for the help of the late Dr Karl Kilian Mayer, whose authoritative criticism caused me to revise many of the translations, who elucidated many obscure passages in the original poems and gave me invaluable suggestions and advice

M.H. 1942

PREFACE TO THE SECOND EDITION

This edition contains new versions of all the Asclepiadean and Alcaic odes included in the first edition, an amended version of the elegies, and several poems not previously included. The Introduction has been revised, factual errors have been corrected, irrelevant passages omitted and others considerably extended.

Though the translator has adhered to his general principles, he has now attempted to combine literal fidelity with greater respect for the form of the originals. This has led to the occasional use of inversion, a poetic resort which, however objectionable in itself, is justified in this case by Hölderlin's own practice.

Among works on Hölderlin more recent than those mentioned in the Introduction, the following are outstanding:

Romano Guardini: *Hölderlin, Weltbild und Frommigkeit.* 1939.
Erich Przywara: *Holderlin.* 1949.
Ludwig von Pigenot: *Friedrich Hölderlin, die spaten Hymnen.* 1949.
Martin Heidegger. *Erlauterungen zu Hölderlins Dichtung.* 1951.
Eduard Lachmann: *Hölderlins Christus-Hymnen* 1951.

With one exception, the text of the 'late hymns' given here is that established by Arthur Hübscher in his *Holderlins Spate Hymnen.* Piper. 1942.

The exception is *Versöhnender, der du nimmergeglaubt . . .* (*Conciliator, Who Never Believed . . .*), which follows the text contained in Ludwig von Pigenot's revision of the edition begun by Norbert von Hellingrath.

Holderlins Werke. 3 Auflage. Propylaen-Verlag. 1943.

The translator has also referred to the latest, largest and probably definitive edition of Holderlin's works, the *Grosse Stuttgarter Ausgabe*, edited by Friedrich Beissner and published by W. Kohlhammer Verlag, Stuttgart. This edition is not yet complete.

Holderlin's personal, and often unorthodox, spelling and punctuation have been preserved throughout the *German text* in the present volume. Wherever possible, the translator has preserved Holderlin's punctuation in his version of the late poems; for he believes that even where this punctuation leads to ambiguities, such ambiguities were intended.

M.H 1952.

CONTENTS

INTRODUCTION

Apprenticeship

JOHANN CHRISTIAN FRIEDRICH HÖLDERLIN was born at Lauffen on the Neckar, a small town in Wurtemberg, on March 20th 1770, in the same year as Wordsworth, Beethoven and Hegel. His father, the manager of estates belonging to the Protestant Church, died soon after, in 1772. Two years later his mother re-married and the family moved to Nürtingen, where her second husband was burgomaster. Though Hölderlin visited the local school, his early childhood was leisurely and unexacting; when his step-father died, in 1779, he was left in the care of his mother and grandmother, neither of whom seems to have been unduly strict. Hölderlin always remained on intimate terms with his family, but especially with his younger sister and with his half-brother, Karl Gock.

When he was fourteen, his mode of life was radically changed; for he was sent to the *Klosterschule*[1] at Denkendorf and subjected to rigid discipline; mainly because theological students received financial support, it was decided from the start that Hölderlin would eventually take holy orders. Little is known about the two years which he spent at Denkendorf, but he was already writing poems at the age of fifteen. Even at that time, we learn from a letter, he felt isolated but wished to escape from his sense of superiority, which he thought incompatible with his Christian faith.

Hölderlin left Denkendorf in 1786 and entered Maulbronn, a famous *Klosterschule*. Although he was regarded as a brilliant Hellenist by his fellow-students at Maulbronn, it was not till 1788 that his poetry began to show a preoccupation with Greek

[1] Literally 'monastery school', These were schools originally founded and operated by monasteries, after the Reformation, some of them were taken over, in Protestant regions, by the Protestant Church, but continued to be called 'monastery schools'

subjects His interests at this time were mainly philosophical: but he was reading Homer, Hesiod and the *Treatise on the Sublime* and was moved to enthusiasm by Plato As for modern literature, he was reading Shakespeare, the inevitable 'Ossian', Young's *Night Thoughts*, Spinoza, Leibniz, Rousseau, Kant, Schiller's early dramas, Mathisson, Holty and many lesser-known German authors of the time. Goethe's works, with the possible exception of *Tasso* (1790), do not appear to have influenced him. At Maulbronn he suffered from melancholy, and the rigorous discipline oppressed him In a letter to his friend Nast, he complains that he is treated without understanding, that his sensibility is ignored, and his company undesirable to his fellows. However, this was due chiefly to his own depressions, his vacillating moods and exigent standards, in later years many of his school fellows spoke of his amiable and dignified nature and of his remarkable beauty. He found some consolation in music, for he played the flute, the violin and the piano with uncommon skill In 1787 he fell in love with Luise Nast, his friend's cousin, and became engaged to her

A year later he went to Tubingen University as a theological student, for a time he exchanged poems and passionate letters with Luise Nast, but he was becoming increasingly aware of his eccentric character Soon he realized that he would never be able to marry or adopt a regular profession; by this time, in 1789, he was determined to be a poet, and nothing but a poet He wrote to his mother asking for her permission to leave the university. 'You see, dearest Mother, ever since I came here my body and soul have been in a state of discord; you can imagine that the continuous annoyance, the restrictions, the unhealthy air, the bad food will perhaps deprive my body of strength sooner than a position of greater freedom would do. You know my temperament, which precisely because it is a temperament, cannot be denied, how little it is fit for maltreatment, for pressure and contempt . . Will I have to say that my university years made life bitter for me until the end?' (Autumn 1789)

However, he changed his mind, for his mother's sake and because he was beginning to form several friendships at Tubingen He joined a circle of young university poets; they were Neuffer,

Magenau and Hegel, all of whom remained his friends. The following year Schelling, young but precocious, became Hölderlin's fellow-student and friend. Early in 1790 he broke off his engagement to Luise Nast, telling her that he was temperamentally too unstable and would remain so until his poetic ambitions were realized.

Hölderlin and his friends admired the French Revolution and all the ideals connected with it; they are reported to have sung the Marseillaise and barely avoided trouble with the university authorities. Hölderlin wrote a number of poems, now usually called the 'hymns on the ideals of humanity', praising peace, harmony, courage, freedom, immortality and other general concepts. They show the influence of Schiller, Schubart and Klopstock and are distinguished by idealism of an abstract kind somewhat rhetorically expressed. Hölderlin's philosophical interests and his extreme idealism were at first detrimental to his poetry, but already then he was conscious of the need to relate these ideals to his personal experience. A poet's thought—as distinct from a philosopher's—must be sensuous. The struggle for this inner harmony of the intellect and the senses, of outlook and experience, remained his primary concern for many years. His study of Greek literature made him acutely aware of his own defects, even if he knew these defects to be common to most German poets. The imagination, too, can be trained; if, as with most German poets, it tends to be musical and abstract, rather than visual and concrete, it can be enriched by the simple discipline of observation. It was such conscious efforts that enabled Hölderlin to write the great visionary poems of his middle years.

Hölderlin's relationships with Hegel and Schelling were important, but for them rather than for him. As a philosopher the young Hölderlin was certainly their equal and it has been shown that his influence on Hegel's thought was considerable. In 1796 Hegel wrote a long poem to Hölderlin. Marshall Montgomery[1] wrote that 'it is impossible to appreciate Hölderlin's poetry aright unless one realizes that his dominant interests are essentially philosophical'. It is, however, quite possible to appreciate his poetry without making a detailed study of its

[1] *Friedrich Hölderlin and the German Neo-Hellenic Movement* O U P 1923

philosophical background A certain attitude of mind, though not necessarily an original one, is implicit in most poems, Hölderlin's included; but a lyrical poet whose verse calls for philosophical commentaries has committed an offence against the very nature of lyrical poetry.

In most of Holderlin's immature poems—those written before 1799—the philosophical problems are on the surface; they reveal the gulf between his ideals and his experience. These poems can be regarded as the most philosophical of his writings, because they are concerned with ideas in the Platonic sense, with abstract concepts, but they are the least successful of his poems. One cannot enjoy them without sharing the particular kind of idealism which they express. The frequent use of general and abstract terms in poetry—evident in most German verse of the time, but also in Coleridge's juvenile poems and in Shelley—is a sign of immaturity, of the inability to correlate thought with experience. As Leigh Hunt observed, 'thought by itself makes no poet at all'. Holderlin was very conscious of this truth; but he needed ten years of sustained exertion to prove it

Coleridge, who shared Holderlin's admiration for Schiller's early works, was shipwrecked in metaphysics not because his intellect could not cope with philosophical problems, but because his poetic talent was so constituted that it could not profit by his intellectual pursuits. He became, in his own words, 'a thought-bewildered man', whose intellect had wandered into a metaphysical maze and lost touch with his inspiration as a lyrical poet In consequence he became emotionally desiccated, his intellect a vampire to his senses:

> Hence, viper thoughts, that coil around my mind,
> Reality's dark dream,
> I turn from you and listen to the wind,
> Which long has raved unnoticed

We can see from Holderlin's letters that he was familiar with the conflict described by Coleridge in these lines

The important difference between Hölderlin's early and mature poetry is that in the first his ideas are in the foreground; they are the subjects of the poems and he is still struggling to make them

his own. In his later poems they are part of himself and are therefore taken for granted. In mature poetry any point of view expressed by the poet is acceptable to the reader, however greatly it may differ from his own; for here it is rooted in the poet's experience and cannot be detached. When Homer puts a general statement into the mouth of a character, only a pedant would wish to contradict it on moral or philosophical grounds (though Cardinal Newman regretted that Homer was 'at times debased by polytheism'); such statements are true in relation to the speaker's condition, they are dramatically and psychologically true. In the same way, the presence of a view of life other than our own in the work of a lyrical or contemplative poet obstructs our enjoyment only as long as the poet is actually asserting this point of view in an emphatic manner; for the assertion and the emphasis mean that this point of view is not wholly his own.

Hölderlin's youthful poems are too impetuous; their urge can be described in the words of Beddoes.

> Dart eaglewise with open wings, and fly
> Until you meet the gods.

They are inspired by what Hölderlin later called 'eccentric enthusiasm', an enthusiasm which is not ballasted with experience or modified by sober reflection. Hölderlin himself defined the limits of enthusiasm: 'The measure of enthusiasm granted to each of us is this: one man preserves his clarity of thought to the necessary degree even when heated by a strong blaze, another only when warmed by a feeble flame. At the point where sobriety leaves you, *there* is the limit of your enthusiasm. The great poet is never deserted by himself, though he rise above himself as much as he likes. It is possible to *fall* into the heights as well as into the depths. The elastic intellect prevents the latter, the gravitative power which lies in sober reflection prevents the former. Nevertheless, feeling is the poet's best sobriety and reflection, if his feelings are not perverted, but sincere and lucid and strong'. (*Aphorisms*)[1]. William Blake confirms this view of enthusiasm: 'No bird soars too high, if he soars with his own wings'. Hölderlin in his juvenile poems and Shelley 'fell into

[1] *Aphorismen* Works (Hellingrath), Vol III, p 242

the heights'; they lost themselves in the sublime. Wordsworth was occasionally precipitated in the opposite direction. Yet already in the odes written between 1797 and 1799 Hölderlin attained the equilibrium, a calm but inspired note and beneath it a powerful surge which never flooded the banks.

Hölderlin believed that poetry was, amongst other things, a means of conveying essential truths to the uninitiated:

Holy vessels are the poets,
In which the wine of life,
The spirit of heroes is preserved. . . .[1]

Sir Philip Sidney, in his *Defence of Poesie*, expressed a view very similar to Hölderlin's. 'For conclusion, I say the Philosopher teacheth obscurely, so as the learned onely can understand him, that is to say, he teacheth them that are alreadie taught. But the poet is the food for tendrest stomacks, the Poet is indeed, the right populer Philosopher'

In 1790 Hölderlin wrote two theses, a 'History of the Arts in Greece' and a comparison of the Proverbs of Solomon with Hesiod's *Works and Days*; he received a degree in philosophy.

Although he admitted that he found it difficult to reconcile faith with reason, Hölderlin did not then, or at any time, reject Christianity, but at Tübingen wrote and delivered sermons regularly. He mentioned that Spinoza's works helped him to preserve his religious faith, and it is evident that religious matters were already of great importance to him. Yet many of the early poems are filled with doubts and speculations so daring that they could well be considered blasphemous; most probably Hölderlin's pantheism was latent even at this early stage.

During his last years at Tübingen he again became bored and depressed; Neuffer and Magenau had left, thus putting an end to those literary and philosophical discussions which were dear to Hölderlin at this time of his life. In 1793 he passed his theological examinations and left Tübingen He was still writing mostly rhymed, conventional or clumsily original poems, inspired by the

[1] Heilige Gefässe sind die Dichter
Worinn des Lebens Wein, der Geist
Der Helden sich aufbewahrt
(*Buonaparte*)

idealism current in late eighteenth-century Germany; the influence of Schiller was predominant in these poems. However, one of them, *Greece*,[1] marks a new stage in his outlook, it is full of longing for Greece, and at the same time, for death, because Hölderlin wishes to join his true compatriots, Alcaeus and Anacreon.

At Tübingen Hölderlin had conceived his 'Greek novel', *Hyperion, or the Hermit in Greece*; he began writing it in 1793. In a letter of that year (to Neuffer) he expressed dissatisfaction with his poetry, saying that this had strengthened his desire to write a novel. We can conclude that *Hyperion* was always intended to be a *Bildungsroman*, but above all a way in which Hölderlin could liberate himself from a profusion of thoughts and feelings and attain clarity. In a later draft of a preface (1796) to *Hyperion*, he wrote. 'We all travel along an eccentric course, and there is no other possible way from childhood to perfection'. *Hyperion* was an experiment, the object of which was to relieve Hölderlin's creative faculties of confusion, and, in so doing, allow new poems to crystallize. This does not discredit the novel; the final version is perfectly balanced in form. It is the cadences of its prose that carry the emotional stress.

Hölderlin found it very difficult to solve the problem of the poet's function with regard to society. *Difficile est saturam non scribere* or, as Baudelaire put it, *le monde a acquis une épaisseur de vulgarité qui donne au mépris de l'homme spirituel la violence d'une passion*. Hölderlin had the capacity, and more than enough occasion, to become a critic of Nietzsche's calibre, but owing to his humility, his self-restraint and, above all, his great fertility as a creative writer, he rarely yielded to this temptation In *Hyperion* and the poems of the Hyperion period he sometimes used invective or satire (and it is significant that Nietzsche learned a great deal from Hölderlin's early works); even a later work, his drama *The Death of Empedocles* (1799) could be described as a 'criticism of life'. However, while Nietzsche was concerned mainly with blasting, Hölderlin created; and his purely artistic achievement is, at the same time, his most effective criticism of life. It is no exaggeration to say that Hölderlin became

[1] *Griechenland*, 1793

a great poet in spite of his environment.

In 1793 Holderlin made the acquaintance of Schiller, whom he greatly admired. At that time three of Holderlin's friends, Sinclair, Seckendorf and Staudlin, were trying to obtain a position as private tutor for him, Stäudlin mentioned the matter to Schiller, who, after meeting Holderlin, recommended him to Charlotte von Kalb. This lady was a friend of many leading German writers, of Goethe, Wieland, Schiller, and Jean Paul Richter. At first Holderlin was satisfied with his new position; his pupil seemed intelligent, his employers considerate and friendly. At Waltershausen, where he spent the winter, spring and summer of 1794, his time was divided between teaching, social activities and his own work: 'But when I am rather absent-minded and make faces because of my own work, they know well what it means and there is no need for me to be entertaining when I am not in the right mood.' His sympathy with the early leaders of the French Revolution had burnt itself out by this time: 'That Robespierre has had to lose his head seems just to me, and will perhaps have good consequences.' (To his half-brother, August 1794) Although he had seen that the apparent aim and the achievements of political movements are never quite identical, he still believed in the principles of the Revolution: 'And what does it matter if we poor knaves will be forgotten, or never quite begin to be remembered, if only mankind in general will improve, if the sacred principles of justice and purer enlightenment will be wholly remembered and never again forgotten.' (To Neuffer, Spring 1794.)

In the same letter he wrote that the novel was almost his exclusive occupation: 'I think that there is now more unity in the plan; also the whole thing seems to me to enter more deeply into the character of the man.' He had become much more resigned and *confident*. 'Besides, as holy Destiny wills it! We cannot change mountains into valleys and valleys into mountains But on the mountains we can be glad of the wide skies and the free air, of the proud height, and in the valley of repose and silence; and there we can become more intimate with the lovely and splendid things which we should have overlooked higher up.' (To the same, July, 1794.)

Charlotte von Kalb was extremely interested in Holderlin and pleased with his influence on her son. Many years after he had left she wrote to him about *Hyperion*.

One month before he left Waltershausen, Holderlin wrote to Neuffer: 'My present external vocation often gives me great difficulties. I suppose I can say this to you. All the same, until now I have withheld it even from you, because to you in particular I have given too much reason to believe that I resent everything that is not silvered and gilt, that I am continually in despair because the world is no Arcady. I have just about got over this kind of childish cowardice. But I am a human being. I must desire that my conscientious, often very strenuous efforts should have some success. It must therefore hurt me if this success is almost entirely lacking, owing to the very mediocre talents of my pupil and extremely faulty treatment in his earlier youth, and other things which I will spare you. That this hurts me would not, in itself, be very significant, but the fact that this inevitably interferes with my other occupations does not seem to me to be so insignificant. I expect you also would think it very unpleasant if one half of the day were spent in lessons, from which you learned nothing but a little patience, and the other half were rendered almost useless for you by the experience that the other person is gaining nothing from these lessons.' (October 1794.)

At about this time an early fragment of *Hyperion* was published in Schiller's *Thalia*,[1] but received no attention. In the letter quoted above he again discussed the purpose of his novel: 'The great transition from youth to the character of a mature man, from emotional ardour to reason, from the realm of fantasy into the realm of reality and freedom still seems to me to deserve such extensive treatment.'

In November, Holderlin left Waltershausen for Jena accompanied by his pupil. He was well received by Schiller and became a guest in his house. He made the acquaintance of Fichte, whose lectures he attended with great interest. Holderlin had, in previous years, made a thorough study of Kant's philosophical system, so that after a time he was able to follow Fichte's lectures with

[1] A literary periodical

ease and pleasure. The following year, when Holderlin met his friend Schelling, who complained of being backward as a philosopher, Holderlin reassured him by saying: 'Calm yourself, you are just as far advanced as Fichte, I have heard him myself.' This challenges the common belief that Schelling was a disciple of Fichte Soon after his arrival at Jena, Holderlin was invited to Schiller's house, he was introduced to several other guests, but concentrated his attention on Schiller His host left him and he was drawn into conversation by a stranger, whose name he had not caught. He answered the man's questions absent-mindedly, in monosyllables. The same day he found out that he had been talking to Goethe. From Jena he wrote to Neuffer 'The proximity of truly great, spontaneous, courageous hearts, now dejects me, now elates me, I must find my way out of twilight and slumber, I must awaken and mould half-developed, half-dead faculties, gently or by force, if I am to avoid taking refuge finally in sad resignation, in which one consoles oneself with others equally irresponsible and impotent, lets the world go as it likes, looks calmly from one's corner at the decline and rise of truth and justice, the blossoming and wilting of Art, the death and life of all that which interests men as such, and, at the most, opposes one's negative virtue to the demands of mankind. Sooner the grave than this state! And yet often I have no prospects of anything better. Dear old friend, at such moments I often miss your company, your consolation, and the visible example of your firmness I know that your courage also deserts you at times, I know that it is the common fate of those souls that have more than animal needs Only the grades differ. A passage which I read to-day in the preface to Wieland's collected works still burns in my heart. It says there that Wieland's muse had come to life with the beginning of German poetical art and is ending with its decline! Beautiful! Call me a child, but a thing of this kind can spoil a whole week for me'. (November 1794)

Holderlin, at any rate in his youth, was afraid of boredom and unproductiveness, his emotional constitution wavered between extreme enthusiasm and complete dejection. However, the moments of enthusiasm, those in which he attained the pantheistic

affirmation of life for which he strove, were rare compared to the long excursions into the labyrinth of boredom. He did not, until late in his development, exploit even the experiences derived from states of mind which are in themselves uncreative, as more urbane poets are able to do. His was a cult of joy and radiance; he considered suffering necessary, but only in a negative way. In this respect he differs from many of his contemporaries, the Romantics, particularly from the French line of atheist Catholics which began with Chateaubriand. If he sometimes dwells on his personal sorrows, it is only as a prelude to a subsequent dissolution into a universal theme, into an impersonal joy.

Even at Jena there were troubles; his pupil became less and less willing to learn. For this and other reasons Charlotte von Kalb took her son away to Weimar. Hölderlin at first accompanied him there and so was able to meet Herder and speak to Goethe again. But Charlotte von Kalb realized that Hölderlin was sacrificing his time and health to no purpose; she gave him financial assistance which enabled him to return to Jena and live independently for some months, until July 1795. Now he only interrupted his work to hear Fichte's lectures in the evenings, and to visit Schiller, at whose house he again met Goethe frequently. He was still working at *Hyperion*, as well as occasional poems, and a translation of Ovid's *Phaeton*.

In July he went home to Nürtingen, where he stayed with his family and near his friend Neuffer. He had a period of depression and unrest: 'My discontent with myself and with that which surrounds me has driven me into abstractions . . .

'I believe that this is the property of rare human beings, that they can give without receiving, that they can warm themselves even on ice.

'I feel only too often that I am simply not one of these rare human beings. I freeze and grow numb in the winter which surrounds me.' (To Schiller, September 1795.)

Later in the year he wrote to Neuffer: 'In every way I have been like an empty harbour since I came here, and for that reason I do not like to communicate with others. The uncertainty of my position, my solitude and the thought that here I may eventually be an unwelcome guest, bow me down, and in this way my time is being rendered almost useless.'

In December 1795, Holderlin went to Frankfort, where he took up a new tutorial position in the house of Jakob Friedrich Gontard, a wealthy banker. The following June he offered to give half his annual income to his half-brother, so that he should be able to study and develop freely. 'You must be able to live for yourself before you can live for others'

Soon afterwards he wrote to Neuffer: 'I am in a new world. Once I could well think that I knew what is good and beautiful, but, now that I have seen it, I could laugh about all my knowledge. Dear friend! There is a being in the world upon whom my spirit can dwell, and will dwell, for thousands of years, and still see how all our thought and understanding blunder before nature. Loveliness and nobility, calmness and vitality, and spirit and temperament and form are blissfully united in this being. You can believe me, on my word, that the like of it will never be imagined and hardly found again in this world. You know what I was like, how everything common had lost its charm for me, you know how I lived without faith, how mean I had become with my heart, and therefore so miserable; could I have become as I am now, joyful as an eagle, if this, this one being had not appeared to me, and made my life, which had lost its value for me, young, strong, happy and splendid, with her vernal light? I have moments when all my old sorrows seem so thoroughly foolish to me, as incomprehensible as they would seem to a child . . .

'You can imagine that I now write poetry with greater pleasure than ever . .

'O be happy, dear brother! Without joy, eternal beauty cannot really take root within us Great pain and great ecstasy, that is the best education for human beings. But the cobbler's life, in which day after day one sits on one's chair and does what one can do in one's sleep, that kills and buries the spirit before it is time'

Susette Gontard, who evoked this pæan, was his employer's wife, a woman of great beauty and distinction. It is not possible to say whether she returned his love already at this time, but she was extremely friendly from the very beginning. A year

earlier Holderlin had written: 'It is strange, probably I may never love but in my dreams. Was that not the case until now? And since I have had eyes in my head, I have loved no one at all.' But 'Diotima', as Susette Gontard came to be called, was exceptional in many respects. It was not incidentally that he stressed the harmony of Susette's nature, because what he sought above all was precisely an external realization of his ideal of unity. To him 'Diotima' was a Greek who had strayed into a foreign civilization. His meeting with Susette was the most important event in his life, not only did it save him from personal disintegration, for a few years at least, but it was the turning-point of his poetic development: it enabled him to reconcile the two divergent tendencies, his idealistic aspirations and his sensual receptivity. He had already expressed the view that 'our hearts cannot sustain the love for humanity if there are no human beings whom it loves'.

Holderlin believed that love has the power to preserve human beings from spiritual servitude, that for most people it is the only reminder of better times. He thought of love as a wholly worthy and elevating quality, in which, as in everything human, earthly (material) and ethereal (spiritual) forces are active. It would be difficult to separate Holderlin's conception of love from his more general belief in harmony and wholeness.

In spite of his pietistical upbringing and the influence of his mother, Holderlin was preserved from pessimism and anxiety by his philosophical, but more particularly by his Greek studies. The influence of Spinoza, Leibniz and Rousseau was important in this connection; far from believing in original sin, he firmly adhered to his faith in the goodness of man, as long as he lives according to natural, that is, divine laws.

In 1796 Holderlin wrote his first poem about Diotima, which was, at the same time, his last poem in the galloping metre of his youth. This poem expresses thankfulness and relief:

. . . When Time's burden lay upon me,
And my life was cold and pale,
And already, bowing downwards,
Yearned for the still shadows' realm.

Then from the ideal descended
Might and faith as from the skies,
You appeared in all your radiance,
Godly image, in my night . . . [1]

Holderlin spent July and September in Westphalia with Susette Gontard and her children, because the invading French Army was expected to clash with the Austrian troops at Frankfort or nearby. During his stay in Westphalia he met J J. W. Heinse, the author of *Ardinghello* (1787), a novel which has something in common with *Hyperion*

In November, after his return to Frankfort, he wrote to Hegel: 'It is a very good thing that the infernal spirits, which I took with me from Franconia, and the aerial spirits with metaphysical wings which escorted me out of Jena, have left me since I came to Frankfort.' On the same day he wrote a letter to Schiller, which shows the extent of his admiration· 'Have you changed your opinion about me? Have you given me up?

'Pardon these questions An attachment to you, against which I have often rebelled in vain when it became too enthusiastic, an attachment which even now has not left me, forces me to ask such questions

'I should reproach myself about it were you not the only man who has made me lose my freedom in this way.

'I know that I shall not rest until, by some struggle and success, I shall once obtain a sign of approval from you . . '

Schiller's reply followed immediately and contained some advice to Holderlin 'I have by no means forgotten you, dear friend, as you believe. only distractions and business, besides my

[1] Da die Last der Zeit mich beugte,
Und mein Leben kalt und bleich,
Sehnend schon hinab sich neigte
In der Schatten stummes Reich

Da, da kam vom Ideale,
Wie vom Himmel, Muth und Macht,
Du erschienst mit deinem Strale,
Gotterbild, in meiner Nacht!

habitual aversion to letter-writing, have delayed the answer to your amicable letter for such a long time . . .

'It would give me great pleasure if I could include some mature and lasting fruits of your talent in the next Almanac. Concentrate, I beg of you, all your faculties and your vigilance, choose some suitable poetical subject, carry it lovingly, tend it carefully in your heart, and, in the most beautiful moments of existence, let it calmly mature to perfection; avoid philosophical matters wherever possible, they are the least satisfactory, and in a fruitless struggle with these the best talents often consume themselves; if you remain nearer to the world of the senses, you will be less in danger of losing sobriety in enthusiasm or of straying into an affected way of expression.

'Also I should like to warn you against a hereditary fault of German poets, namely verbosity, which, under an endless application and under a flood of verses, suffocates the most felicitous thought. This does not a little harm to your poem to Diotima. A few significant traits, bound together into a simple whole, would have made it a beautiful poem. For that reason I recommend wise economy above all, a careful choice of the significant and a clear, simple expression of the same. But how can I specify all that I would wish you to do? You have Moses and the Prophets; keep to the fine examples and from them deduce the rules yourself, which, otherwise, would be nothing but words.

'Forgive me these exhortations, these warnings; sympathetic friendship inspired both . . .'

The following year Holderlin wrote a shorter version of the poem in question, *Diotima*. Schiller's advice was certainly valid at the time, but ceased to be precisely from then onwards;in fact, in his later poems Hölderlin avoided the faults mentioned here more thoroughly than Schiller himself. Among German poetry of the period only some poems of Goethe bear comparison with the purity and simplicity of Holderlin's Alcaic and Asclepiadean odes.

To illustrate Holderlin's standing in relation to the two leading literary men of his time and country, Goethe and Schiller, it may be of interest to reproduce those parts of their correspon-

dence which deal with him. In 1797, Schiller sent Goethe two elegies by Holderlin (written in 1796), but without disclosing the author's identity. Goethe, in his reply, returned a reasonable criticism of the poems together with a suggestion regarding their publication. Goethe's judgment was that 'in both these poems there are good ingredients for a poet, which do not, however, in themselves make a poet'; this comment seems, even now, perfectly justified Soon afterwards Schiller wrote another letter, agreeing with Goethe's opinion, but adding that there were certain qualities in the poems which reminded him of his own. He was anxious on Holderlin's account: 'His condition is dangerous, since it is difficult to get at his kind of temperament. On the other hand, I do see the beginning of a certain improvement in these more recent pieces, when I compare them to his previous work, for, in short, the author is Holderlin, whom you saw at my house some years ago. I would not give him up, if I only knew some means of removing him from his surroundings and of subjecting him to a beneficent and lasting influence from without Now he is living as private tutor in a merchant's house at Frankfort, and is therefore dependent on himself in matters of taste and poetry, and, in that position, is driven back more and more into his own self' Holderlin would have agreed with Schiller, he had written to Neuffer in 1794. 'I wish I had your patience. I have never in my life been as *impatiens limae* as I am now. But if one cannot express oneself to anyone, if one must continually hold one's wretched productions to one's own eyes, no wonder Everything uses itself up in the end One no longer feels what is good, and overlooks what is bad' When, in 1801, Holderlin, in desperation and on the point of breaking, asked Schiller to save him from the necessity of dependence by getting him a lectureship in Greek at Jena, he met with no response However, Holderlin did not know that Schiller had left Jena by this time.

Goethe replied to Schiller's criticism: '. . . I shall also confess to you that I discern something of your style and manner in the poems, there is a similar tendency, too apparent to be overlooked But they have neither the strength nor the depth of your work. On the other hand, these poems show, as I have said before, a

certain charm, intensity and moderation, and especially as you have had previous connections with him, the author deserves that you should do your best to guide and to direct him . . .' (July, 1797).

Schiller once again raised the subject of Hölderlin in his reply: '. . . I have informed my new Friedberg poet, Schmidt, and Holderlin too, of your forthcoming visit to Frankfort, and it only depends on whether the little men will pluck up enough courage to appear before you. I should like it very much, and perhaps these poetic figures will not be unwelcome to you in prosaic Frankfort . . .' Here we are greeted with the delightful vision of Goethe keeping court at Frankfort and deigning to address Holderlin who, in the function of Jacques, may provide some diversion. Like cheap flowers these 'little men' are discussed in a bunch; Schiller continues: '. . . I should like to know whether these Schmidts, these Richters, these Hölderlins would absolutely and under all circumstances have remained so subjective, so extravagant, so one-sided, whether it is because of something primitive in them, or whether only the lack of æsthetic nourishment and influence, as well as the opposition between the empirical world in which they live and their idealistic inclinations have produced this unhappy result. I am very much inclined to believe the latter, and though a strong and happy disposition overcomes everything, yet it seems to me that much valuable talent is lost in this way . . .'

Goethe saw Holderlin at Frankfort: 'And yesterday Hoelterlein (*sic*) came to see me too; he looks somewhat downtrodden and sickly, but he is truly amiable, and sincere with modesty, even to the point of timidness He discussed several matters in a way that betrayed your school, he had appropriated many of your main ideas quite successfully, so that he could discuss certain questions with great ease.

'I advised him above all to write short poems, and to choose for each one a subject of human interest . . .'

In considering all the remarks of Goethe and Schiller, one must bear in mind that they are founded on a very limited knowledge of Holderlin's immature productions. It is rather unfortunate that Goethe, whose critical sense was by no means

infallible but nevertheless extremely penetrating, does not appear to have known any of Holderlin's later poems.

The comparison with Goethe is one of the favourite subjects of almost all those who have written about Holderlin. Most of the German critics who admired Holderlin laboured under a sense of inferiority in connection with the 'Olympian' Goethe. The time has come when Goethe should be judged simply as a writer, without the unquestioning respect or the resentment which many critics feel when dealing with an overpowering personality. In his own country Goethe has suffered the misfortune of becoming a national institution, while in other countries his name is more often cited than his works, and his works are more often cited than read. That is why a new valuation of his works is needed.

Carlyle's admiration triumphed over his sense of proportion when he wrote of Goethe. 'The history of his mind is, in fact, at the same time, the history of German culture in his day.'[1] Even if we leave aside Beethoven and the other musicians, Goethe cannot be said to take such writers as Jean Paul, Kleist, Novalis or Holderlin in his stride. At the other extreme, we have a comment by Mr T. S. Eliot, which should, I think, be considered an indication of a tendency rather than a final judgment; Mr Eliot remarks. 'Of Goethe perhaps it is truer to say that he dabbled in both philosophy and poetry and made no great success of either, his true role was that of the man of the world and sage, a La Rochefoucauld, a La Bruyère, a Vauvenargues.'[2] Although, as a conversationalist, as a writer of moral and psychological reflections, Goethe can be compared to the three Frenchmen, it seems to me that his wisdom was, on the whole, of a different kind. La Rochefoucauld and La Bruyère, and, to a lesser degree Vauvenargues, excelled mainly in the art of psychological dissection and analysis, that is to say they were, above all, critics. Many of Goethe's maxims were obviously intended to guide others in the conduct of their lives, so that they were often dogmatic precepts or mere moral recipes, in fact 'practical wisdom.' But this is not the chief issue; it would be very difficult

[1] *Goethe*, 1828

[2] *The Use of Poetry and the Use of Criticism*

to disprove convincingly that Goethe was also successful, if not consistently, as a dramatist, as a novelist, and as a lyrical poet. Something of the kind was attempted by Menzel during Goethe's lifetime.

The extraordinary fact about Goethe is that he succeeded as an artist despite the diversity of his occupations and interests. Goethe's greatness is almost paradoxical. In his autobiography he wrote. 'Writing is an abuse of the language, reading silently by oneself a sad substitute for speech. A man has all the influence he can have on another through his personality, youth has most influence on youth, and in this way too the purest influences arise.'[1] But Goethe wrote *Iphigenie*, *Tasso*, and *Faust*.

The first part of Mr Eliot's statement implies that Goethe would have been a better artist if he had not dissipated his gifts, but concentrated on being a writer and on the cultivation of one particular 'genre'. According to Eckermann, Goethe himself, in his old age, expressed this view. 'My true happiness lay in my poetic reflections and productions. Only how often was this happiness disturbed, restricted and hindered! Had I been better able to withhold myself from public and commercial activities and exertions, and to live in greater solitude, I should have been happier and achieved much more as a poet.' [2]

Holderlin's almost exclusive devotion to poetry had one disadvantage: it helped to destroy his sanity when he had reached the fulness of his capacities. Goethe, to save himself from despair, wrote *Werther* and silenced the destructive voices in his nature with the bullet that killed his hero. Holderlin gave himself entirely to his vocation, with the impetuous generosity of whole-hearted devotion. He considered himself no more than a vessel, which, once it had fulfilled its purpose, should be thrown away. But if Holderlin had given more thought to mental hygiene, he would not have written *Patmos*.

The richness and diversity of Goethe's genius were not applied in the way in which Shakespeare applied his gifts, for Goethe divided himself into compartments, as it were, and rarely succeeded in applying all his different talents to a single work. For

[1] *Dichtung und Wahrheit* Part X, 1812

[2] Eckermann, *Conversations*, 27th January, 1824

the same reason, Goethe's versatility was not wholly an advantage to him as a lyrical poet, that no consistent development in any particular direction can be discerned in his poetry is not in itself a fault; but he used such a variety of forms that he failed to impregnate some of them with his individuality. A poet's personality and the way in which he conducts his life are only indirectly the concern of literary criticism; yet most of the judgments on Holderlin in relation to Goethe seem to make these a criterion. It was as necessary for Holderlin to know approaching madness in order to write *The Middle of Life* and *Tears* as it was for Goethe to know the laws of chemistry in order to write *The Electory Affinities*.

While Holderlin was at Frankfort, his mother was trying to persuade him to marry and to take up a regular profession. At every stage of his life Holderlin had to contend with the influence of his mother and of his home in general, in order to persevere in his true vocation. His sense of filial duty was so strong that he was kept in a continual state of tension, which ended only with his own collapse and his return to the childish piety desired by his mother.

In February 1797 he wrote to Neuffer: 'Since we wrote to each other last, I have circumnavigated a world of joy. I should have liked to tell you about myself in the meantime had I ever halted and looked backwards The wave carried me on; my whole being was always too deeply submerged in life to reflect upon itself.

'And so it is yet ! still I am always happy as at the first moment. It is an eternal, happy, holy friendship with a being who has strayed into this poor, soulless and disordered century. My sense of beauty is now safe from disturbances. It will always orientate itself upon this Madonna's head My intellect is schooled by her, and my disunited temperament is soothed and clarified daily by her temperate calm . . . I write little poetry and philosophize hardly at all, but what I do write has more life and form; my imagination is more willing to take in the shapes of the world, my heart is full of rejoicing, and if holy Fate preserves my happy life I hope to do more in the future than I have done until now.'

Holderlin had now begun to write the Alcaic and Asclepiadean

odes which became his favourite medium in the years between 1796 and 1800. *Sunset, Man, Socrates and Alcibiades, Then and Now* and *Faith* were written in 1797.

In the same year the first volume of *Hyperion* was published, but the novel was not completed until 1799. A few months after writing to Neuffer about his happiness, difficulties must have arisen; he complained that he was 'torn apart by love and hatred'. It is probable that Gontard had begun to suspect Hölderlin's love for his wife. Soon afterwards Hölderlin speaks of leaving Frankfort; it is likely that his servile situation was stressed by Gontard: 'I suppose one must remember that one has to pay everywhere with some pain for the honour of belonging to the educated classes. Happiness is behind the plough.' (To his mother, November, 1797.) There is a play by Lenz[1] which deals with a private tutor who falls in love with the daughter of his employers; if we allow for the much more scandalous nature of Hölderlin's attachment and for his morbid sensitivity, this play can give us some idea of his predicament. In March 1798 the situation was critical; Hölderlin was once again in despair: 'It is often desirable to allow only the surface of our being to be occupied, instead of always exposing our entire soul, whether in love or in work, to destructive reality . . .

'I speak like one who has suffered shipwreck. Such a person is only too apt to advise that one should remain in port until the best season for the voyage is at hand. Evidently I strove too soon to get out and away, too soon aspired to something great, and, I suppose, must suffer for it as long as I live; hardly shall I be able to achieve anything, because I did not leave my nature to ripen quietly, without cares or dissatisfaction.' Anxiety about his future as a poet returned simultaneously with his other troubles; he advised his half-brother not to be a poet: 'If you seriously desire to influence the German character as an author and to plough up and sow this monstrous fallow land, I should advise you to do it by means of oratorical, rather than poetic, efforts. You would attain your end more quickly and more surely.'

Hölderlin was now convinced that his professional duties were a grave impediment to him as a writer: 'Do you know the root

[1] Jacob Michael Lenz (1751-1792): *Der Hofmeister*

of all my unhappiness? I wish to live for the art to which my heart is attached, and I have to do drudgery among men, so that I often become thoroughly tired of life . . . We do not live in the poets' climate. That is why among ten such plants scarcely one can thrive' Besides, he objected to Frankfort society, where the commercial classes were predominant. 'Here, for example, with the exception of a few genuine human beings, you see nothing but monstrous caricatures On most of them wealth has the same effect as new wine on peasants, for they are just as foolish, giddily coarse, arrogant and unrestrained. But this is good in some ways; one learns to keep silent among such people, and that is much' (To his sister.) In his mood of depression and doubt he once again wrote a more than respectful letter to Schiller.

Certain passages in Holderlin's letters of the Frankfort period anticipate the well-known criticism of German society at the end of *Hyperion*, as well as indicating the source of his disgust. Holderlin was one of the first severe critics of industrial life and of its products, he wrote to his sister. 'You are happy, and would be more aware of it were you to see how joyless and disconsolate the world of luxury is; not only to people like us, but to those who live in it and appear to make much of it, while secret displeasure, which they themselves do not understand, gnaws at their soul. The more horses a man puts to his carriage, the more rooms there are to lock himself up in, the more servants around him, the more he hides himself in gold and silver, the deeper is the grave which he has dug for himself, in which he lies as a living corpse, so that others can no longer hear him, nor he the others, in spite of the noise which all of them are making. But one cannot impress me in this way, unless it were by character and genius, and since these are so rarely found in the world, I was also, unfortunately, so rarely humble, as it is proper. Now certainly I am humble, since I have suffered a little more, but it is still not right'

Holderlin was still writing *Hyperion* and occasionally an ode; he usually wrote many versions of each poem, often changing it entirely in the process, and it cannot be said that he was unproductive.

Even at this time Hölderlin did not despair entirely, owing to his true *amor fati*, which made him consider suffering necessary and therefore tolerable: 'I know that I am nothing at the present and perhaps I shall never be anything. But does that destroy my faith? and is my faith therefore imagination and vanity? I do not think so. I shall say that I did not understand myself sufficiently, if nothing I do succeeds down here on earth. To understand ourselves! That is what raises us up.' (To Neuffer, 1798)

In September 1798 Hölderlin left Frankfort suddenly. It is not true that he was dismissed by Gontard after a discussion; as we can see from a touching letter written to Hölderlin by his pupil, Henri, he left without Gontard's knowledge. However, a violent quarrel did take place on the day he left; Hölderlin must have been insulted by Gontard. He immediately packed his trunk and left.

He took refuge at Homburg, where, with interruptions, he remained for almost two years, living near the house of a friend, Sinclair. The respect which all of Hölderlin's friends felt for him and their generous behaviour towards him show that he did not altogether lack admirers during his lifetime. Although the first volume of *Hyperion* (1797) was, on the whole, coldly received, or simply ignored, there were already some, such as Heinse, who appreciated its originality of style and content.

Hölderlin first received recognition as a writer of odes in 1799, when Wilhelm Schlegel, poet, critic, and theorist of the Romantic school, praised his contribution to a review.

In 1921, a series of letters written by Susette Gontard to Hölderlin after their parting were first published. They reveal the violence of her passion for Hölderlin; we also gather from them that in order to see Diotima after he had left Frankfort, Hölderlin was obliged to play the part of the traditional lover, complete with signals from the bedroom window and secret meetings, a role which did not suit him at all. Whenever possible, Hölderlin went to Frankfort from Homburg on the first Thursday of the month.

Hyperion, although it was finished at Homburg, belongs essentially to the Frankfort period. It reflects all the joy, the

sorrow, and the final reconciliation of both in impersonal ecstasy, which he experienced in his love for Susette. It was natural to Holderlin never to attach absolute importance to a state of mind or to an emotion, but to consider them only inasmuch as they made him receptive to certain revelations, external impressions and thoughts This is equally true of *Hyperion*, written at the same time as many of the odes.

It has been pointed out[1] that most of his odes and elegies can be divided into a thesis, an antithesis, and a final fusion, the synthesis, which is beyond sorrow and emotional conflict. For example, the ode called *Evening Fantasy*[2] begins with a suggestion of peace and order

Before his cottage seated the ploughman rests
Contented, while the smoke of his stove ascends.
The wanderer passing through a peaceful
Village by evening chimes is welcomed.

This theme is elaborated, but then the antithesis, Holderlin's own solitude and unrest, takes its place and rises to a crescendo:

But what of me? and whither? For mortals live
By work and wages, shared between toil and rest
Their days are joyful; why in *my* heart
Only, then, cannot the thorn's twist slacken?

A spring of blossoms buds in the evening sky,
Unnumbered roses flower and calmly gleams
The golden world, up yonder take me,
O purple clouds! and up there in light and
In air may both my love and my grief dissolve!..

The second theme, the antithesis, has reached its climax in the form of an irrational, wishful exclamation, the agonised chord which is catharsis The first theme has met and conflicted with the second theme, but now the fusion has been accomplished, the two themes are one and subside into serenity:

[1] Vietor. *Die Lyric Holderlins*, *Deutsche Forschungen*, III, 1921.

[2] *Abendphantasie* See p. 116

But, through my foolish prayer perhaps, the charm
Is breaking; darkness falls and lonely
Under the heavens I stand, as always—

Then come, O gentle slumber! The heart desires
Too much; at last, O restless, O dreamy years
Of youth, you too shall fade to ashes,
Old age at last be serene and peaceful.

Even those poems which deal with his separation from Diotima, full of anguish as they are, follow the characteristic system of construction; the last stanzas of *The Farewell* (Third Version),[1] which has some of the abruptness and roughness of his last odes, express no lamentation:

I will go hence. Perhaps long after yet we'll meet,
Diotima, one day. But wishing then will have
Bled away; like the blissful
Dead, most peacefully we shall walk,

Up and down and about, calmly conversing there,
Musing, hesitant, but now the forgotten are
Here recalled by the place of
Parting, in us a heart grows warm,

Wondering I look at you, voices and sweetest song
As of far distant times, music of strings I hear,
And the lily unfolds its
Odour golden above the brook.

Hyperion, apart from its intrinsic value as a work of art, sheds a great deal of light on Holderlin's poetry. It not only serves as an introduction to his philosophical convictions at this time, but reveals the formative processes, the conflicts and resolutions, which led to his later poems.

Hyperion is a young Greek who wants to free his country from the Turks; the Greek struggle for independence of 1770 is the

[1] *Der Abschied* (Dritte Fassung) See p 132

setting not for the action of the novel, which is of little importance, but for the expression of poetic and philosophical meditations. The prose of *Hyperion* is unique in German literature, though it may well be too effusive and too rich in poetic effects to be fully appreciated at the present time. The novel consists of letters, mainly written by Hyperion to his friend Bellarmine, a German, and to Diotima, whom he loves. The heroine dies after Hyperion has been betrayed by his confederates, who plunder ignobly and forget the cause of freedom. Hyperion is thus left without hopes of any kind, solitary and disillusioned, he goes to Germany and, after cursing that country for its Philistinism and coarseness, he turns to Nature for consolation and loses himself in pantheistic communion with the cyclic forces of life

One of Hyperion's primary difficulties is his inability to come to terms with his environment. He writes. 'Man is a god when he dreams, a beggar when he reflects' In one of his philosophical fragments Holderlin dealt with this failing 'In good times dreamers are rare But when a man lacks great, pure objects, he creates some phantom out of this or that and shuts his eyes, so that he can be interested in it and live for it'

Holderlin at this time dealt harshly with contemporary society The majority of Holderlin's biographers and critics have thought that he was one of the many poets who take refuge in an imaginary world because they are too weak to face the immediate problems of existence, and whose attitude to their environment is really a defensive one; indeed, the bellicose and contemptuous gestures of certain poets are due to their weakness These critics, with great sympathy and pathos, speak of the gentle, delicate Holderlin, who collapsed under the burden of 'reality'. Holderlin, like Shakespeare's Timon of Athens, was not destroyed by those with whom he conflicted, but by his own perseverance His madness was not a regrettable accident, it was the catastrophe inherent in a tragic fate. If Holderlin had been told by unquestionable authority that his was the way to madness, it would not have made the slightest difference to the course of his life; in fact he was constantly aware of his peril Holderlin was not driven to Greece by a hostile environment, the poverty of his

surroundings was evident to him because he naturally judged them by higher standards.

There is no reason why the artist should not be a critic of life; he almost inevitably is one. The danger of a critical attitude is not so much that it tends to isolate artists, but that it can hinder creation Since the time when Gérard de Nerval wrote: '*Il ne nous restait pour asile que cette tour d'ivoire des poètes, où nous montions toujours plus haut pour nous isoler de la foule*', we have learned a great deal about the ivory tower. We have seen that it is usually a slender construction, which any wind can blow down, and that its interior ceases to be of interest as soon as the fashion in bric-à-brac has changed. But an individual view of his surroundings is only harmful to the artist when it causes him not only to criticize, but to reject them. In nineteenth-century literature the criticism is often on the surface, the creation of a masterpiece is, in itself, the most incontestable criticism of life.

The political conditions are of course important in connection with the poet's and painter's flight from the commonplace during the Romantic period; but it is not correct to attribute the decline of classicism to social causes only. The common opinion that in classical periods artists conform to the standards of their patrons, in matters of taste and outlook, does not always hold good. Molière, for instance, was patronized by the Court, but he may well have been as much at variance with the principles of monarchy and nobility as Baudelaire or Nietzsche were with those of the dominant bourgeoisie. Classical art can only exist when certain moral and religious values can be taken for granted by the artist, when he *is not* obliged to squander his creative energy in vainly asserting his own values rather than accept the debased values of his time.

Holderlin's isolation was both an impediment to him and the source of his achievement; it did not make him less interested in individual human beings or in social life, but enabled him to reflect more deeply upon the evils which he saw around him and to discover their causes. If it made him more receptive to Hellenic influences, this was an advantage; Greece gave him his poetic forms, Greece gave him his gods and his fundamental ideas, until he was ready to accept Christianity.

This is Hyperion's criticism of Germany, which was meant in a wider sense than the solely national one: 'Barbarians since ancient times, made more barbaric by industry and science and even by religion, thoroughly incapable of all godly feelings, hardened to the marrow against the joy of the holy Graces, in every grade of exaggeration and poverty offensive to the well-fashioned soul, hollow and without harmony, like the shattered pieces of a vessel which has been thrown away—these, dear Bellarmine, were my comforters.

'This is a severe word, and yet I say it, because it is the truth: I can imagine no people more dismembered than the Germans. You can see workmen, but no men, thinkers, but no men, priests, but no men, lords and servants, boys and middle-aged persons, but no men—is this not like a battle-field, where hands and arms and all the limbs lie one beneath the other, cut to pieces, while the shed life-blood vanishes in the sand?

'.. Everything is imperfect, this is the old song of the Germans If only someone would tell these God-forsaken people that only with them everything is so imperfect because they leave nothing that is pure unspoilt, nothing that is holy untouched by their clumsy hands, that nothing thrives with them because they do not respect the root of all growth, which is divine Nature, that particularly with them life is stale and weighed with cares and filled up with silent, cold hostility, because they reject genius, which lends strength and nobility to human activities, serenity to suffering, and love and brotherhood to cities and houses

'And that also is why they fear death so much, and suffer, for the sake of their oyster-like existences, every humiliation, because they know nothing greater than the clumsy work which they have patched together.

'O Bellarmine! When a nation loves beauty, when it honours the genius of its artists, then there blows, like life-sustaining air, a universal spirit, then the timid soul is opened, self-conceit melts, then godly and great is every heart, and enthusiasm engenders heroes The home of every man is with such a nation and the stranger lingers there with pleasure. But where divine Nature and her artists are so insulted, oh! there life's greatest ecstasy is

lost, and every other star is better than the earth. In such a place men become ever more coarse, ever more soulless, they who were all born beautiful, the slavish mind flourishes, and with it the uncouth disposition, intoxication grows with sorrow, hunger and fear of starvation grow with plenty, the blessing of each year becomes a curse, and all the gods flee. And woe to the stranger who travels out of love and comes to such a people, and thrice woe to him who, like myself, a beggar of my sort, comes to such a people.'[1]

The nature of Holderlin's complaint is more apparent in another passage of *Hyperion*: 'Want and fear and might are your masters. They divide you, they drive you together with blows. Hunger you call love, *and where you see nothing, there your gods dwell.* Gods and love?' Holderlin's indictment of Germany was written from the point of view of one steeped in Greek culture; it contains a comparison of modern life with Holderlin's conception of Greek life. For reasons of space it is not possible here to give a detailed analysis of Holderlin's æsthetic and philosophical theories, particularly since these developed and changed simultaneously with his poetry (Marshall Montgomery traces five distinct stages in his philosophical outlook). Professor Ronald Peacock's book on Holderlin[2] provides all the necessary analysis. Schiller's essay *On Naïve and Sentimental Poetry* is also extremely helpful in this respect; Schiller stresses the difference between Greek and modern ways of thinking and analyses the Western man's feeling for Nature: 'The feeling with which we are dealing here (the feeling for Nature) is, therefore, not that which the ancients had; rather it is similar to that which we have *for* the ancients. They felt naturally, we have a feeling for what is natural. Without doubt, the emotion which filled Homer's soul when he made his divine swineherd entertain Ulysses was quite different from that which moved young Werther's soul, when, after leaving troublesome company, he read this book.'

[1] Works (Zinkernagel) Vol II, p 200-205.

[2] Ronald Peacock. *Holderlin*, 1938.

The reader's attention is also drawn to two other works on Holderlin in English, one biographical, the other critical Agnes Stansfield *Hoelderlin*, 1943 E L Stahl. *Holderlin's Symbolism*, 1944

A crude condensation of Holderlin's ideas will have to suffice here. To him, in his Greek and Christian periods alike, the divine was manifested in a visible and perceptible form, in Nature and in men. In his criticism of Germany he emphasized, above all, the lack of cultural unity, the dismembered condition of that country; the opposite of this condition, Holderlin implies, was to be found in Greece, in the civilization of Athens. All Holderlin's ideology, his theories about art and society, his polytheistic cult, his belief in Nature and his hero-worship are only different aspects of one basic doctrine, unity. He believed that a society was a true entity only when religion pervaded all the activities of daily life, here we need not make any distinction between his Greek and Christian periods, because Christianity, as he saw it in his maturity, did not conflict with Hellenism. The Greek gods were personifications of human or of natural qualities, and, for that reason, they were in a definite relationship to those who worshipped them. According to Holderlin, true religion is impossible unless there are visible, concrete symbols of the supernatural on this earth, in fact the divine is an abstraction and re-personification of what is essential on the earth This explains the connection between Nature and the divine in Holderlin's poetry, again, heroes and demi-gods, artists and thinkers, serve as intermediaries between gods and men That is why Holderlin stressed the importance of artists, and particularly of poets, without whose influence there could be no harmonious society He believed that, unlike the culture of Athens, modern civilization was incoherent; artists above all could bridge the gulf between Nature and men, between gods and men, between the spiritual and the material 'In pure life, Nature is only made divine by its connection with heterogeneous, but harmonious Art' He believed that the highest state of culture resembles, but is not identical with, the state of purest ingenuousness 'There are two ideals of our existence a state of extreme ingenuousness, in which our needs themselves are in concord, both with our abilities and with everything related to us, solely through the organization of Nature, without our interference, and a state of highest culture where the same would take place with infinitely multiplied, varied and strengthened needs and abilities, through the organization which

we are able to give to ourselves.'[1]

Already at the beginning of *Hyperion* there is a passage which heralds the pantheistic finale: 'To be one with all things, that is the life of gods, that is the heaven of man.

'To be one with all that is living, in blissful self-forgetfulness to return into the entirety of Nature, that is the consummation of all thought and pleasure, that is the holy mountain summit, the place of eternal rest, where the noon loses its sultriness and the thunder its voice, and the seething ocean is like the cornfield's wave . . .'

In the last letter of *Hyperion*, Holderlin's rapture is so powerful that all his grief and isolation are forgotten: 'And now I desired to leave Germany again. My search in that country had ended, I had been sufficiently offended by inexorable insults, and I did not wish to bleed to death among such men.

'But heavenly Spring kept me back; it was the only pleasure that remained, it was my last love; how could I still think of other things, and leave the country where Spring was too

'Bellarmine! I had never fully experienced it, the old decree of Fate, that new bliss is revealed to the heart when it endures and submits to the night of sadness, and that, like the nightingale's song in darkness, the life-song of the world only rings divinely to us in deep sorrow. For, as with genii, I now lived with the blossoming trees, and the clear streams that flowed beneath them murmured like voices of the gods, and soothed the pain in my breast . . .

'. . . Or in the evening, when I had penetrated far into the valley, to the stream's cradle, where dark oaken heights sighed around me, and, like one dying in sanctity, they buried me in the peace of Nature, when the earth had become a shadow, and invisible life rustled through the branches, through the tree-tops, and above the trees the evening cloud stood calmly, a gleaming mountain range, whence the heaven's rays flowed down to me, like streams, to refresh the thirsty traveller—

'"O sun, O breezes," I cried then, "only with you, as among brothers, my heart lives yet! . . ."

'. . . And once again I looked back into the night of men and

[1] Thalia Fragment of *Hyperion*, 1794 Works (Zinkernagel), Vol II, p 213

shuddered and wept with joy, I was in such ecstasy, and I spoke words, so I believe, but they were like the flame's roar when it flies upwards and leaves the ashes behind it—

'" O Nature," I thought, " and your gods! I have ended the dream, the dream of human things, say only that you live, and that which the restless ones, who know not peace, have forced into being, thought into being, melts away, like pearls of wax, in your flames!

'" How long is it now that they have been without you? Oh how long is it now that the crowd blasphemes against you, calls you common, and your gods, the living, the blissful-still ones?

'" Men fall from you like rotten fruit, let them sink, and they shall return to your roots, and I also, O tree of life, that I may grow verdant with you again, and breathe about your crest, among the budding twigs, peacefully and intimately, for we all grew out of the golden seed-grain!

'" O fountains of the earth! O flowers and forests and eagles, O brotherly light! How old and new is our love! we are free, and do not resemble one another timidly from without, how could the theme of life refrain from changing? Yet we all love the aether, and in our deepest depths we are alike.

'" We also, we also have not been parted, Diotima, though the tears I wept for you cannot understand it. We are living sounds, and mingle in your harmony, Nature! Who draws us apart? Who can separate lovers?

'" O spirit, spirit! Beauty of the world! Indestructible enchanting spirit! you exist, and your eternal youth! What then is death, and all the griefs of men?—

'" The strange ones have made many empty words, yet all is done out of joy and ends with peace!

'" As the quarrels of lovers, so are the dissonances of the world. In the midst of strife there is reconciliation, and all that is parted reunites.

'" In the heart the arteries part and return, and all is harmonious, eternal, glowing life"

'These were my thoughts. More will follow.'

It is not altogether unfortunate that Holderlin did not, after all,

continue to write *Hyperion.* The experiences which underlay this rhapsody, and it was based on experience, must have been unique, or at any rate peculiar to a short period in his development.

It is interesting to compare the passage dealing with the 'tree of life' with the last lines of T. S. Eliot's 'Dry Salvages', which treat a somewhat similar thought in a very different manner:

> . . . We, content at the last
> If our temporal reversion nourish
> (Not too far from the yew-tree)
> The life of significant soil.

There is, of course, an important difference of conception. To Mr Eliot, who is an orthodox Christian, the reversion is temporal, while Holderlin was writing of a spiritual and eternal return into the cycle of life; he made no distinction between body and spirit. Nevertheless, it is easy for us to doubt the genuineness of Hölderlin's experience because of his effusive manner of expression There are many who consider such enthusiasm in bad taste, almost indecent, and certainly unconvincing Here, perhaps, it is necessary to bear in mind that peculiarities of style are not independent of place and time, of passing fashions. What seems to us to be sentimentality, that is an incongruity between feeling and expression, may be due either to the rareness and strangeness of the emotion or simply to the fact that the fashion in speech has changed. In the early works of Goethe, in his letters and in those of Beethoven, we find the same unrestrained emotionality of expression. These two contemporaries of Holderlin can hardly be accused of weakness or sentimentality.

EMPEDOCLES

It is doubtful whether Holderlin ever overcame the disruptive effect of his parting from Susette Gontard; his letters of the Homburg period are graver, wearier, and less impetuous than anything he had written earlier on. Not until 1800, two years after the event, did he succeed in giving full expression to his grief, and once again to its resolution into impersonal themes,

in two poems, *Elegy* and *Menon's Lament for Diotima*.[1] Once more Hölderlin's sorrows led him to question his poetic abilities, and in a letter to Neuffer[2] he analysed his failings with fine insight: 'From my early youth onwards the world drove my spirit back into itself, and I am still suffering from this. There is, of course, a hospital where wrecked poets of my kind can take refuge honourably, that is philosophy. But I cannot leave my first love, the hopes of my youth, and I should rather perish without any claim to distinction than part from the sweet home of the Muses, from which only chance has banned me If you know some good advice for me, which will, as soon as possible, lead me to the true way, give it to me I lack facility more than strength, *nuances* more than ideas, manifoldly ordered sounds more than a key-note, shadows more than light, and all this for one reason I avoid the commonplace and the vulgar too much in real life, I am truly a pedant, if you like. And yet, if I am not mistaken, other pedants are so cold and without love, and my heart so impetuously seeks to become intimate with men and things under the moon . . .

'. . I see all this Can seeing it help me? I believe as much. Because I am more destructible than many others I must strive all the more to gain some advantage from those things which have a destructive effect upon me, I must not accept them in themselves, but only inasmuch as they are able to be of service to my truest life . . . What is pure can only manifest itself in the impure, and if you try to express what is noble without the commonplace, then it will appear most unnatural, most awkward, because nobility itself, as soon as it is expressed, wears the colours of the fate in which it originated, because beauty, as it is manifested in reality, is inevitably given form by the circumstances from which it sprang, a form which is natural to it, and which becomes a natural form only when one includes those very circumstances Thus, the character of Brutus is a highly unnatural, absurd one, unless one considers him in the midst of those circumstances which imposed the strict form on his gentle spirit. In fact, without the commonplace, nobility cannot be represented, and

[1] See p 135

[2] Nov 12th, 1798

so I shall always say to myself, when I come up against something common in the world: You need this as urgently as a potter needs clay, and for that reason always take it in, and do not reject it, and do not take fright at it . . . '

In his poetry, Holderlin finally attained what he desired, but only just before he succumbed to madness. At the same time, his unfinished drama, *The Death of Empedocles*, owes its originality and power precisely to the situation which Holderlin described. his hero is driven away from the crowd, into exile and self-destruction, because of his unwillingness to make compromises.

Holderlin's biographer, Schwab, mentions a drama *Agis*, which Hölderlin is supposed to have completed at Homburg, there is absolutely no trace of the work. He was, however, working on *Empedocles*, the most nearly complete version of the drama was written in 1798, but in the following year, Holderlin made another attempt to re-write it from the beginning. He was still deeply concerned with the failings of his country, and explained to his half-brother that the philosophical and political interests of the Germans, salutary as they were, did not suffice, as long as the fine arts were neglected: ' . . . But the best among the Germans usually still think that if only the world were nicely symmetrical, all would be well. O Greece, with your genius and your piety, what has become of you ? Even I, with all my good intentions, can only grope about in the world after these unique beings, in thought and in deed, and often, in the things I do and say, I am all the more awkward and absurd because I stand like a goose in stagnant water, impotently flapping my wings towards the Grecian sky.'

If Holderlin often complained of his shortcomings, it was because his whole conception of the function of poetry made him very dependent on the judgments of others. That is why his inability to make an impression on a wide public gave him constant pain, he could not, even in the *Empedocles* stage, console himself with any theories of ' Art for Art's sake '. He believed that poets must influence society in order to bring about that wholeness which he desired.

In June 1799 he wrote a detailed description of a literary review

which he intended to edit, for many months he did his best to carry out his plan, but Schiller's refusal to contribute and his advice to give up the idea were effective

Even after all the disappointments of his Frankfort years, Holderlin remained fundamentally an optimist; he, the Hellenist, believed in progress, though not progress in the nineteenth-century sense. Holderlin, who had very little knowledge of natural science, deduced some kind of evolutionary theory from his psychological and philosophical observations:[1] '. . . Indeed, I look upon this urge to go forward, this sacrifice of a definite present for the sake of something uncertain, something different, something better and still better, as the original basis of everything which the people around me practise and perform. Why do they not live, like deer of the forest, content, bound to the soil, to the food which is nearest to them and with which they, the deer, are naturally connected, as the child with its mother's breast? Then there would be no sorrows, no lamentation, little illness, little conflict, then there would be no sleepless nights, etc. But this would be as unnatural to man as the arts which he teaches animals are to them To advance life, to quicken the eternal perfecting process of Nature, to perfect what he sees before him, to idealize, that everywhere is the most distinctive and peculiar instinct of man, and all his arts and commerce, his faults and sufferings are due to this Why do we possess gardens and fields? Because man wished to improve on what he found. Why do we possess trade and shipping, towns, states with all their tumult, advantages and evils? Because man wished to improve on what he found. Why do we possess science and art and religion? Because . . .

'We can well say that this original urge, the urge to idealize and to advance, to absorb, to develop, to perfect Nature, on the whole no longer inspires men in their occupations, and what they do, they do out of habit, by imitation, in obedience to their ancestors, out of the necessity in which their predecessors artificially involved them. But in order to continue as their ancestors

[1] However, this is not surprising, even Anaximander, the Ionic philosopher, had put forward a theory of evolution remarkably like those of the nineteenth century

began, along the path of luxury, of art, of science, etc, the descendants must feel the same urge which inspired their forefathers, they must, in order to learn, be constituted like the masters; only the imitators feel this urge less strongly, and it only appears vitally in the temperaments of the eccentrics, of those who think for themselves, of the inventors. You see, my dear fellow, I have built up the paradox for you that the artistic and educational urge with all its modifications and variants is really a service which human beings render to Nature.' (To his half-brother, June 1799.)

These ideas are developed in the poem *Man*; they are essential for an understanding of all Holderlin's poems of this time, but especially of the *Empedocles* fragments.

In 1799, the second volume of *Hyperion* was published; Holderlin sent a copy to Susette Gontard and apologized for letting the heroine of the novel die. Meanwhile, his prospect of founding a review became more remote; most of those whom he asked to contribute even failed to reply. This was another severe blow; Holderlin had to give up the hope of being able to support himself independently in the future, and of devoting most of his time to writing.

Already near the beginning of his stay at Frankfort Hölderlin mentioned that he was planning a drama, *The Death of Socrates*. He was wise to choose Empedocles instead, if only because that philosopher did not have the posthumous honour of being preserved (but as a puppet) by Plato; but there were other reasons. Empedocles is an even more remote, almost a mythical figure His death was heroic, voluntary, while Socrates died nobly but passively. Above all, the doctrines of Empedocles, as far as they are known, were more than sympathetic to Holderlin and the legends about him corresponded psychologically to Holderlin's own situation Empedocles was born at Agrigentum, in Sicily, and lived roughly from 495 to 435 B.C. He became leader of the democracy, but was later driven into exile. He is said to have cast himself into the crater of Etna; only his iron sandals, which were rejected by the volcano, convinced the people that he was not divine. One of his basic doctrines was that matter had neither beginning nor end; in fact, it resembled

the theory of the conservation of matter and led to the principles of Anaxagoras and the Atomists He reconciled the teachings of the Ionics, of Thales and Anaximenes, by saying that there were four elements, fire, air, earth and water, and that everything else was composed of these elements According to Empedocles, matter in itself was dead, but was moved by two opposing forces, love and hatred, purely physical forces which, however, influenced human beings as well as inanimate matter. He also taught the doctrine of periodic world-cycles, caused by an alternation of harmony (love) with discord (hatred) The last lines of Holderlin's poem *The Rhine*[1], suggest that the poet agreed with Empedocles' conception of chaos, or love, which occurs when the elements are mingled.

The various fragments and drafts of *Empedocles* really belong to two separate dramas, *Empedocles on Etna*, written in the autumn of 1798, and *The Death of Empedocles*, the second version of which was begun in 1799 The most nearly successful attempt is the first version of *The Death of Empedocles*; although only two acts were completed, the general impression is one of wholeness

The introduction to this drama is a scene at Agrigentum, in which Rhea and Panthea, two vestal virgins, discuss Empedocles, who has not yet gone into exile Panthea, whom he miraculously cured of grave illness, tells her friend of his power over the people, who consider him a demi-god, and of his magic intimacy with Nature. She says of Empedocles.

> To be himself, that
> Is life, and we others are the dream about it [2]

Rhea, seeing that her friend loves Empedocles, warns her that she will have to follow him to destruction, but Panthea replies that she is unworthy of such a destiny. Rhea and Panthea leave Empedocles' garden, near which they were conversing, when Panthea's father, Critias the archon, appears with Hermocrates, the chief priest. Hermocrates tells Critias that he is about to exile Empedocles. Now the hero himself arrives, and the others avoid

[1] *Der Rhein* See p 196

[2] Er selbst zu seyn, das ist
Das Leben und wir andern sind der Traum davon —

him. In a long monologue Empedocles speaks of his sin and punishment; he had revealed divine secrets to the multitude and now his power and inspiration had left him. He had lost his humility towards Nature and the gods. His favourite disciple, Pausanias, appears, and tries to console him. Meanwhile Hermocrates has collected a crowd of citizens and brought them to see Empedocles in his misery. Empedocles dismisses the crowd, but in vain, and addresses the priest:

> When I was but a boy, my pious heart
> Avoided you, corrupters of all things!
> My faithful, deeply loving heart was tied
> To sun and æther, all the messengers
> Of great Nature, distantly foreboded.
> For I have felt in my anxiety
> That you would change pure love of the divine,
> By skilful speech, to common slavery,
> And that I too should practise it, like you.
> Away! I cannot bear the sight of him
> Who follows sacred callings like a trade;
> His face is false and cold and dead, as are
> His gods![1]

Empedocles is sent into exile. Just before he leaves, a significant little scene takes place: he is paying a last visit to his house in order to liberate his slaves. They do not wish to be free, but ask

[1] Ach! als ich noch ein Knabe war, da mied
Euch Allverderber schon mein frommes Herz,
Das unbestechbar inniglıebend hieng
An Sonn und Aether und den Boten allen
Der grossen ferngeahndeten Natur
Denn wohl hab' ichs gefuhlt, in meiner Furcht,
Dass ihr des Herzens freie Gotterliebe
Bereden mochtet zum gemeinen Dienst,
Und dass ichs treiben sollte, so wie ihr
Hinweg! Ich kann vor mir den Mann nicht sehn,
Der Heiliges wie ein Gewerbe treibt,
Dein Angesicht ist falsch und kalt und todt,
Wie deine Gotter sind
cf *Da Ich ein Knabe war*, p 118

for permission to follow their master into exile. In order to enforce his will, Empedocles, although moved by their loyalty, is obliged to deal rather harshly with them, but not without pain to himself. This scene represents a process frequent in Hölderlin's own life, the denial of human attachments for the sake of his vocation Also, this and a later incident reveal a new political attitude; while almost all systems of political reform are concerned with the nature of government, and with external conditions, but not with the states of mind of those who are governed, Holderlin's principle is that the only true revolution would be one which, instead of advocating superficial changes, destroys the servile instincts of man, the desire to be ruled and dependent.

Panthea, with another friend, Delia, goes to see Empedocles before his departure, but they are too late. Panthea laments her hero.

> O flowers of heaven ! beauteous stars,
> Will you now also fade, and will the night
> Descend upon your soul, O Father Aether !
> If your youths, the splendid ones, are grown dim
> Before you ? Now I know. what is divine
> Must perish. By his fall I'm made a seer.[1]

The mortality of the gods and of the god-like, their transitoriness, is a conception which pervades Holderlin's later work from *Empedocles* onwards. It is developed in the elegies and elaborated with prophetic grandeur in the last hymns.

In the first scene of the second act Empedocles and Pausanias approach Etna. They are worn out and Empedocles' feet are bleeding, but a peasant refuses them hospitality. Empedocles has now decided that only death will atone for his sin and grant

[1] —Ihr Blumen
Des Himmels ! schone Sterne, werdet ihr
Denn auch verbluhn ? und wird es Nacht alsdann
In deiner Seele werden, Vater Aether !
Wenn deine Junglinge, die Glanzenden
Erloschen sind vor dir ? Ich weiss, es muss,
Was gottlich ist, hinab Zur Sehern
Bin ich geworden uber seinen Fall .

him relief from his sufferings, his serenity is restored, but soon he sees a crowd approaching. Hermocrates and Critias have repented of their decision; they now arrive with a crowd of citizens and ask Empedocles to return. He answers disdainfully and tells them to leave him alone. The anger of the people is turned against Hermocrates and they implore Empedocles to return to Agrigentum as their king; he tells them that this is no time for kings. The people do not understand, and he must explain:

Does in the nest the eagle ever hide
His young? Indeed, while they are blind he tends them.
And safe beneath his wings the featherless
Can sweetly sleep away their dawning life.
But once they've seen the sunlight, and their wings
Are ripe for use, he clears the cradle out,
So that their own flight may begin. Shame on you
That still seek rulers; for you are too old;
Not so in your father's time. Unless you
Can support yourselves, none else can help you[1]

The citizens still persist; he refuses, but once more reveals his doctrines to them. He explains why he is determined to die:

. . . You may live
While you have breath; not I. For he through whom
The spirit once has spoken must go in time.
Often heavenly Nature is revealed

[1] Hegt
Im Neste denn die Jungen immerdar
Der Adler? Fur die Blinden sorgt er wohl,
Und unter seinen Flugeln schlummern suss
Die Ungefiederten ihr dammernd Leben
Doch haben sie das Sonnenlicht erblikt,
Und sind die Schwingen ihnen reif geworden,
So wirft er aus der Wiege sie, damit
Sie eignen Flug beginnen Schamet euch
Dass ihr noch einen Konig wollt, ihr seid
Zu alt, zu eurer Vater Zeiten wars
Ein anderes gewesen Euch ist nicht
Zu helfen, wenn ihr selber euch nicht helft

cf *Voice of the People*, p 231

Divinely in the shapes of men; then they
Are recognised by the much-seeking race,
But when the mortal man, whose heart she filled
With ecstasy, has on the earth proclaimed her,
Let her then break the vessel, lest it serve
A different purpose, lest the work of gods
Should be converted into work of man;
Then leave these happy ones to die, before
In tyranny and pettiness and shame
They perish. Let them yield up their lives
With love, in freedom, to the gods![1]

At last he parts from Critias and his followers in a friendly way. It only remains for him to convince Pausanias of the need to die; Pausanias asks him not to let his genius perish; Empedocles replies

. . . Perish? Is not
All staying like the stream which frost has bound?
You foolish creature! Does life's holy essence
Sleep or slacken anywhere, that you would
Fetter it, can what is pure be fettered?[2]

1 *Ihr* durft leben
Solang ihr Othem habt, ich nicht Es muss
Bei Zeiten weg, durch wen der Geist geredet.
Es offenbart die gottliche Natur
Sich gottlich oft durch Menschen, so erkennt
Das vielversuchende Geschlecht sich wieder
Doch hat der Sterbliche, dem sie das Herz
Mit ihrer Wonne fullte, sie verkundet
O lasst sie dann zerbrechen das Gefass
Damit es nicht zu anderm Brauche dien',
Und Gottliches zum Menschenwerke werde
Lasst diese Gluklichen doch sterben, lasst
Eh sie in Eigenmacht und Tand und Schmach
Vergehn, die Freien sich bei guter Zeit
Den Gottern liebend opfern

2 Vergehn? Ist doch
Das Bleiben gleich dem Strome, den der Frost
Gefesselt. Thoricht Wesen! schlaft und hält
Der heilge Lebensgeist denn irgendwo
Dass du ihn binden mochtest, du, den Reinen?

If we compare this Empedocles to the hero of Matthew Arnold's *Empedocles on Etna* (1852), it is evident that Holderlin's hero is more worthy of the name; Matthew Arnold fills his Empedocles with sentiments which tend to destroy any possibilities of tragic or heroic effect:[1]

Is it so small a thing
To have enjoy'd the sun
To have lived light in spring,
To have loved, to have thought, to have done,
To have advanced true friends, and beat down baffling
    foes;

That we must feign a bliss
Of doubtful future date,
And, while we dream on this,
Lose all our present state,
And relegate to worlds yet distant our repose?

Holderlin, although not born in the 'poets' climate', lived in a world where heroes and demi-gods were unquestionably real. Also he firmly believed that who has seen God must die, a fate which was fulfilled in him, as a man, if not quite literally. The sense of tragedy in his own life was so strong, and his presentiment of Nemesis so acute, that in creating a tragic hero he could draw on his own experience. For those reasons his drama carries conviction, while the nineteenth-century Empedocles, although much more humane, is not at home in tragedy. Matthew Arnold's philosopher bears some very superficial resemblance to Hamlet; his is filled with conflicting thoughts and desires. He can only take the final plunge by yielding to a momentary frenzy; his last words are:

Leap and roar, thou sea of fire!
My soul glows to meet you.
Ere it flag, ere the mists

[1] Arnold himself admitted this, in the preface to his *Poems* (1853), and excluded *Empedocles on Etna* from his collected poems

Of despondency and gloom
Rush over it again,
Receive me! Save me!

We are left with the apprehension that he will regret his decision as soon as he arrives in Orcus. Hölderlin's hero looks upon his death as the consummation of his destiny:

How strange I feel. Even now I marvel
As though my life had just begun, for all
Is different, and only now I live.
And is that why so often, idling in
Godly calm, a yearning did befall me?[1]

He is proud and unflinching in his desire to die:

Yet by mortals I have not been mastered,
And, without fear, in all my power descend
The self-selected path; it is my joy
And my prerogative . . .[2]

Pausanias returns to Agrigentum and tells Panthea and Delia of Empedocles' death. Panthea is finally consoled:

Not in the flower and purple grape
Alone is holy strength, but life
Is nourished too by grief, and drinks,
As does my hero, joy even
From the cup of death.[3]

[1] Wie ist mir? staunen muss ich noch, als fieng
Ich erst zu leben an, denn all ist anders,
Und jezt erst bin ich, bin—und darum wars
Dass in der frommen Ruhe dich so oft,
Du Mussiger, ein Sehnen uberfiel?

[2] Bin ich durch Sterbliche doch nicht bezwungen
Und geh in meiner Kraft furchtlos hinab
Den selbst erkornen Pfad, mein Gluk ist diss
Mein Vorrecht ists

[3] Nicht in der Bluth und Purpurtraub
Ist heilige Kraft allein, es nahrt
Das Leben vom Laide siche, Schwester!
Und trinkt, wie mein Held, doch auch
Am Todeskelche sich gluklich!

The dramatic fragment ends with a speech by Panthea which has something of the movement of a Greek chorus: Panthea responds to the greatness of the occasion, with a kind of pantheistic hymn to life:

O they that fear death love you not,
Deceitfully sorrow fetters
Their eye, against your heart
Their beats no longer, they wilt,
Divided from you—O holy All,
Smiling he threw his pearls, the brave one,
Into the ocean from whence they came.
It was bound to be thus,
So the spirit wills it,
And ripening Time,
For we that are blind
Needed a miracle once.[1]

A passage in Blake's *Marriage of Heaven and Hell* (1790) provides an explanation for Hölderlin's antagonism to priests, and particularly for the conflict between Empedocles and Hermocrates, the priest in his drama: 'The ancient poets animated all sensible objects with Gods or Geniuses, calling them by the names and adorning them with properties of woods, rivers, mountains, lakes, cities, nations, and whatever their enlarged and numerous senses could perceive.

[1] O die Todesfurchtigen lieben dich nicht,
Tauschend fesselt ihnen die Sorge
Das Aug', an deinem Herzen
Schlagt dann nicht mehr ihr Herz, sie verdorren
Verschieden von dir—o heilig All! . . .
— — — — — — Dir zum Dank
— — — — — — — — — —
Wirft lachelnd seine Perlen ins Meer
Aus dem sie kamen, der Kuhne
So musst es geschehen
So will es der Geist
Und die reifende Zeit
Denn Einmal bedurften
Wir Blinden des Wunders

'And particularly they studied the genius of each city and country, placing it under its mental deity

'Till a system was formed, which some took advantage of and enslaved the vulgar by attempting to realize or abstract the mental deities from their objects, thus began Priesthood.' Holderlin, as well as his Empedocles, taught the doctrine of Nature and conflicted with the orthodox view of the gods, according to which they were fixed abstractions, to Holderlin the gods were the means by which the human intellect can grasp divine truth, and approach God, who is timeless and nameless. His polytheism was not, properly speaking, a belief; rather it was a poetic device, a means of expression and perhaps a way of thinking. His pantheism, however, was essential and perfectly acceptable to both his faith and reason, that it was inextricably part of his poetic sensibility is proved by the poems of his madness, which, although steeped in Christian piety, are haunted by a faint echo of pantheistic resonance.

In the second version of the *Death of Empedocles*, the hero's sin, profanation of the divine, is even more strongly emphasized both by himself and by his enemies Hermocrates says:

> Who understands them
> Is stronger than the strong,
> And I know this rare one well
> Too happily he grew up;
> From the beginning, his own mind
> Was pampered, so that petty things
> Confound him, he will regret
> That he loved mortal men too much[1]

Mecades, as the archon is now called, tries to defend Empedocles, but the priest answers.

[1] Der sie versteht,
Ist starker, denn die Starken,
Und wohlbekannt ist dieser Seltne mir
Zu gluklich wuchs er auf
Ihm ist von Anbeginn
Der eigne Sinn verwohnt, dass ihn
Geringes irrt, er wird es bussen,
Dass er zu sehr geliebt die Sterblichen

More ruinous than sword and fire
Is human spirit, the god-like,
If it cannot keep silent and preserve
Its secrets unexposed. If it rests
Calmly in the depth, gives what is needed,
Then it is wholesome; a devouring
Fire when it breaks its bonds.
Away with him that lays bare his soul
And gods, recklessly seeks
To speak the unspeakable,
Squanders and spills, as though
It were water, his dangerous wealth; 'tis
Worse than murder, and you plead for him? [1]

When Empedocles appears, he laments his sin, his overweening pride.

Lonely! lonely! lonely! alas!
And I can find you
No more, O my gods,
And I can never return
To your life, O Nature,
Exiled from you, alas; I did not heed
You, presumptuously
Rose above you, though once

[1] Verderblicher denn Schwerd und Feuer ist
Der Menschengeist, der gotterahnliche
Wenn er nicht schweigen kann, und sein Geheimniss
Unaufgedekt bewahren Bleibt er still
In seiner Tiefe ruhn, und giebt, was noth ist,
Wohlthatig ist er dann, ein fressend Feuer,
Wenn er aus seiner Fessel bricht
Hinweg mit ihm, der seine Seele blos
Und ihre Gotter giebt, verwegen
Unauszusprechendes aussprechen will,
Und sein gefahrlich Gut, als war es Wasser,
Verschuttet und vergeudet, schlimmer ists,
Wie Mord, und du, du redest fur diesen?

You saved me from sleep,
With your warm wings embraced me . . .[1]

Ironically he says to Pausanias (who tries to console him by saying that he is not guilty of any sin):

What were the heavens and the ocean,
Islands, firmament of stars and all that lies
Before our human eyes, what were it all,
This dead stringed instrument, did I not lend
It sound and speech and soul? What are the gods,
Their spirit, if *I* do not proclaim them?
Now tell me! Who am I? [2]

This speech is a reversion to Empedocles' blasphemous mood, for which he is about to punish himself, and it is the only direct reference to the nature of his offence. An unfinished speech ends this short fragment:

EMPODOCLES (calmly)

Man must labour,
The pondering one, unfolding promote
And clarify life around him,
For full of high purpose,
Full of silent strength, great Nature
Surrounds, that he might create,

[1] Weh! einsam! einsam! einsam!
Und nimmer find ich
Euch, meine Gotter,
Und nimmer kehr ich
Zu deinem Leben, Natur!
Dein Geachteter! weh! hab ich doch auch
Dein nicht geachtet, dein
Mich uberhoben, hast du einst
Umfangend doch mit den warmen Fittigen,
Du Zartliche, mich vom Schlafe gerettet .

[2] Was ware denn der Himmel und das Meer
Und Inseln und Gestirn und was vor Augen
Den Menschen alles liegt, was war es auch
Diss todte Saitenspiel, gab' ich ihm Ton
Und Sprach' und Seele nicht? was sind
Die Gotter und ihr Geist, wenn ich sie nicht
Verkundige Nun! Sage, wer bin ich?

Him who forebodes.
That he might call forth her spirit, Man
Bears sorrow and hope in
His breast. Deep-rooted the mighty
Yearning strains upwards within him.
And he can do much; and splendid
Is his word, he transforms the world,
And under his hands . . .[1]

It is wrong to entirely identify Hölderlin with his hero; nevertheless the death of Empedocles is symbolical of an important change in Hölderlin's poetry. In 1799 his period of 'eccentric enthusiasm' ended; his idealism never left him, but from *Empedocles* onwards it ceased to exist independently of experience, as it had sometimes done previously, for example in *Hyperion.* His images became more concrete and more steeped in sensuous associations. The words of Matthew Arnold's Empedocles:

Slave of sense
I have in no wise been: but slave of thought?

are unfortunately applicable to the immature Holderlin.

At the same time as Hölderlin became more receptive to his environment, his poetry rang with a new, strange, suggestive quality; it became more impersonal, even when he was speaking of himself, until, in his last hymns, he attained a prophetic, almost super-human note, which is both disquieting and impressive. Like Rimbaud, Hölderlin could well have said: '*Je est un autre.*'

[1] Wirken soll der Mensch,
Der sinnende, soll entfaltend
Das Leben um ihn fordern und heitern
Denn hoher Bedeutung voll,
Voll schweigender Kraft umfangt,
Den ahnenden, dass er bilde,
Die grosse Natur
Dass ihren Geist hervor er rufe, tragt
Die Sorg' im Busen und die Hoffnung
Der Mensch Tiefwurzelnd strebt
Das gewaltige Sehnen in ihm auf.
Und viel vermag er, und herrlich ist
Sein Wort, er wandelt die Welt
Und unter den Handen

Holderlin left Homburg in the spring of 1800. He was only thirty years old, but dimly he realized that his time was nearly over. Already at Homburg he had written the ode *To the Fates*,[1] which made his mother so anxious that he had to concoct a soothing explanation.

Only one summer grant me, O mighty ones,
And but one autumn leave me for mellow song,
So that my heart, with its sweet playing
Sated, more willingly then may perish.

His belief in Nemesis was an instinctive one, but it never deceived or deserted him; still earlier, in 1798, he had predicted the course of his life in a short poem.[2]

High my spirit aspired, skywards, but down to earth
Love soon drew it, still more suffering humbled it.
So I follow the curve of
Life and return to my journey's start.

From Homburg he went home to Nürtingen; his biographer, Schwab, tells of noticeable changes in his appearance. He looked ill and haggard, and was so irritable that a single offensive remark made him leave the company he was in and never return. He stayed with his family for a few months, and then accepted the invitation of his friends, Neuffer and Landauer, to live at Stuttgart. There his condition improved, and he was able to write many poems, among them his first great elegies. In spite of his sufferings he did not despair:

For they who lend the heavenly fire to us,
The gods, give to us holy suffering too.
Therefore let it be so. A son of
The earth I seem, made to suffer, to love.[3]

[1] *An die Parzen*. See p. 114. [2] *The Course of Life*. See p. 107.

[3] Denn sie, die uns das himmlische Feuer leihn,
Die Götter schenken heiliges Laid uns auch,
Drum bleibe diss. Ein Sohn der Erde
Schein' ich, zu lieben gemacht, zu leiden.
Die Heimath, 1800

He tried to get permission to teach at Stuttgart, as usual, he failed and had to accept yet another tutorial position. In January 1801 he travelled to Switzerland, and became tutor in the house of a wealthy merchant. He was deeply impressed by the scenery of the Alps. While he was in Switzerland a peace treaty was signed at last, his comment was. 'In the end it is still true; the less men find out and know about the State, whatever its form, the freer they are.' He left Switzerland in April, because his employer's two young relatives, for whose sake he had been engaged, did not arrive.

He returned to Nurtingen; there he wrote his last letter to Schiller, asking Schiller to procure him a lectureship in Greek, as otherwise he would have to become a country curate. He received no reply, and once again looked for a position, wishing to avoid an even more distasteful occupation at all costs.

Now, for the first time, he elaborated his theories about national poetry, as distinct from Greek poetry. 'The Greeks are not so much masters of holy pathos, for the very reason that it was an inborn quality, while they excel in the gift of description, from Homer onwards, because this extraordinary man was spirited enough to acquire occidental Junonian sobriety for his Apollonian realm, and thus truly to appropriate what was foreign to him[1]

'With us it is the other way. That is why it is so dangerous to abstract one's artistic laws simply and solely from Greek perfection. I have laboured for a long time on these matters and now know that, apart from what must be considered supreme both among the Greeks and among us, namely the living circumstance and destiny, probably we may not be allowed to have anything in common with them. But what is proper to one must be learnt as well as what is foreign. That is why the Greeks are quite indispensable to us . . . For this is tragic among us, that we leave the realm of the living quite calmly, packed into a container, not that devoured by flames we atone for the flame which we could not master.

'And truly! the former moves the innermost soul as much as the latter. It is not such an imposing, but a deeper destiny,

[1] cf Nietzsche. *The Birth of Tragedy.*

and a noble soul accompanies even a man dying in this way with fear and sympathy and keeps his own spirit up despite exasperation' (To Bohlendorf, December, 1801).

In the same letter he foretells his spiritual death: 'In the past I could be jubilant about a new truth, a better view of that which is above and around us, now I fear that in the end it will be with me as with old Tantalus, who got more of the gods than he could digest'

At the end of his great elegy *The Archipelago*, probably written as early as 1800, he expressed his apprehensions:

> . . . And if impetuous Time too forcefully seizes
> My head, and want and wandering among mortals shatter
> My mortal life, on stillness, in your depths,[1] let me ponder.[2]

In the years betwen 1800 and 1803, Holderlin thought a great deal about Christianity, but it would be inaccurate to say that he was converted. Christianity was inseparable from his new theories of national poetry and from his symbolical return home, after a long but not entirely fruitless search for Greece. Very careful analysis is required in order to define Holderlin's attitude to Christianity. Above all, one must distinguish the ideological motives of Holderlin's 'conversion' from the psychological ones, both contributed to his change of outlook. As far as the ideological issues are concerned, it would be nearer the truth to say that Holderlin converted Christianity to himself, that is to say, he reconciled its principles with his previous system of thought and belief.

From 1800 onwards Holderlin became more and more sceptical towards his attachment to Greece. *The Archipelago* is his most impassioned poem about Greece, but it is a poem of parting. Once again he contrasts Greek splendour with present misery, but expresses the hope and the belief that a similar period of glory and bliss awaits modern Europe:

[1] Holderlin is addressing the god of the sea

[2] und wenn die reissende Zeit mir
Zu gewaltig das Haupt ergreifft und die Noth und das Irrsaal
Unter Sterblichen mir mein sterblich Leben erschuttert,
Lass der Stille mich dann in deiner Tiefe gedenken

O the children of Fortune, the godly! do they now wander
Afar with the fathers at home, forgetful of fateful days,
Yonder by Lethe's stream? Shall no yearning make them return?
Shall mine eye never see them? Alas, by the thousand paths
Of the verdant earth shall the seeking one never find you,
God-like beings, and was it for this that I heard
Your story, the legend about you, that ever in mourning my soul
Downwards before it is time should flee to your shades?
But nearer to you, where your copses grow yet, where the holy
Mountain yet veils a lonely head in the clouds above,
To Parnassus I'll go and when, in gloom of the oak-tree
Glistening, to me, to the straying, Castalia's spring appears,
Then, from the chalice scented with blossoms, mingled with tears
The water there I will pour on sprouting verdour,
So that still, O you sleeping ones all, a sacred offering may reach you.
There, by Tempe's hanging cliffs, in the silent valley,
I will live with you still, Often, O glorious names,
Call you hither, by night, and when wrathful then you appear
Because graves are profaned by the plough, with the voice of the heart,
With pious song, I'll do penance for you, O most sacred shades,
Until wholly my soul is accustomed to live with you.
Then the more hallowed one, O you dead, will ask you much,
You, the living, also, high powers of heaven!
When with your years you pass by over the transient rubble,
You of the certain course! For often beneath the stars,
Like gruesome breezes, confusion clutches my heart,
So that I look for counsel, and never now for a long time
Have they granted comforting speech to me in my need,
The prophetic groves of Dodona; but silent now
Is the Delphic god and wasted, desolate
Long the paths have lain where once, softly guided by hopes,
The man climbed, questioning, up to the town of the truthful seer.
But the light above even to-day speaks to mortals;
Full of fine significance and the mighty Thunderer's voice,
It calls out do you think of me? and the mournful wave
Of the sea-god echoes it back: do you never think of me now, as before?

For the heavenly like to rest on a feeling heart,
As always, and still, the enrapturing powers, as gladly
Escort the aspiring man, and above the mountains of home
Still ubiquitous Aether rests and governs and lives,
So that a loving people, conjoined in the arms of the Father,
May be humanly joyful, as always, *one* spirit be common to all

But woe! now our people strays in long night, as in Orcus
Dwells without the divine. Each man is forged to his labour,
Only his own, and in the workshop's uproar
Hears only himself, and greatly the savages toil,
With powerful arms, and restless, yet ever and ever
Infertile as the Furies the wretches' efforts remain—
Until, roused from the terrible dream, men shall awake
To their souls' unfurling, youthfully glad as before
And the blessing breath of love, as once with Hellas' blossoming
    children,
Wafts in these latter times and, high above brows not so burdened,
The spirit of Nature, that comes from afar, the god,
Calmly abiding, appears to us, radiant in golden clouds . . . [1]

Similar ideas are developed in *Bread and Wine*, the poem of transition from Greece to Christianity and the last of his elegies Holderlin had come to look upon the present age as a period of night, as necessary as day, in which men should gather strength for a new advent of the gods Holderlin did not believe in positive and complete revelation; he believed that men must prepare themselves for divine joy, which is 'hard to bear', that they must go out to meet 'the approaching gods'. Divine revelation, he thought, is only granted to those who are strong enough to bear it and ready to receive it The life of a poet, priest or sage, or of anyone who desires revelation, demands strict discipline, continuous devotion and receptiveness. For that reason, the task of the few who still serve the gods is, above all, to remain 'wakeful by night'. Christ was the last of the gods to appear on earth:

[1] The above is a rough translation, for a complete and more polished version of this poem, the reader should refer to J B Leishman *The Archipelago* See Appendix

For when some time ago now—to us it seems distant—
They all ascended by whom life had been favoured with joy,
When from human kind the Father averted His visage
And all over the earth sorrowing, rightly, began,
When at last had appeared a quiet Genius, consoling
Sacredly—He that proclaimed daytime's conclusion and went—
Then as a sign that they had once been here and again would
Come, the heavenly choir left a few presents behind . . .'

These presents are bread and wine, the symbols that connect Christianity with the Greek gods, its predecessors:

Bread is a fruit of the earth, yet touched by the blessings of sun-light,
And from the thundering god issues the gladness of wine.
Therefore, too, these raise up our thoughts to the heavenly, those who
Once were here and at last shall return when their advent is due;
—Therefore the poets, too, solemnly sing of the wine-god
And not idly devised praise of the ancient one sounds.

Bread and wine reconcile the divine with the earthly, Christ with Dionysus. The elegy ends with a prophecy of splendour and joy for the people of the West, to whom Christ gave the divine gifts, bread and wine:

What of the children of God was foretold in the songs of the ancients,
See! we are it, ourselves, fruit of Hesperia it is!
Strictly and wondrously all has been fulfilled in us mortals,
Prove it and then believe! but always, while so much takes place,
Nothing can take effect, for we are heartless, mere shadows,
Till our Father Aether, acclaimed, belongs to each and to all.
Meanwhile, bearing the torch, yet does the Son of the Highest,
Yet does the Syrian descend here to the shadows below.

Seeing it, wise men know bliss, kindled in souls that were
  captive,
Shines a smile and their eyes thaw in response to the light.
Titans, embraced by Earth, dream and slumber more softly
Even Cerberus drinks, even the jealous one sleeps.

At this stage, in 1801, Hölderlin was not a Christian in any strict sense of the word; he had only shown that Christianity and Hellas are not in opposition, but, on the contrary, belong to the same tradition. He did not become truly Christian until the onset of his madness; but before examining this fact, it is necessary to continue the account of his life.

After his return from Switzerland, in April 1801, Holderlin once more went home The influence of his mother, which had always been powerful, now began to dominate him. Her religious beliefs were of the most narrow and rigorous kind; again and again Holderlin, in his letters, had been obliged to demonstrate to her that he was still pious and still believed in God. However, during his previous visits he had always resisted the power which his mother had over him; now he was worn out by suffering, at the extreme limit of his sanity, and incapable of very much resistance Besides, his theory of national poetry, which he was now beginning to carry out, exposed him even more to the pietistic influence of his mother. Holderlin had never been an enemy of Christian doctrine, but he hated the clergy, who seemed ungodly and corrupt to him. Hitherto he had looked upon Christ as the successor to the Greek gods, and his devotion was not exclusive, but temperamentally Holderlin had never departed very far from his first religion, so that the way back was a short one.

In January 1802 Holderlin left for Bordeaux, the only place where he was able to obtain an engagement as private tutor under favourable conditions. He was most unwilling to leave, because of his strangely reliable intuition: 'Now I am full of parting. I have not wept for a long time. But it cost me bitter tears when I decided to leave my country even now, perhaps for good.' (To Böhlendorf, December 1801.)

He wrote to his mother after his arrival at Bordeaux: 'At

last, my dear Mother, I am here, have been well received; I am well and shall not forget the thankfulness that I owe to the Lord of Life and Death. I can write but little at the moment; I arrived this morning, and my attention is still too much fixed on my new surroundings, and I cannot calmly tell you the interesting facts about the journey now past Moreover, I have experienced so much that I can hardly talk about it even now.

'Already during these last days I was wandering in a beautiful Spring, but shortly before that, on the terrifying, snow-covered heights of Auvergne, among tempests and wastes, in a freezing night, and a loaded pistol beside me in the rough bed, there I prayed a prayer which was the best I had ever prayed in my life, and which I shall never forget.

'I have been preserved. Join me in giving thanks.

'. . . I am now thoroughly hardened and filled with sacred strength, as you desire I think that, on the whole, I wish to remain so. Fear nothing and submit to much.' A few months later he wrote another letter to his mother, but again reticently.

Early in July of that year, 1802, Holderlin unexpectedly appeared at his mother's house, drove out all its occupants with his furious raving, and was only calmed by his copy of Homer

On June 22nd, Susette Gontard had died; Sinclair wrote of this event to Hölderlin at Bordeaux, in a letter dated June 30th. Holderlin did not receive this letter until he had returned to Nürtingen; it was therefore not responsible for the crisis. It is usually assumed that Holderlin left Bordeaux in June and walked all the way across France to the frontier. In 1852 Moritz Hartmann, a German writer, wrote an account which he claimed to have been communicated to him by a French aristocratic lady, and which was taken to refer to Hölderlin. According to Hartmann, Hölderlin, already mad, strayed into an estate near Blois; the lady in question, at that time a young girl, gave Hartmann a detailed reproduction of a conversation which the madman had with her father, the owner of the estate. The conversation was about Greece and the gods. These are some extracts from Hartmann's account, supposedly dictated by the French lady, whose memory must have been prodigious. (She mentions, however, that her aunt noted down some of the remarks): 'It

was at the beginning of this century, about fifty years ago, I was living in this same house with my father, and I was a child of fourteen or fifteen years. One day, when I was on the balcony, I noticed a man, who, so it seemed, walked about aimlessly on the low ground, often crossed the fields, but without looking for anything in particular or walking towards any definite goal. Many times he returned to the same place without being aware of it. The same afternoon, during a walk, I met him, but, deep in thought, he passed by without seeing me, and when, some minutes later, he was again in my way as I came round a bend, he looked into the distance with a fixed expression of unutterable longing . . ' The stranger returned on the following day, and contemplated the marble statues which surrounded a pond, on this occasion an official approached him to tell him that he was trespassing on private property. He looked much like a tramp, his clothes being torn and dirty However, the young girl's father sent the official away '. . The stranger, who had scarcely noticed the rudeness of the *garde champêtre*, turned at once to my father, and said, smiling·

'" The gods are no man's property, they belong to the world, and when they smile at us we are theirs. Look how this Aglaia is smiling at me and captivating me, she does not smile only at her owner "

'" It is a Pomona," my father informed him.

'" No, it is an Aglaia," the stranger replied with assurance, and continued at once " The water here should be clearer, like the water of Cephisus or the flood of Erechtheus on the Acropolis. It is unworthy of the pure gods that they should see their images in a dark mirror, but," he added with a sigh, " we are not in Greece "

'" Perhaps you are a Greek? " my father asked, half jokingly and half in earnest.

'" No!—on the contrary, I am a German! " the stranger said with a sigh

'" On the contrary?" my father repeated, "Is a German the opposite of a Greek? "

'" Yes," the stranger replied briefly, and added after a time· " we are all the opposite! You, the Frenchman, are too; the

Englishman, your enemy, is too—we are all the opposite!"

On being asked his name, the eccentric covered his head with both his hands, and replied:

'"I shall tell it to you tomorrow. Believe me, it is sometimes difficult for me to remember my name."' (The desire to be anonymous was characteristic of Hölderlin in his madness. Indeed, many details in this account confirm the assumption that Hölderlin can be identified with the stranger.) He was asked to stay with his hosts during the following night; the inhabitants of the house were woken up at about one o'clock in the morning by the screams of a servant:

'The servant lay on the top step, thrown on to the floor by his terror; in front of him stood the stranger, in the rarest of apparel. He had draped the white sheet around his body, and since this was his only garment, he looked somewhat like a Greek statue; in his left hand he held a light, in his right an old sword, a fine masterpiece of the armourer's art in the seventeenth century, which belonged to my father and was usually hung up in the stranger's room. My father took the weapon away from him and led him back into the room, where he complied with my father's wishes by lying down once more in his bed.' The next morning he suddenly vanished.

M. Pierre Berteaux[1] has investigated the matter of Hölderlin's return from Bordeaux. On May 9th, 1802, Hölderlin had a passport made out for Germany. On June 6th his passport was examined at Strasbourg. Even if we assume that Hölderlin left Bordeaux on the day his passport was ready, it is impossible to walk from Bordeaux to Strasbourg, that is to say, more than seven hundred miles, in less than a month. However, Hartmann's story is not necessarily a forgery, as M. Berteaux concludes, and is possibly a reference to Hölderlin. It is not impossible that the journey from Bordeaux to Strasbourg took him to the vicinity of Blois, particularly as Hölderlin later wrote down his impressions of a visit to Paris. Hölderlin had the presence of mind to send his possessions in advance from Bordeaux, and M. Berteaux infers, but not unquestionably, that he was not insane when he left. In the first years of his madness the disease was spasmodic.

[1] *Hölderlin Essai de Biographie intérieure* Hachette, 1936

M. Berteaux's suggestion is that Holderlin visited Frankfort on his way back to Nurtingen, and there heard of Susette's death. But it is known that he visited his friends at Stuttgart in June; the poet Mathisson was deeply impressed by the appearance there of the mad Holderlin. It is improbable that he went to Frankfort before his visit to Stuttgart, and that the knowledge of Diotima's death did, after all, precipitate the attack of madness.

Nevertheless, there are two possible solutions to this problem, Holderlin's insanity may have broken out in France, without any particular, or at least without any known, provocation, or, on the other hand, the knowledge of Susette Gontard's death may have provided the impetus, in which case Hartmann's account would almost certainly be discredited. The external cause of Holderlin's madness, if there was a specific one, is only of incidental interest.

Holderlin's Stuttgart friends offered to entrust him to an old clergyman living near that town, but Holderlin, fearing that he was expected to do ecclesiastical work, refused to leave his home. By September 1802 Holderlin was sufficiently calm to set out on a journey with Sinclair. He began to translate Pindar in 1802, in his long poems of the next two years the influence of Pindar is the only one which can be discerned, apart from that of the Bible, especially of *Revelation*, on their diction and imagery.

In December, Holderlin, still at home, wrote a letter to Bohlendorf, which gives some intimation of the change in his mental state·

'My dear friend,

'I have not written to you for a long time, have been in France since and have seen the sad, solitary earth; the cottages of Southern France and individual beauties, men and women, who have grown up in the fear of patriotic uncertainty and of hunger

'The mighty element, the fire of heaven and the calmness of men, their life within nature, their restricted and contented state, have constantly moved me, and, as one relates of heroes, I can well say that Apollo has struck me.

'In those parts that border on the Vendée, the wild, bellicose qualities interested me, the purely masculine, to which the light

of life becomes spontaneous in the eyes and limbs, and which feels the sentiment of death as a kind of virtuosity and satisfies its thirst for knowledge. The athletic character of the Southern peoples, in the ruins of the ancient spirit, made me better acquainted with the true individuality of the Greeks; I came to know their character and their wisdom, their body, the way in which they grew in their climate, and the rule by which they preserved exuberant genius from the violence of the element. This determined their national peculiarity, their way of adopting characters foreign to themselves and of communicating themselves to these. That is why they possess their peculiar, individual characteristics which seem alive, in so far as highest intellect, in the Greek sense, is power of reflection, and this becomes intelligible to us when we understand the heroic body of the Greeks; it is tenderness, like our national peculiarity.

'The aspect of ancient art[1] made an impression on me which does not only make the Greeks comprehensible to me, but generally what is highest in art, which, even in extreme motion and phenomenalization of conception and serious intention, yet preserves everything standing up and for itself, so that certainty, in this sense, is the highest form of the symbol. It was necessary for me, after many convulsions and agitations of the soul, to settle down for some time, and meanwhile I am living in my home town

'The natural scenery of home moves me more powerfully the more I study it The thunderstorm, not only in its highest manifestation, but precisely from this aspect, as a power and as a configuration, and, in the other forms of the sky, light and its influence, giving shape nationally and as a principle and way of fate, so that something is holy to us, its course in coming and going, what is characteristic in forests and the convergence in one region of various kinds of nature, that all the holy places of the earth are grouped together around one place, and the philosophic light around my window, are now my joy, may I remain, as I came, as far as this place![2]

'My dear friend, I think that we shall not comment on the

[1] In Paris

[2] *cf* the concluding lines of *Conciliator Who Never Believed* p 175

poets up to our time, but that the nature of song will adopt an entirely different character, and that we do not prosper for this reason, because we,[1] since the Greeks, are once again beginning to sing nationally and naturally, in fact, originally.

'Write to me soon. I need your tones. Psyche among friends, the genesis of ideas in conversation and the letter is necessary for artists. Apart from that we have none for ourselves; but it belongs to the holy picture which we are creating. With best wishes,

'Yours,

'H'

Although the approach of madness is evident in this letter, the thought confused and its expression clumsy, a great deal of valuable information can be derived from it. It provides a background of theory for the poems of Holderlin's last productive years and gives some clue to what Holderlin meant by 'national poetry'. He meant (and this is borne out by the poems themselves) a kind of poetry which is not nourished on ideal visions of distant landscapes, past or future, but which seeks to interpret the surroundings and give them back their spiritual significance, which is hidden to the majority of those who live in them The poem *Remembrance* (1803) also shows how deeply Holderlin was impressed by the South of France, though this poem marks the beginning of his decline, it has a visual and sensuous vividness which owes much to the impressions received during his fateful journey:

On festive days the brown women
Walk even there,
On silken ground,
In time of March,
When night and day are equal,
And over slow paths,
Heavy with golden dreams,
Lulling breezes pass.

In the winter of 1802, Holderlin worked intensively on his own poems and on his translations of Sophocles. He intended to

[1] Holderlin and Bohlendorf

translate all the tragedies, but completed only *Œdipus Rex* and *Antigone*. All the translations from the Greek which he did at this time, mainly of Pindar and Sophocles, have some of the peculiarities of his own late poems. Although they are sometimes rather obscure, and not without literal errors, they are quite unique because of Hölderlin's musical skill and evocative use of syntax. Hölderlin's versions of Pindar's odes and the choruses in the tragedies of Sophocles are particularly fine.

In July 1803 Schelling, in a letter to Hegel, gave a description of Hölderlin:

'The saddest impression I have had during my stay here is the sight of Holderlin . . . Since this fatal journey his mind has been entirely shaken from its course; though still capable of some forms of work, translations from the Greek for instance, he is otherwise in a state of utter distraction. His aspect was a shattering blow to me. he neglects his person to the point of loathsomeness, and, since his speech is not so much suggestive of madness, he has adopted all the external mannerisms of those who are in that condition. In this part of the country there is no hope of curing him. I thought of asking you whether you would take care of him, if he should come to Jena, as he would like to do . . .' Hegel replied that he did not think Jena would have a very salutary effect upon Hölderlin.

Meanwhile Hölderlin was living at home and writing some of his best poems with all the exertion of which he was capable; he was well aware that his mental faculties were giving way, and the concentration needed to write his poems exhausted him even physically. In December 1803 he wrote to Wilmans, his publisher, about the translations of Sophocles. 'It is a pleasure to sacrifice oneself to the reader and with him to confine oneself to the barriers of our as yet childlike culture.'

Some months later he wrote about his poem *The Rhine*: 'Some time ago I wished to visit you, but could not find your house. I therefore settle the commission, which necessitated this visit, in writing, and send you an announcement of picturesque views of the Rhine; it is possible for you to take an interest in it. The Duke is already interested in it. I am eager to know how they will succeed; whether they have been raised up from nature

purely and simply, so that on both sides nothing out of place or uncharacteristic has entered in, and the earth is well balanced against the sky, so that the light also, which characterizes this balance in its specific relationship, must not be crooked and attractively deceiving. A great deal seems to depend on the angle within the work of art and on the square outside the same

'The ancient works of art in Paris especially have given me a true interest in (visual) art, so that I should like to study it further . . The fable, poetic aspect of the history and architectonics of the sky, occupies me above all at present, particularly the national, inasmuch as it differs from the Greek. The various destinies of heroes, knights and princes, how they serve Fate, or treat it more sceptically, I have now generally grasped . . .

'I believe that I can tell you much more, apart from these things The study of our country, its conditions and classes, is infinite and rejuvenates us, so that good Time should not be void of spirit and we might find ourselves again.

'I am thinking of ingenuous and calm days, which, I hope, will come Should the enemies of our country destroy our peace, courage has been saved up, which will defend us against the other things that do not quite belong to us . . .' (To Leo von Seckendorf)

This letter (written in March 1804) and Hölderlin's commentary to his translations of *Œdipus Rex* and *Antigone* allow us approximately to fix the date of his final collapse.

Between 1801, when *Bread and Wine* was finished, and 1804, Holderlin wrote the so-called 'hymns in free verse', several Alcaic odes, and several short poems which deserve special attention. The gradual growth of his dementia may have affected, but did not invalidate, the truly wonderful poems of this, his last period of conscious creation.

Even now Holderlin looked back to Greece; in his poem *The Journey* (probably 1801)[1] he addresses Greece:

> O land of Homer!
> By the purple cherry-tree or when,
> Despatched by you, in the vineyard I see

[1] *Die Wanderung*, See p 180

The young peaches grow green
And the swallow comes from afar and, telling many a tale,
Builds its house on my walls,
In May-time, also under the stars,
Ionia, I think of you! But to men
What is present is dear. And therefore
I have come, you islands, to see you,
And you, mouths of the rivers, O halls of Thetis,
You forests also, and you, O clouds over Ida.

But, he continues, he has not come to stay; only to invite the Graces of Greece to visit his own country. When, in *The Only One*[1], he speaks of his attachment to Christ, he adds that he means the brother of Heracles, that is to say Christ as successor to the gods and heroes of ancient Greece. In the same poem, however, he complains once more how difficult it is to reconcile Greece with the Christian West:

. . . And now
Full of sadness is my soul
As if you heavenly yourselves
Cried out that if I serve one
I lack the other.

At the beginning of *Germania* (1802)[2] he regrets that he is no longer allowed to evoke Hellas:

Not them, the blessèd, who once appeared,
The images of gods in the ancient land,
These I may call no more; but if,
O waters of home, now with you
The love of my heart laments, what else does it desire,
The sacredly sorrowing? For full of expectation
Lies the land, while as if lowered
In sultry days, you yearning ones, to-day a heaven,
Foreboding, casts its shadow about you.
Full it is of promises and seems
To me threatening too, yet I will stay with it,
And backwards my soul shall not flee

[1] *Der Einzige*, See p 210 [2] *Germanien*, See p 190

To you, the perished, the past whom I love too much,
For to look upon your lovely countenance,
As if it were as before, I am afraid,
Deadly it is and hardly permitted to wake the dead.

Even *Patmos*, the most profoundly Christian of Hölderlin's hymns, concerned as it is with the fate of St John and of the other Apostles after the death of Christ, links Christianity to Greece. *Patmos* is Holderlin's consummate achievement; certainly no other poem of his, nor perhaps of any other author but Dante, has succeeded in conveying divine mysteries in a manner so powerful and so direct—one might almost say familiar, if this did not imply a lack of reverence. The two opening lines

Near is
The God, and hard to grasp

contain the essence of Holderlin's new poetic doctrine

To the serious reader, *Patmos* may be frightening, or at least disquieting. He may well wonder whether he should venture in good faith into a landscape lit by an unfamiliar sun, that of a rare mystical wisdom or that of madness, it is up to the reader to decide which of the two it is, to accept or to reject the revelation *Patmos* is truly an apocalyptic poem, as indeed are all the other great ' hymns ' which Holderlin wrote at this period; but, in all of them, the language is naked and precise, though the vision and the thought expressed belong to a strange dimension.

It is uncertain whether the short and more personal poems of this period were written before or after *Patmos*, but some of them are on the same level of vividness and purity.

Holderlin wrote the ode *Ganymede*[1] at an advanced stage of his illness, probably in 1804 The last stanza is an unmistakable reference to himself, though an indirect one.

Soon springtime comes And everything in its way
Blossoms But he is distant, no longer there.
He went astray, for all too good are
Genii, heavenly speech is his now.

[1] *Ganymed*, See p 244

His mood now, on the whole, was one of resignation, which is almost terrifying, because he knew well that he was near to a new stage of his madness, which would flood his whole being and drown even his intellect, putting an end to creation:

> But forward and back we will
> Not look. Be rocked as
> On swaying skiff of the sea.[1]

The Middle of Life[2] is a poem unequalled for pathos, vividness and conciseness. In a short poem Hölderlin expressed all the horror of a poet about to be dumb and of a man who is entering the winter of his life He contrasts the pears, the swans and roses, symbols of his life and joy, with the sober water into which they vanish. In the first stanza Hölderlin used imagery in a way which no poet before him had attempted, and which only reappeared as the most striking invention of the Symbolists. Hölderlin's drunken swans are not very far removed from Mallarmé's '*oiseaux ivres*', except that his symbols are steeped in deeper significance than those of the more esoteric French poet and that Hölderlin relied on the symbols themselves for effect, rather than on an atmosphere evoked by sounds, and associations playing on all the senses. Holderlin's picture is not 'impressionistic' but clearly and classically defined·

> With yellow pears the land,
> And full of wild roses,
> Hangs down into the lake,
> O graceful swans,
> And drunk with kisses
> You dip your heads
> Into the hallowed-sober water.
>
> Alas, where shall I find when
> Winter comes, flowers, and where
> Sunshine,
> And the shadows of earth?
> The walls stand

[1] *Ripe Are, Dipped in Fire . . (Mnemosyne)*; See p 159 [2] *Hälfte der Lebens*, See p 158

Speechless and cold, in the wind
Weathercocks clatter.

Only once his restraint and resignation broke down entirely; *Tears*[1] ends with a cry of anguish and despair. In this poem we can feel the distress of one who is struggling against the oblivion which awaits him, against the effacement of his mind and the approach of total darkness:

The isles of love are almost disfigured and . . . but now
The heroes dead. Thus everywhere must
Love still be tricked and imposed on, silly.
O softening tears, now do not extinguish quite
My power of vision; let a sole memory—
So that my death at least is noble—
Thieves and deceivers! outlive my passing.

Another poem, *The Ages*,[2] takes us into the landscape of Holderlin's madness, a calm, homely landscape which is no longer inhabited by the spirit and gods of the past. He compares the ruins of splendid towns to his new, modest, but thriving surroundings (they are self-contained and in repose).

Cities of the Euphrates,
Streets at Palmyra,
Forests of pillars in the desert plain,
What are you?
Away from you, by smoke
Of the heavenly and by fire
Your crowns have been taken,
Since you passed
The bounds of the breathing;
But now I sit under clouds (each of which
Has its own calm within), beneath
Well-ordered oaks,
On the heath of the deer, and strange
To me seem, and dead,
The souls of the blessed.

[1] *Thränen*, See p 238

[2] *Lebensalter*, See p 160

Hölderlin's desire to create a new form of poetry was fulfilled, but by the end of 1805 his madness had reached its final and permanent stage. The unique edifice, which he had so painfully raised up, became derelict. His intellect failed him, and the poems written after 1806 are no more than echoes. He had thought of himself as a pioneer, who had opened new territories to the German poets of the future·

> We have served Mother Earth,
> And lately have served the sunlight,
> Unknowingly, but the Father
> Who reigns over all loves most that
> The solid letter be cared for and the existing
> Be well construed. This German song observes.[1]

But for eighty years after the creation of his finest poems their existence was virtually ignored.

In what we believe to be his last letter written before the collapse, he made a moderate claim which, nevertheless, testifies of a great achievement: 'I believe that I have written expressly against eccentric enthusiasm and attained Greek simplicity in this way. In future, too, I hope to maintain this principle, even if I should put forward more daringly those things which are forbidden to the poet, against eccentric enthusiasm.' (To Wilmans, his publisher; April 2nd, 1804.)

MADNESS

In April 1804 the translations from Sophocles were published. Holderlin sent copies to Goethe, Hegel, Schelling, Heinse, Mathisson and others, but significantly omitted Schiller. Some remarks by Goethe on these translations are known; he considered them ludicrous.

In July, Sinclair, the most devoted of Hölderlin's friends, fetched him from Nürtingen and took him to Homburg. There he had obtained a position for Hölderlin, as librarian to the Landgrave of Homburg, to whom *Patmos* was dedicated. Holderlin was once again in a more settled frame of mind, as

[1] *Patmos*, See p 216

Schelling reported to Hegel: '... His condition is better than in the previous year, but he is still obviously deranged. The translation of Sophocles entirely expresses his decayed mental state. He told me that he was now librarian to the Landgrave of Homburg and went there with S'

Sinclair did not believe that Holderlin was insane, especially as he had really improved, but thought that his behaviour was premeditated Holderlin lived at a French watchmaker's house, and all his friends did their best to make his stay happy, to offer distractions and company. At this time he refused to write to his mother, although she repeatedly implored him to do so. In October 1805 she still had not heard from him and asked him in writing whether she had offended him in any way; the usual moral and religious injunctions followed: 'But above all I sincerely ask you not to neglect our duties towards our God and Father in Heaven We can attain no greater happiness on earth than to win the favour of our God Let us strive after this in all seriousness, so that we shall find one another in that place where there is no more parting.'

We know that Holderlin was still able to discuss æsthetics and other theoretical matters, and that as late as July 1805 he was still translating Pindar. In the spring of that year, Sinclair was accused of Jacobin sympathies and subversive activities; a document mentions that Holderlin denounced his friend, shouting continually. 'I don't want to be a Jacobin. *Vive le Roi!*' The document in question is not authentic, but it is a fact that his condition now deteriorated, Schwab writes: ' . But although at Homburg they were at first inclined to consider the whole illness a sham, they could not avoid noticing that despite the pleasant scenery, the diverting occupations, and Sinclair's untiring care, his condition was deteriorating. The unfortunate man had found lodgings with a French watchmaker, but since the latter refused to have him, he had to be taken away and entrusted to an honest saddler . The piano on which he used to play, a reflection of his soul, was quite devastated, because he often let off his fury on the instrument' In April 1805 a doctor examined him, and reported that 'now he is so far gone that his insanity has developed into raving, and that one can simply no

longer understand his speech, which seems to be composed partly of German, partly of Greek, and partly of Latin sounds.'

Now Hölderlin began to arouse the interest of his compatriots; it was necessary that he should become one of the rarer monsters before he could be appreciated as a poet. Bettina von Arnim, Goethe's impetuous correspondent, who had a flair for discovering geniuses, now wrote enthusiastically about the 'greatest of elegiac poets', Holderlin. In 1806 Sinclair published a long poem addressed to Holderlin; in the previous year Jacob Joseph Gorres, the Roman Catholic and Royalist writer, had devoted a long and laudatory article to *Hyperion*. The Romantics, Achim von Arnim, Clemens, Brentano, Ludwig Tieck, and the Schlegels were gradually becoming aware of Hölderlin's greatness.

By August 1806, Holderlin's behaviour was so eccentric that he was in danger of being mobbed by the populace of Homburg; Sinclair was obliged to remove him. Hölderlin was taken to a clinic, but there his fury only increased, and there was no question of a cure.

In the summer of the following year he went to live in a carpenter's house at Tübingen; his room was in an old tower, on the left bank of the Neckar. The doctors gave him three years to live; in actual fact he lived in the same room for another thirty-six years. He was left almost without restrictions, treated with kindness and respect. The result was that he became calm and regular in his habits, and, apart from rare outbreaks of rage and occasional quarrels with the carpenter's apprentices, did not disturb or harm anyone.

In 1808 he was again given a piano, and spent much time playing on this instrument, took up the flute again and often sang to his own accompaniment. He was much annoyed by the news that some of his late poems (the hymns) had been published without his permission by Seckendorf, but often spoke of collecting his poems for publication. In 1811 he filled many sheets of paper with the intention of editing a review; unfortunately, like nearly all the literary products of his madness, they were not preserved.

The mental disorder which undermined Hölderlin's intellect was schizophrenia, or dementia præcox, as it used to be called.

He had always had the disposition of a schizophrenic, but in the thirty-sixth year of his life the disease became acute and permanent. Professor C G. Jung gives an explanation of this form of insanity: 'Just as one person can disappear in a social role, so another can vanish in an inner vision and be lost to his environment because of it. Many incomprehensible changes in the personality, such as sudden conversions or other deep-seated transformations, originate in the mysterious, attractive power of a collective image, which . . . can cause such a degree of inflation that the whole personality may be dissolved. This dissolution means insanity, either transitory or permanent, a "splitting of the mind", or schizophrenia.'[1]

In a later work[2], the same author, carefully defines the relationship of art to analytical psychology and strictly limits the function of the psychologist who seeks to interpret a work of art. Indeed, such works as Dr Laforgue's *L'Echec de Baudelaire* have shown that the pathological study of a writer can be offensive from the literary point of view without making any substantial contribution to science. On the other hand, psychological interpretations can help laymen to understand certain aspects of a work of art, as long as they do not infringe on æsthetic or literary criticism or attempt any kind of valuation of the work in question; Freud's interpretations of this kind, however far-fetched, were written with subtlety and tact.

Several pathological studies of Holderlin have been published, the most detailed is that by H Lange[3] However, Prof. Karl Jaspers, in his book on Strindberg and van Gogh,[4] deals with Holderlin's illness as well as more recent discoveries about schizophrenia permit. Above all, he does not try to depreciate or explain away the singular beauty of Holderlin's mature poetry by calling it the product of an insane mind: 'In the same way as a diseased oyster causes pearls to form, schizophrenic processes can allow unique spiritual works to be formed And those who experience the power of works which, for them, generate life,

[1] *The Ego and the Unconscious*, 1916

[2] *Modern Man in Search of his Soul*, 1930: Chapter II.

[3] *Holderlin* Stuttgart, 1909

[4] Karl Jaspers: *Strindberg und Van Gogh* 2nd Edition, Berlin, 1926

do not think of schizophrenia, which may have been one of the conditions of their creation, any more than the person who derives pleasure from the pearl thinks of the oyster's disease. But those who desire understanding enquire into origins and circumstances, and no limit can be set to their enquiries.'

The fact is that no pathological inquest can help us to understand Holderlin's poetry, as Prof. Jaspers pointed out: 'At present, psychiatry possesses categories which are much too crude to allow us to analyse Holderlin's poetry written in the first years of schizophrenia by means of these categories.'

All that can be determined is that Hölderlin was schizophrenic, that his poetry was influenced by this disposition, and that, as Prof. Jaspers shows, he had something in common with other schizophrenics: 'It has been observed how schizophrenics form their own mythology, which for them exists self-evidently and unquestionably, and which often adopts this timeless quality. The contents of dreams, these products of schizophrenia, and the myths provided by history have been well compared and significant parallels have been discovered'. This takes us back to Jung's theory of the 'collective unconscious,' according to which Holderlin was one of the most thorough and penetrating explorers of all time. His conception of the human mind, as expressed in the poem *Man*,[1] was derived from mythology but corresponds to modern psychological suppositions.

An examination of Hölderlin's handwriting at different phases of his life proves that the poems of his last productive years, 1801 to 1805, were written with painful concentration and under great stress, a fact which is almost self-evident but has doubtless been enhanced by the blessing of one of the more infantile sciences. The childish and, on the whole, banal products of his madness were again written with ease and smoothness. Prof. Jaspers observes: 'His handwriting which, before the disease, is soft, very mobile, and on the highest level of form, during the process becomes larger, more regular (Hellingrath also draws attention to the large format of the sheets now chosen), less spontaneous, as far as it is not disturbed again and again by scrawls and confusion. Towards the end it becomes continually

[1] *Der Mensch*, see p. 96

steeper, as Hellingrath likewise points out, gains greater pressure—both are signs of exertion of the will—until it again acquires softer, more restful forms, once more becomes irregular, but gives the impression of a sum of beautiful forms of earlier times which are interrupted by occasional irregularities aberrations and confusions.'

In 1811, Zimmer, the carpenter, wrote to Holderlin's mother: 'Yesterday, I went out again for the first time with your son, he had not left the house since my father took down the plums from the trees At that time he was outside with us too and laughed a great deal when the tree was shaken and the plums fell on his head. On our way home we met Prof. Conz who addressed your son, called him Magister. At once your son replied, you say Magister. Conz apologized to your son, and said with us old acquaintances it makes no difference what titles we give to each other With these words Conz took his Hommer (*sic*) from his pocket and said, you see I've brought our old friend Holderlin looked for a passage in it and gave it to Conz to read out, Conz read the page to your son most enthusiastically, which made your son quite delighted, we then parted, and Conz said good-bye, Mr. Librarian, and that made your son quite contented. But three days later he broke out, and said in his violence. I am no magister, I am librarian to the Duke, cursed and abused the consistory and was dissatisfied for a long time, but now he is quite calm again . . .'

In the following year Holderlin was ill and the doctors again expected him to die. Zimmer wrote another letter. 'His poetic spirit still shows itself to be active, for instance in my house He saw the drawing of a temple He told me to make one out of wood. I replied that I had to work for my living, that I was not fortunate enough to live in philosophic calm like Him, immediately He replied, Oh I am a wretched creature, and in the same minute He wrote the following verses on a wooden board with his pencil·

> The lines of life are various, they diverge and cease
> Like footpaths and the mountains' utmost ends;
> What here we are, elsewhere a god amends
> With harmonies, eternal recompense and peace.'

Nearly all the poems of Holderlin's madness which have been preserved are peaceful in mood and simple to the point of puerility, many of them are pious, in a conventional, superficial way. Their subjects are usually the harmonious change of the seasons, or the joys of prosperity, of a calm, rustic existence or the blessings of piety. His own prophecy and desire had been fulfilled: 'And one day when I am a grey-haired boy, then may the spring and the morning and the evening light rejuvenate me a little more day after day, until I feel the last and sit down in the open air and from there go away, to eternal youth'. (To his sister, July 1799.)

His mother's wishes also had been realized, although she did not know it, the numerous letters written to her by the mad Hölderlin give sufficient evidence that he was no longer subject to impious thoughts and fancies· '... Self-expression was so rarely granted to me in life, since in my youth I liked to occupy myself with books and later became estranged from you. What, in this kind of confession, has always remained to me is a sincere faith in your excellent heart and the seriousness of your motherly precepts ...'

'Most Esteemed Mother,—

'I answer your kind letter with a happy heart and out of due concern for your existence, your health and its continuance during this life. When you instruct me, when you encourage me to practise orderly conduct, virtue and religion, then the tenderness of such a kind mother, the known and the unknown in such an honoured relationship, are useful to me as a book should be, and beneficial to my soul as high doctrines. The naturalness of your pious and virtuous soul permits better comparisons than these. I count upon your Christian forgiveness, dearest Mother, and on my aspiration to perfect and better myself more and more. My gift of communication confines itself to expressions of my devotion to you, until my soul has won so many convictions that it can express them in words and interest you. I take the liberty of most obediently sending my respects to your motherly heart and to your habitual excellence. I believe that diligence and constant progress in goodness do not easily

fail to attain a good end. I convey my compliments, most esteemed Mother, and with sincerity call myself,

Your obedient son,

HOLDERLIN.'

It is not surprising that for a long time his friends did not believe him to be insane; his behaviour, and the style of this perfectly consequent letter, could easily be attributed to cunning. The exaggerated formality, the seemingly hypocritical note of piety in his letters to his mother and the equally cold politeness with which he received even his most intimate friends served their purpose he was left alone. When his mother visited him at Tübingen, he received her coldly, while he greeted his sister with tears in his eyes. Some of the letters have an almost satirical effect, but we must not be deceived by all these traits of his madness and conclude that he went mad out of spite, in order to caricature convention. Certainly his letters and his behaviour seem grotesque to us, for the simple reason that we are judging them by irrelevant standards.

'MOST ESTEEMED MOTHER,—

'I am writing to you again already. The repetition of that which one has written is not always an unnecessary quality There are reasons, in the matter in question, that when one exhorts onself to perform a good action and is saying something serious, it should not be considered offensive to say precisely the same thing and when one does not always produce something that is uncommon. I will leave it at that. I obediently convey my compliments to you, and remain your obedient son,

HOLDERLIN.'

Most of the letters were brief and show that they were written without any real desire to communicate anything; Holderlin wrote to his mother almost regularly, when asked to do so by Zimmer, and only rarely refused. Very often he speaks of the need to end his letters:

'DEAREST MOTHER,—

'I am assured that the endeavour to be worthy of your satis-

faction will cause the goodness with which you have always been disposed towards me to continue. I must end this letter already. Be assured that with unending reverence I remain your obedient son,

HOLDERLIN.'

These letters abound in banal but confused utterances about moral and religious convictions; the following is more or less typical:

'MOST ESTEEMED MOTHER,—

'I do not wish to miss this opportunity of writing a letter to you. Pleasing as the present is, the sign of the soul, which is not alive, is yet a benefit to men. As little as an excellence of the soul, such as kindness, or sincere communication, or virtuous admonition often appears to repay us, yet the expression of receptiveness is something in life and its appearance. Not only equally strong communication, but expression also and perception are a form of morality, and part of the spirit and the world of manifestations. Like body and soul is the soul and its expression. For men should express themselves, do something through their worth, perform good deeds, but the efforts of men should not be directed only towards reality, but towards the soul. The moral world, which leads the abstract along with it, appears to explain this. Be content with these utterances, most esteemed Mother, and continue to grant your favour and joy

To your obedient son,

HOLDERLIN.'

Waiblinger, a poet and novelist, was one of Hölderlin's most frequent visitors during the last years, and he has left a detailed and reliable description of the mad poet. He first saw Holderlin in 1822 and noted down his impressions in a diary: '... An open door showed us a little white-washed, amphitheatrical room, without any of the usual ornaments, in which stood a man who kept his hands in the pockets of his trousers, which reached only to his hips, and who continually bowed to us. The girl whispered. "That's the one." The terrible figure confronted me; I approached him ... Wurm was more cool-headed than I (Waiblin-

ger was a school-boy at the time) and asked him whether he knew Privy Councillor Haug. He was well acquainted with him. Holderlin inclined his head, and out of the unintelligible ocean of sounds these words rang out: "Your Majesty . . ."—here he began to speak French again, looked at us and bowed—"your Royal Majesty, this I cannot, must not answer!" We were silent. The girl called out to us, telling us to continue speaking to him. We remained standing in the frame of the open door. Now he murmured once more. "I am just on the point of becoming a Catholic, Your Royal Majesty!" Wurm asked him whether the Greek news pleased him. Holderlin had once embraced the world of the Greeks with drunken enthusiasm. He bowed to us once more, and amidst a stream of incomprehensible words, he said: "Your Royal Majesty, this I must not, cannot answer!" The only intelligible thing he spoke was a reply to Wurm's words to the effect that he had a most pleasant view of the landscape from his window, to which he replied: "Yes, yes, Your Majesty, beautiful, beautiful!" But now he stood in the middle of the room, and bowed to us again and again without saying anything but. "Your Royal Highness . . ., the royal gentlemen," etc. We could stay no longer, and after a visit lasting five minutes we hurried to the carpenter's room . . .'

Waiblinger, when he was a student at Tubingen, repeatedly visited Holderlin; apart from a poem addressed to Holderlin, and the novel *Phaeton* whose hero is modelled on the mad poet, he wrote a valuable essay about him in 1830 These are some extracts: 'His daily habits are most simple. In the morning, especially in summer-time, when he is in every way more agitated and tormented, he rises before or with the sun and leaves the house at once, to walk outside in the garden. This walk usually lasts four or five hours, so that he becomes tired. He likes to divert himself by taking out his handkerchief and hitting the poles of the fence, or by plucking out grass Whatever he finds, were it no more than a piece of iron or leather, he puts into his pocket and takes home. All the time he speaks to himself, asks himself questions and answers them, sometimes with "yes", sometimes with "no", often with both; for he likes to say "no".

'Then he enters the house and paces about there. His meals

are brought up to his room, and he eats with great appetite, likes wine too and would drink any amount of it if he had the opportunity. When he has finished his meal, he cannot bear to have the plates and cutlery in his room a moment longer, and immediately puts them down outside the door. He insists on having only his own property inside his room; everything else is immediately placed in front of the door. The rest of the day passes in soliloquies and in walking about in his little room.

'One thing that can keep him occupied for days is his *Hyperion*. A hundred times, as I came to see him, I heard him recite in a loud voice, even before I entered the house. His pathos is great, and *Hyperion* nearly always lies open in his room; he often reads to me out of it. When a passage had become familiar to him, he began to call out, with violent gesticulation: "O beautiful, beautiful, Your Majesty!"—then he reads on, and would suddenly add: "You see, your lordship, a comma!"

'I told him innumerable times that his *Hyperion* had been newly printed, and that Uhland and Schwab were collecting his poems for publication.[1] However, I never received any response, but a deep bow and the words: "You are very gracious, sir. I am infinitely obliged to you, Your Holiness."

Hölderlin wrote many poems at all periods of his madness, but most of them were destroyed or lost. He usually wrote them straight off for his visitors, but hardly ever signed them with his own name. His favourite names for the new self were Scardanelli, Scaliger Rosa, and Buonarotti. Waiblinger relates: 'He never forgot that I am a poet and asked me countless times whether I had worked well and whether I had been industrious. But then he would immediately add: "I, Sir, no longer possess the same name; I am now called Killalusimeno. Oui, Your Majesty, you say so, that is your opinion! no one is harming me."

'I often heard him speak this last phrase. It seems that he wants to reassure and calm himself in this way, by always keeping this thought in his mind: no one is harming me.

'One day I had told him that there would be a concert in the

[1] A new edition of *Hyperion* was published in 1822 Holderlin wrote a continuation of the novel during his madness, which is mostly unintelligible A selection of his poems—the first in book form—was published in 1826.

evening. I thought that it might be possible to give him this pleasure. But we could not risk it. Perhaps music would have had too powerful an effect on him, and also the bad behaviour of the students was to be feared. At any rate, we left the summer-house. He was quite submerged in his own thoughts and did not speak a word. When we had already reached the town, he suddenly looked at me, as though he had just awoken and said "Concert". Without doubt, he had been thinking about it on the way.

'For music had not quite left him. He still plays the piano correctly, but in a most extraordinary manner. When he has started playing he continues for days. Then he follows one thought, which is childishly simple, and can play it over many hundreds of times and wear it out to such a degree that it is quite unbearable. To this one must add a quick convulsion or cramp, which sometimes obliges him to pass up and down the keys like lightning, and the unpleasant rattling of his over-grown finger-nails. For he strongly dislikes having them cut, and many tricks are necessary to persuade him, as with stubborn and obstinate children. When he has played for some time, and when his soul is moved, he suddenly shuts his eyes, raises his head, as if about to languish and pass away, and begins to sing. I could never find out in what language he sang, often as I heard him; but he did so with exuberant pathos, and it made one shudder in every nerve to see him and to hear him. Melancholy and mournfulness were the moods of his song; one could recognize what had once been a good tenor voice.

'He likes children very much. But they fear him and run away from him. His fear of death is exceptionally great, though indeed he is very timorous in every way; the slightest noise convulses him. When he is moved, angry, or only bad-tempered, his whole face twitches, his gestures are violent, and he screws up his fingers so tightly that one would think there were no joints in them and sometimes he screams loudly or, quite incoherently, addresses long speeches to himself. At such moments one must leave him alone until the storm has abated, otherwise one is taken by the arm and led out of his room. When he is quite furious he goes to bed and will not get up for several days.

'One day he suddenly thought of going to Frankfort. His boots were taken away, and that enraged the Ducal Librarian so much that he remained in bed for five days. In summertime unrest often torments him so much that he walks about in the house all night.

'It is strange that one can never make him speak about those things which preoccupied him in better days. He will not say a word about Frankfort, Diotima, Greece, his poetry and similar things which were once so important to him; and even if one asks him point blank: "I suppose you have not been to Frankfort for a long time?", he only replies, with a bow: "Oui, monsieur, you say so"; and a flood of half-French follows.

'He felt immense pleasure when at last a small sofa was placed in his room. He announced this event with child-like joy, when I went to see him, by kissing my hand and saying: "Ah, look, gracious Sir, now I have got a sofa" I also had to sit down on it at once, and for a time I always found Holderlin sitting on it when I visited him.

'Once I told him that I was going to Rome and would not return for a long time, and asked him in jest whether he would be my travelling companion. He smiled as kindly and understandingly as only a wise man can smile, and said: "I must stay at home and can no longer travel, gracious sir!"

'Sometimes he gave answers which almost inevitably made one laugh, especially as he gave them with an expression which made one think that he was being genuinely ironic. For example, I asked him once how old he was, and he replied with a smile: "Seventeen, your lordship."

'I once found a terrible, mysterious phrase among his papers After many praiseworthy sayings about Greek heroes or the beauty of the ancient gods, he writes: "Only now do I understand human beings, since I have been living far from them and in solitude."

Schwab, Hölderlin's biographer, knew him in the very last years of his life, after Waiblinger had died in Italy. On the whole, his impressions and observations confirm those of Waiblinger: 'One of my acquaintances once addressed him in Italian and asked him whether he had formerly spoken this language:

"*Si Signore, e parlo ancora,*" was his reply . . . In every way he feels flattered by the visits of distinguished and elegant persons; on these occasions it is much easier to persuade him, especially when he is asked to do something by women, to whom he is most polite. Once in a student's room he was playing the piano to a strange lady, her husband and myself; I asked him after a time to lead us up the stairs to his room. His reply was: "You do not demand this?" Now the lady begged the same favour of him, and in very well articulated German; thereupon he became quite obliging and said: "Walk ahead" and led us to his room When, on the way I said to him: "These are amiable strangers, don't you think?" he replied quite triumphantly. "Certainly, Your Majesty," and continued to be friendly and reasonable.

'Everything which was near to his spontaneous feelings exercised a powerful influence on him to the last. The aspect of uncultivated scenery calmed him, and a fine, clear day put him into a gentle, cheerful mood, his inclination to contradict decreased and his soliloquies became rarer and less intense. In the midst of reading he often interrupted himself to open the window, and especially a beautiful moonlit night would lure him to the window for hours during his sleeping-time.'

Several visitors report that Holderlin sometimes spoke of his old friends, of Neuffer, Sinclair, Schiller, Hegel, but would never respond to any mention of Goethe, except with some brief and resentful comment.

In 1843 a second edition of Holderlin's poems was published; Holderlin was given a copy, which he examined hurriedly, and then said 'Yes, the poems are genuine, they are my own, but the title is false, never in my life was I called Holderlin, but Scardanelli, or Scaliger Rosa, or something of the kind[1].'

Holderlin lived at Tubingen, in the same room of the carpenter's house, for thirty-six years He died at the age of seventy-three, on June 7th, 1843. According to Schwab, his death was painless and sudden: . . 'A short time afterwards he suddenly felt very unwell in the evening, went to the open window for

[1] Fischer's account of Holderlin's last years, quoted in Works (Hellingrath), Vol VI, p 464

relief and gazed for a long time into the fine moonlit night, which seemed to calm him a little; meanwhile his weariness increased and he went to bed. Here he soon felt the approach of death, folded his hands and prayed. Only a few words could be heard and among them none which suggested an awakening of his mind. He died at four o'clock in the morning.'

CONCLUSION

> ' You have lost faith in all that is great: therefore you must perish, if this faith does not return like a comet from strange skies! '
>
> Holderlin's *Hyperion.*

A long time passed before Hölderlin's name was rescued from obscurity, and his work from almost complete oblivion. We can form some idea of the way in which his manuscripts were treated from a letter by the poet Morike, written in 1843, shortly after Holderlin's death: ' There is certainly not much to tell you about my journey to Nürtingen, though the journey itself was amusing, and my stay comfortable. One evening I put into practice an intention which I have harboured for a long time. to visit Holderlin's sister, the widow of Prof. Bräunlin. She occupies my mother's former lodgings, and exactly the same rooms. She is a very talkative woman. She somewhat resembles her brother in her way of speaking, inasmuch as it is naturally impetuous, but not displeasing. She showed me various portraits of him, among them a large pastel,[1] which he gave her as a wedding present. It is not a very good likeness, but even so one can see that he must have been exceptionally good-looking. According to my request, which had reached her through a third party, I received a large basket full of Holderlin's manuscripts at my lodgings. The town clerk's wife had a little room upstairs (in which she kept her oldest furniture and family portraits) heated for me, so that I might inspect these manuscripts undisturbed. There I sat quite alone, only now and again one of the girls would come up with her knitting. A diversion of this kind was necess-

[1] This pastel, by F C Hiemer, is extant; it is reproduced in this book, facing the title page

ary, otherwise one could almost have gone off one's head among such dreams. I found strange drafts of his poems (most of them already published) with many corrections, many varying transcriptions and copies of the same pieces. Schwab, as I could see from traces of his handwriting, has edited them from these papers, and, as far as I could see, with delicacy and understanding; also translations of Sophocles (some of them published), Euripides and Pindar, letters from unimportant friends (S. Schmidt, Neuffer, etc.), also a few of those, so I presume, written by her who is known to us as Diotima; proofs of the first edition of *Hyperion*, as though fresh from the printing-press. I found particularly moving some trifles of his Homburg and Jena days, which brought me into direct contact with his sad life and its beginnings.' This letter shows a certain amount of sentimental interest, but that is all.

In 1846, Chr. Schwab published the 'complete works' of Holderlin, which, of course, were nothing of the kind. Several editions of selected poems by Holderlin were published in the nineteenth century, and *Hyperion* also was reprinted several times: but many of the mature poems were omitted and all the texts were inaccurate. In 1911, Norbert von Hellingrath, who belonged to Stefan George's circle, began to compile the first reliable and, as far as possible, comprehensive edition of Holderlin's works. After Hellingrath's death in the Great War, Pigenot and Seebass completed this edition, the last volume of which appeared in 1923, exactly eighty years after Hölderlin's death.

It is often said that Nietzsche rescued Holderlin from oblivion: this is not quite true. Nietzsche mentioned Holderlin's name admiringly, but almost incidentally, in his attack on Strauss and the Philistines (1873), and elsewhere acknowledged his admiration for Holderlin during his school years. However, when, in *Ecce Homo* (1888), he dealt with those writers whom he most respected and who had influenced him, he did not mention Holderlin's name. Nevertheless, Nietzsche's debt to Holderlin is considerable; in his youth he read *Hyperion* many times, as well as *Empedocles* and all the poems of Holderlin then available, amongst them a few of the late hymns, in a mangled version. Holderlin's *Empedocles* inspired Nietzsche with the desire to write a drama

of that name in 1870; Nietzsche's plan, which has been preserved, is modelled on Hölderlin's fragments. Nietzsche's poems, even the *Dionysus-Dithyrambs*, do not show the direct influence of Hölderlin, but *Zarathustra* abounds in echoes of *Hyperion* and *Empedocles*, including several paraphrases and obvious plagiarisms. This matter, Nietzsche's knowledge of Hölderlin's works, has been investigated by M. Charles Andler.[1] Considered as a thinker Hölderlin was undoubtedly a predecessor of Nietzsche, but the divergence of the two is obvious.[2]

Nietzsche's philosophy, if it may be called a philosophy, is considered by many recent critics to be a development of Hölderlin's view of life. But Hölderlin reconciled where Nietzsche divided. Nietzsche's doctrine is based on the distinction between the Greek view of life and Christianity; Hölderlin, on the other hand, concluded that Hellas and Christianity do not conflict; he referred to Christ as 'Heracles' brother' and, in *Bread and Wine*, related Dionysus to Christ. Hölderlin resurrected even the dead gods of the past; Nietzsche prided himself on having overthrown every god, but above all on having overthrown the 'idolater within himself'. Hölderlin very aptly sums up the difference between himself and the as yet unborn Nietzsche, in a draft of a preface to *Hyperion*: 'We have fallen out with Nature, and what once, as we may believe, was One, now conflicts within itself, and domination and servitude alternate on both sides Often it seems to us that the world is everything and we are nothing, but often, too, that we are everything and the world is nothing. Hyperion too was divided between these two extremes

'To end this eternal conflict between our Self and the world, to re-establish the peace above all peace, which passeth all understanding, to unite ourselves with Nature, into one infinite entity, that is the aim of all our aspirations, whether we are aware of it or not'

Hölderlin also wrote: 'Great and exceptional men must also know that they are such, ascertain and keep the distance between themselves and those who are below them. Excessive modesty

[1] *Les Précurseurs de Nietzsche*, 1920

[2] It has been fully dealt with by G. Landauer *Fr. Hölderlin*, 1922

has often destroyed the noblest characters, when they were ashamed of their nobler or more delicate convictions, and thought that they must put themselves on a level with the unmannerly masses Certainly, on the other hand it is easy to become too proud and too hard, to have too high an opinion of oneself at the expense of the others. But within us there is the prototype, the image of all that is beautiful, which no one person resembles. Before this the truly great man will bow down and learn that humility which in the world he has unlearnt.'[1]

The two writers who first showed any critical appreciation of Holderlin's work, were Petzold[2] and Dilthey,[3] although some of Holderlin's contemporaries, notably Achim von Arnim, his wife Bettina and her brother Clemens Brentano, believed Holderlin to be a great poet, their understanding of his works was rather limited Besides, Holderlin was a legendary figure as well as a poet, for many he became the poet *par excellence*, who sacrificed everything, even sanity, to his art, or as Friedrich Gundolf[4] pointed out, a kind of mad, poetic Icarus: 'To the educated multitude he represents the Romantic poet of Hellenism, who, as the victim of a nostalgia for the irretrievable past, skilfully in antique metres, sang his noble soul into madness and death.' Gundolf was the first to emphasize that Holderlin was not destroyed by weakness, his inability to cope with his environment, ' but precisely by his firm purity, incapable of any compromise'.

From 1910 onwards an increasing amount of attention was paid to Holderlin, research began, the extant manuscripts were carefully scrutinized and their importance finally established. Holderlin himself had written· 'This is the holy end of all my wishes and my activity, in our age to awaken seeds which will ripen in future ages.' (To his half-brother, 1793.) He undoubtedly succeeded in doing so, as far as any poet can; even if his poems

1 *Fur Daniel Andreas Manskopf*, June, 1798 Works (Beissner), Vol II/1, p. 351

2 Holderlins *Brod und Wein*, 1896

3 *Das Erlebnis und die Dichtung*, 1906

4 *Holderlins Archipelagus* Heidelberg, 1911, this essay has been translated into English by Mr G R Leishman and Mrs E Gundolf and is to be found in *The Archipelagus*, The Critic Press, 1947

have not exerted the kind of influence he envisaged, they have inspired a few poets and other artists since his death.

If we examine any odd collection of German poetry written between 1910 and 1930, for example an *Insel-Almanach* of the war years, the wideness of Hölderlin's aesthetic influence is apparent beyond doubt; as for his doctrines, they have received their share of vulgarization.

Stefan George and Rilke, though in different ways, owe a great deal to Hölderlin. George saw in Hölderlin the rejuvenator of the German language,[1] but also a great prophet and seer. Rilke, in a poem *To Hölderlin*,[2] compared him to the moon, which passes, illuminates a 'surprised landscape', and then erases it in darkness. He praised Hölderlin for revealing the divine on earth, and asked how we could still 'mistrust the earthly', after the appearance of this poet

Novelists also have been influenced by Hölderlin, although *Hyperion* itself cannot be imitated with any success and without grazing the ridiculous. Something of Hölderlin's spirit is alive in several of the fine novels of Hermann Hesse, who has also paid tribute to Hölderlin in his prose and poetry.

The work of almost all the greatest German writers, since the eighteenth century, has had a certain purely national significance; the reason for this is that every one of these writers has had to concern himself with the same problem, the problem of tradition, or rather lack of tradition. Lessing began by liberating German literature from the tyranny of French taste, of a worn-out Classicism, Goethe, Schiller, Hölderlin, Heine, Nietzsche and George, in different ways, attempted to counteract failings peculiar to Germany and to find their way out of cultural anarchy. During the time when Hölderlin was writing, between 1786 and 1806, the intrusion of philosophy into literature was the dominant evil; since the vocabulary of poetry cannot adequately convey the ideas of Kant, a most obnoxious jargon and metaphysical pathos made poetry almost impossible. Hölderlin described German culture as 'this monstrous fallow land'. Herder, Lenz, and Goethe, and after them the Romantics, tried to overcome the

[1] *Tage und Taten*, Second edition, 1925; p. 68.

[2] *Späte Gedichte*, p 37

dilemma by their interest in the only traditional form of German verse, the *Volkslied* or popular song. Another solution was the pilgrimage to the South, to Italy, and a third the study of Greek and Latin poetry, yet another way out was the study and imitation of English literature, but particularly of Shakespeare, ' Ossian ' and Young.

Yet it has never been possible, even in Germany, to range Holderlin among any literary school or movement. There was a Neo-Hellenic movement in Germany even before Winckelmann's time, later Lessing, Herder, Klopstock, Goethe and Schiller all had individual relationships to Greece, and H. von Kleist, in *Penthesilea* (1803), treated a Greek subject in a most original way. Alcaic, Sapphic and Pindaric forms had been imitated in Germany, sometimes successfully by Klopstock, Holty, and Goethe, but no modern poet before or since used these forms as spontaneously as Holderlin, or fused his personality so entirely with Greek subjects. When Holderlin evokes the Greek gods, or only the names of towns and rivers, these names mean as much to him as they did to the Greeks themselves, and perhaps more There is nothing conventional, bucolic or academic, in Holderlin's use of Greek names, he looked upon the gods of Greece as representatives of animated, living forces. This is obvious when we compare his poems, particularly the elegies, to those of André Chénier, who had something in common with him, to English seventeenth- and eighteenth-century ' imitations ' of Greek poems (Cowley, Dryden, Bowles, Pope, Gray), or even to the Hellenic poems of Leconte de Lisle and Heredia

Holderlin had many aims and interests in common with Wordsworth, but all his English contemporaries were more fortunate than he. the poetic innovations of Wordsworth, Coleridge and Keats were not much more than the avoidance of fashionable ways of writing They could model themselves on their great predecessors, above all on Spenser, Shakespeare and Milton, they were not obliged to resort to Greece for their poetic forms and for salvation. Wordsworth has been likened to Holderlin because of his cult of Nature, but there is a fundamental difference between them Wordsworth's love of Nature led to

love of Man, Hölderlin's to reverence for the divine. There is a heroic element in Hölderlin which is totally lacking in Wordsworth. Hölderlin had much more true affinity with Keats than with either Wordsworth or Shelley, to whom he has also been compared. The difference between Wordsworth and Hölderlin is best illustrated by the comparison of their diction; Hölderlin did not wish to imitate the very language of men, far less of any one social class. Nevertheless, he achieved complete purity and simplicity of diction: he used language naturally, so that even inherited mannerisms of speech can be discerned in his work. It seems to me that in consciously wishing to imitate ' the very language of men ' Wordsworth often tended to express himself in an affected and unnatural[1] manner, or, as in *The Prelude*, to become monotonous and prosaic.

Some passages in Swinburne's *Atalanta* are at first sight, or hearing, reminiscent of Holderlin's elegies, but the ' Dionysian ' quality of Swinburne's verse is due only to a very skilful arrangement of sounds; upon closer analysis the words are found to exist in their own right, without any foundation of experience, other than oral experience, and without any emotion of a relevant kind:

Let earth
Laugh, and the long sea fiery from thy feet
Through all the roar and ripple of streaming springs
And foam in reddening flakes and flying flowers
Shaken from hands and blown from lips of nymphs
Whose hair or breast divides the wandering wave
With salt close tresses cleaving lock to lock.

It is often said that Hölderlin's late poems, and *Patmos* in particular, are obscure. In replying to the same accusation, Coleridge wrote: ' An Author is obscure when his conceptions are dim and imperfect, and his language incorrect, or inappropriate, or involved. A poem that abounds in allusions, like the

[1] This is not a paradox: Wordsworth would have written more naturally if he had imitated the very language of Wordsworth — the very language of men does not necessarily correspond to the poet's way of thinking, nor is it in itself poetic

Bard of Gray, or one that impersonates high and abstract truths, like Collin's Ode on the poetical character, claims not to be popular, but should be acquitted of obscurity. The deficiency is in the reader.' It is true that Holderlin's late poems are easily misinterpreted, and can only be understood after study of his earlier works; but they are worth the trouble. Except for a few enigmatic passages, *Patmos* is clearly conceived.

No use is made of word impressionism, that is to say, of effects conveyed by sound but evading the intellect. As for the misinterpretations, perhaps it would be useful to point out an instance, Prof. C. G. Jung, who is usually a careful and penetrating critic, quotes the first four lines of *Patmos*,[1]

Near is
The God, and hard to grasp.
But where there is danger,
The Saving powers grow too.

and proceeds to give a psychological explanation of why the nearness of God is dangerous However, the danger of which Holderlin speaks is the opposite of that which Jung has explained: it is that He is 'hard to grasp'. This is evident in the lines which follow.

In darkness dwell
The eagles, and fearless across
The abyss go the sons of the alps
On lightly built bridges . . .
. . . And the most loved live near, wearying, on
Most separate mountains . . .

Although God is near, we are separated from Him by a dangerous abyss. Holderlin, like the inhabitants of the alps, wishes to cross the abyss and asks for pinions with which 'most faithfully to cross over and to return'. (The danger, in his case, was the loss of his sanity, he did not return.)

The originality of Holderlin's mature style is inseparable from the intellectual and emotional content of his poems; he wrote with all his faculties, with all his being. He introduced a totally

[1] In *Psychological Types.*

new element into German poetry (which tended to waver between anæmic abstraction and artificial simplicity); *The Middle of Life*, for instance, begins with a purely descriptive stanza, but the symbols are so vivid that, at the same time, they express a state of mind and a destiny.

As for Holderlin's addiction to myths, in many respects he resembled his elder contemporary William Blake; but Hölderlin did not create a mythology of his own, for the sake of myth, but made use of existing systems in order to express himself. Hölderlin's imagination was of a different kind; Blake's was visual, while Holderlin's poetry, on the whole, is evocative in a musical way, rather than in a visual one.

Blake also was concerned with 'times of innocence and holy joy', and his conception of the divine resembled Holderlin's; 'The desires and perceptions of men,' he wrote, 'untaught by anything but organic sense, must be limited to objects of sense. Therefore God becomes as we are, that we may be as he is.' This explains Holderlin's preoccupation with the Greek gods until that time when Christianity had become equally tangible to him. His complaint against Christianity, and against Protestantism in particular, was voiced in *Hyperion*, when he addressed his compatriots: 'Want and fear and might are your masters. They divide you, they drive you together with blows. Hunger you call love, and *where you see nothing, there your gods dwell.* Gods and love ?'

William Blake did not derive his standards of excellence from antiquity, as Holderlin did; on the contrary, he remarked that 'it is the Classics, and not Goths nor Monks that desolate Europe with wars . . . Sacred truth has pronounced that Greece and Rome, as Babylon and Egypt, so far from being parents of Arts and Sciences, as they pretend, were destroyers of all Art'. Holderlin believed that Hellas and Christianity belong to the same tradition, and this view is borne out by his last poems.

Holderlin's prophecies in the *The Archipelago* and *Bread and Wine* are very different from the prophetic poems of William Blake If Blake's long poems were written according to a definite plan, which is sometimes doubtful, the mythology is so abstruse and obscure that very careful, patient study is needed

before the poems can be grasped as entities. This destroys the very purpose of a prophecy; quite apart from the fact that complexity and obscurity make the reader sceptical. Blake attached absolute value to imagination, and considered reason necessarily destructive

> I must Create a System, or be enslav'd by
> another Man's,
> I will not reason and Compare. my business is
> to Create
>
> *Jerusalem*, x, 20–1

But Blake was genuinely creative when he made the simple, rational statements which occur unexpectedly, like benches, in the labyrinthine passages of his prophetic poems, he was genuinely creative as a writer of simple, lyrical poems.

When Holderlin announced a period of glory, he did not so much foretell it as indicate the way, his prophecy will be fulfilled only if it is both understood and accepted.

Holderlin was not a dreamer who fled from reality to a vision of the past and a prophecy of the future; if the term 'realist' did not have definite literary associations it could be applied to him, that is to say, he was concerned with reality and all the strata of truth were accessible to him It is usual to call a man of this kind an idealist, a visionary or a mystic. Holderlin's vision was not like that of Blake or Swedenborg, he did not look for, or even admit, hallucinations Holderlin was a visionary only in the sense in which Rimbaud used the word *voyant* and a mystic no more than Pascal Holderlin never, in any flight of fancy, left his reason behind him, 'for', in the words of Dryden, 'moral truth is the mistress of the poet, as much as of the philosopher'. He understood his age, but resisted it, he was one of the few poets who, in an age of doubt and pessimism, preserved his integrity and his faith. His lack of 'cynicism' and irony has led many to believe that he was childish and simple-minded, but the subtlety of his late poems proves that this is not the case; Holderlin, with considerably more justification than Baudelaire, might well have said. *l'esprit me fait mal.*[1] It is easy for an intelli-

[1] 'Wit makes me sick'.

gent man to practise contortions of wit, but it is an achievement for one as sensitive and complex as Holderlin to remain artless and, in every sense of the word, unsophisticated. Besides, much of what is known as humour is an excursion into madness, especially into a schizophrenic state, and its charm lies in the certainty of return; for such as Holderlin it is more dangerous than charming. Hölderlin could not afford to juggle with objects and ideas; most of his poetical development was a struggle for sobriety and clarity of vision. He had to lay siege to external reality and gradually subdue it

Hölderlin's poetry is neither witty nor urbane. According to Coleridge's distinction, it is imaginative but not fanciful It seems to me that the distinction between imagination and fancy is mainly this· imagination is plastic power, and the power to evoke certain visions and states of mind in the reader. Fancy, which is closely related to wit, is a purely intellectual quality, imagination and fancy work through association, but the first affects both the subconscious and the conscious parts of the mind, while the other is confined to the conscious part Coleridge considered Milton imaginative, Donne and Jeremy Taylor fanciful; Milton's images invade the reader's mind because of their elemental quality and because of the evocative power of the words and cadences in which they are contained. In Donne's poetry we are struck by his intellectual ingenuity, by his subtlety, and sometimes by the very remoteness of an image. Holderlin, although his poetry is highly intellectual, possessed the gift of primary association, except in his late poems, all his images are extremely obvious, general and elemental, never far-fetched or complex. 'A flower' was one of his favourite images, usually not even a specific kind of flower. he was concerned with the simplest and most powerful way of symbolizing natural growth and decay. The appeal of his poems does not lie in the invention or ingenuity displayed in them, but in their essential and truthful character, in their inevitability and simplicity. Superficially they are not original; in a fragmentary preface to *Hyperion*, Holderlin wrote of his novel: 'On no account do I wish that it were original. For originality is novelty to us; and nothing is dearer to me than the things which are as old as the world itself.

'To me originality means sincerity and intensity, depth of heart and of intellect. But precisely this, it seems to me, is most out of favour in our time, at least where Art is concerned; and if others do not carry off the victory, it will be in accordance with fashionable taste to speak about nature as a prude talks about men, and to treat one's material as a sworn-in witness would treat it, in which case the reader finally knows well enough that it was a hare that ran across the road, and no other kind of animal, but must also content himself with this piece of information.' Despite all its apparent artlessness, Hölderlin's poetry is extremely individual, structurally and in its texture. It is never crude, Holderlin possessed a strong and cultivated intellect, delicate sensibility, and good taste. Technically it is a considerable achievement to use Greek metres naturally and elastically, although Hölderlin's predilection for Greek forms was not only a matter of technique; as for free verse,[1] it is probably the most difficult of forms to master, and requires an exceptional sense of sound and rhythm.

Although Hölderlin has at last been recognized, not only in his own country but in England and France, I doubt that the full impact of his greatness has been felt To some his work has appeared like the comet of which he speaks, but his poetic innovations, his purity of language and clarity of vision, can be appreciated even by those who have little or no sympathy with his doctrines

[1] But the hymns are not nearly as free as they appear to be, they were conceived in three sections, thesis, antithesis and synthesis, like most of the odes and elegies. Their structure, through complex, is symmetrical and ordered.

POEMS WRITTEN BEFORE 1802

An Speidel

Es kommen Stunden, wo das erschütterte
Gepresste Herz umsonst in der Hofnung Land
Sich fluchtet, wo umsonst die erzenen
Waffen die Weisheit entgegenstemmt

Sonnenuntergang

Wo bist du? trunken dammert die Seele mir
  Von aller deiner Wonne; denn eben ists
    Dass ich gelauscht, wie, goldner Töne
      Voll, der entzükende Sonnenjüngling

Sein Abendlied auf himmlischer Leier spielt';
  Es tönten rings die Walder und Hugel nach,
    Doch fern ist er zu frommen Völkern,
      Die ihn noch ehren, hinweggegangen.

Der Mensch

Kaum sprossten aus den Wassern, o Erde, dir
  Der jungen Berge Gipfel und dufteten
    Lustathmend, immergruner Haine
      Voll, in des Oceans grauer Wildniss

Die ersten holden Inseln; und freudig sah
  Des Sonnengottes Auge die Neulinge
    Die Pflanzen, seiner ew'gen Jugend
      Lachelnde Kinder, aus dir geboren

Da auf der Inseln schonster, wo immerhin
  Den Hain in zarter Ruhe die Luft umfloss,
    Lag unter Trauben einst, nach lauer
      Nacht, in der dammernden Morgenstunde

To Speidel

There are hours in which, shaken and shattered,
The heart flees, but in vain, to the country
Of hope; in which wisdom wields in defence
Its brazen weapons, wields them in vain.

Sunset

Where are you? drunken with all your ecstasy,
  My soul yet dusks within me; for even now,
    It seems, I heard how, rich in golden
      Tones, the enrapturing youth, the sun-god,

His evening music played on a heav'nly lyre;
  The hills and forests round him re-echoed it,
    But far from here, to pious peoples
      Who still revere him, he now has journeyed.

Man

When scarcely from the waters, O Earth, for you
  Young mountain-peaks had sprouted and, breathing joy,
    The first sweet isles with ever-verdant
      Forests filled, scattered their scent in ocean's

Grey wilderness; and, gladdened, the sun-god's eye
  Had looked upon the flowers, the new-comers,
    The smiling children of his timeless
      Youth, who were born from within you—then on

The loveliest of islands where the breezes flowed
  Unceasing round the forest with tender calm,
    Once, in the morning's hour of twilight,
      After a night that was mild, there lay your

Geboren, Mutter Erde! dein schönstes Kind;—
  Und auf zum Vater Helios sieht bekannt
    Der Knab' und wacht und wählt, die süsse
      Beere versuchend, die heilge Rebe

Zur Amme sich; und bald ist er gross; ihn scheun
  Die Thiere, denn ein anderer ist wie sie
    Der Mensch; nicht dir und nicht dem Vater
      Gleicht er, denn kühn ist in ihm und einzig

Des Vaters hohe Seele mit deiner Lust,
  O Erd! und deiner Trauer von je vereint;
    Der Göttermutter, der Natur, der
      Allesumfassenden, möcht' er gleichen!

Ach! darum treibt ihn, Erde, vom Herzen dir
  Sein Übermuth, und deine Geschenke sind
    Umsonst, und deine zarten Bande;
      Sucht er ein Besseres doch, der Wilde!

Von seines Ufers duftender Wiese muss
  Ins blüthenlose Wasser hinaus der Mensch,
    Und glänzt auch, wie die Sternennacht, von
      Goldenen Früchten sein Hain, doch gräbt er

Sich Höhlen in den Bergen und späht im Schacht
  Von seines Vaters heiterem Lichte fern,
    Dem Sonnengott auch ungetreu, der
      Knechte nicht liebt und der Sorgen spottet.

Denn freier athmen Vögel des Walds, wenn schon
  Des Menschen Brust sich herrlicher hebt, und der
    Die dunkle Zukunft sieht, er muss auch
      Sehen den Tod und allein ihn fürchten.

Most lovely child, O Earth, under grapes concealed;—
And up to Father Helios then the boy
Raises familiar eyes and tasting
Sweetness of berries he wakes and chooses

The holy vine for nurse; and is soon grown up.
The animals avoid him; for Man is not
Like them; resembles neither you, O
Earth, nor the Father, for boldly in him,

Uniquely, with the Father's high soul were mixed
Your joyfulness, your sadness, since he began;
He seeks to be like Nature, her, the
Mother of gods and the all-embracing.

Oh, that is why his halterless spirit drives
Him, Earth, from your heart, and your presents are
In vain and all your gentle fetters,
For he seeks better things yet, the wild one!

Beyond his shore's own fragrant meadows, far out
Into the flowerless water hence Man must go,
And though with golden fruit his orchard
Gleams like the star-jewelled night, yet caves for

Himself he digs in mountains and eyes the pit,
Without his Father's gladdening rays, obscured,
Unfaithful also to the sun-god,
Him who hates slaves and derides mean troubles.

More freely breathe the birds of the woods, although
The breast of Man more proudly may heave and he
May see into the future's darkness,
Death he sees too and alone must fear it.

Und Waffen wider alle, die athmen, trägt
In ewigbangem Stolze der Mensch; im Zwist
Verzehrt er sich, und seines Friedens
Blume, die zärtliche, blüht nicht lange.

Ist er von allen Lebensgenossen nicht
Der seeligste? Doch tiefer und reissender
Ergreift das Schiksaal, allausgleichend,
Auch die entzündbare Brust dem Starken.

Sokrates und Alkibiades

Warum huldigest du, heiliger Sokrates,
Diesem Jünglinge stets? kennest du Grössers nicht,
Warum siehet mit Liebe,
Wie auf Götter, dein Aug' auf ihn?

Wer das Tiefste gedacht, liebt das Lebendigste
Hohe Tugend versteht, wer in die Welt geblikt,
Und es neigen die Weisen
Oft am Ende zu Schönem sich.

Der gute Glauben

Schönes Leben! du liegst krank und das Herz ist mir
Müd' vom Weinen, und schon dämmert die Furcht in mir,
Doch, doch kann ich nicht glauben,
Dass du sterbest, solang du liebst.

Ehmals und jezt

In jüngern Tagen war ich des Morgens froh,
Des Abends weint' ich; jezt, da ich älter bin,
Beginn' ich zweifelnd meinen Tag, doch
Heilig und heiter ist mir sein Ende.

And Man bears arms against all that lives and stirs,
With ever-timid arrogance filled; in strife
Devours himself and briefly only
Blossoms the gentle flower of his concord.

Is he not blessed, exalted above all else
That lives? But deeper too and more masterful
Fate's grip, all-compensating, clasps the
Strong one's inflammable heart, compels him.

Socrates and Alcibiades

Holy Socrates, why, knowing much greater things,
Do you honour this youth, offer him homage still?
Why so lovingly, raptly,
As on gods, do you gaze on him?

Who most deeply has thought loves what is most alive,
Who has looked at the world values high virtue most,
Often finally wise men
To the beautiful bow their heads.

Good Faith

Lovely being! you are sick and with weeping my
Heart is weary, and fear already within me dawns;
Yet I cannot believe that
You could die while your love endures.

Then and Now

In younger days in the mornings my spirit soared,
I wept at night-fall; now that some years have passed,
Though doubting I begin each day, yet
Always its end is holy and peaceful.

EPIGRAMME

Sophokles

Viele versuchten umsonst, das freudigste freudig zu sagen,
Hier spricht endlich es mir, hier in der Trauer sich aus.

Advocatus Diaboli

Tief im Herzen veracht' ich die Rotte der Herren und Pfaffen,
Aber noch mehr das Genie, macht es gemein sich damit.

Guter Rath

Hast du Verstand und ein Herz, so zeige nur eines von beiden,
Beides verdammen sie dir, zeigest du beides zugleich.

Wurzel alles Übels

Einig zu seyn, ist göttlich und gut; woher ist die Sucht denn
Unter den Menschen, dass nur *Einer* und *Eines* nur sey?

Falsche Popularität

O der Menschenkenner! Er stellt sich kindisch mit Kindern,
Aber der Baum und das Kind suchet, was über ihm ist.

EPIGRAMS

Sophocles

Many endeavoured in vain joyfully to speak profoundest joy;
Here at last, in the tragic, I see it expressed

Advocatus Diaboli

Deep down in my heart I despise the band of rulers and clerics;
But I scorn genius still more, when it joins forces with them.

Good Counsel

If you have wits and a heart, reveal only one of them, singly;
Both will be damned without fail if you show both at one time.

The Root of All Evil

Unity is both godly and good, whence, then, comes the mania
Found among men that there is *One Thing* and only *The One*?

False Popularity

O the wordly man! With children his manner is childish,
But every tree and the child seek what is higher than they.

Die Kürze

Warum bist du so kurz? liebst du, wie vormals, denn
Nun nicht mehr den Gesang? fandst du, als Jüngling, doch
In den Tagen der Hofnung,
Wenn du sangest, das Ende nie?

Wie mein Glük, ist mein Lied —Willst du im Abendroth
Froh dich baden? Hinweg ists, und die Erd' ist kalt,
Und der Vogel der Nacht schwirrt
Unbequem vor das Auge dir.

Das Unverzeihliche

Wenn ihr Freunde vergesst, wenn ihr den Künstler höhnt,
Und den tieferen Geist klein und gemein versteht,
Gott vergibt es, doch stört nur
Nie den Frieden der Liebenden

Die Heimath

Froh kehrt der Schiffer heim an den stillen Strom
Von fernen Inseln, wo er geerntet hat.
Wohl möcht' auch ich zur Heimath wieder;
Aber was hab' ich, wie Laid, geerntet?

Ihr holden Ufer, die ihr mich auferzogt,
Stillt ihr der Liebe Laiden? ach gebt ihr mir,
Ihr Wälder meiner Kindheit! wann ich
Komme, die Ruhe noch einmal wieder?

Brevity

Why, now, are you so brief? Do you no longer, then,
Love your song, as before? since in the days of hope,
As a youth, when you sang, the
End eluded you, never reached?

Like my joy is my song.—In the red sunset's glow
Would you bathe and be gay? Gone it is, cold the earth,
And the bird of the night whirs,
Swoops down awkwardly to your eyes.

The Unpardonable

To abandon your friends, laugh at the artist's toil,
Meanly, vulgarly judge, slighting the deeper mind,
This God pardons, but never
Break the peace of two lovers' hearts.

Home

To quiet waters homewards the boatman turns
From distant islands, where he has harvested;
I too would gladly now turn homewards,
But is not sorrow my only harvest?

O blissful shores that reared me and sheltered me,
Do you relieve the sufferings love inflicts,
O forests of my childhood, will you
Give me back peace, when I come to seek it?

An die jungen Dichter

Lieben Brüder! es reift unsere Kunst vielleicht,
Da, dem Jünglinge gleich, lange sie schon gegärt,
Bald zur Stille der Schönheit;
Seid nur fromm, wie der Grieche war!

Liebt die Götter und denkt freundlich der Sterblichen!
Hasst den Rausch wie den Frost! Lehrt und beschreibet nicht!
Wenn der Meister euch ängstigt,
Fragt die grosse Natur um Rath!

An die Deutschen

Spottet ja nicht des Kinds, wenn es mit Peitsch' und Sporn
Auf dem Rosse von Holz muthig und gross sich dünkt,
Denn ihr Deutschen, auch ihr seid
Thatenarm und gedankenvoll.

Oder kommt, wie der Stral aus dem Gewölke kommt,
Aus Gedanken die That? Leben die Bücher bald?
O ihr Lieben! so nimmt mich
Dass ich büsse die Lästerung!

Lebenslauf

Hochauf strebte mein Geist, aber die Liebe zog
Bald ihn nieder, das Laid beugt' ihn gewaltiger,
So durchlauf ich des Lebens
Bogen und kehre, woher ich kam.

To the Young Poets

Dearest brothers, perhaps our art will ripen soon—
Since a long time now, youth-like, it has férmented—
Into stillness of beauty;
But be pious as Greek men were!

Love the gods well and think kindly of mortals too!
Be not drunken, nor cold! Do not define or teach!
When the master confounds you,
Ask great Nature for *her* advice!

To the Germans

Never laugh at the child who with his whip and spurs
On his horse made of wood deems himself bold and great,
For, you Germans, you too are
Poor in deeds and with fancies filled.

Or, like lightning from clouds, from day-dreams does
Action issue? Will books suddenly come to life?
O beloved ones, then take me,
Make me pay for my blasphemy!

The Course of Life

High my spirit aspired, skywards, but down to earth
Love soon drew it; still more, suffering humbled it.
So I follow the curve of
Life and return to my journey's start.

Diotima

Du schweigst und duldest, und sie verstehn dich nicht;
Du, heilig Leben! welkest hinweg und schweigst,
Denn ach! vergebens bei Barbaren
Suchst du die Deinen im Sonnenlichte,

Die zartlichgrossen Seelen, die nimmer sind!
Doch eilt die Zeit. Noch siehet mein sterblich Lied
Den Tag, der, Diotima! nachst den
Gottern mit Helden dich nennt, und dir gleicht.

An Diotima

Komm und besänftige mir, wie du einst Elemente versöhntest,
Wonne der himmlischen Muse, das Chaos der Zeit!
Ordne den tobenden Kampf mit Friedenstonen des Himmels,
Bis in der sterblichen Brust sich das entzweite vereint,
Bis der Menschen alte Natur, die ruhige, grosse,
Aus der garenden Zeit mächtig und heiter sich hebt!
Kehr in die dürftigen Herzen des Volks, lebendige Schönheit,
Kehr an den gastlichen Tisch, kehr in die Tempel zuruck!
Denn Diotima lebt, wie die zarten Bluthen im Winter,
Reich an eigenem Geist, sucht sie die Sonne doch auch.
Aber die Sonne des Geists, die schonere Welt, ist hinunter,
Und in frostiger Nacht zanken Orkane sich nun

Diotima[1]

You suffer silently and they know you not;
  You, holy being, silently wilt away;
    For oh! in vain among barbarians
      Still in the sunlight you seek your equals,

The nobly tender souls that are now no more!
  But time speeds on. My mortal song yet shall see
    The day, which, Diotima, next to
      Gods with the heroes names you, is like you.

To Diotima

Bliss of the heavenly Muse, who even elements once did
Reconcile, come and assuage now the chaos of Time!
Temper the turbulent fight with peaceful music of Heaven,
Till in the hearts of mortals what is severed unites,
Till the ancient nature of man, the calm, the austere one,
From the ferment of Time rises mighty, serene!
Enter the people's slow-famishing hearts, O life-breathing Beauty,
To the friendly banquet return, enter the temples once more!
For Diotima lives, like a fragile blossom in winter,
Rich in spirit innate, yet also seeking the sun.
But the more beautiful world, the sun of the spirit, is fallen;
Now in frost of the night quarrelling hurricanes rage.

[1] Throughout these translations, this name should be pronounced and stressed as follows. *Déotéma.*

Abschied

Wenn ich sterbe mit Schmach, wenn an den Frechen nicht
Meine Seele sich racht, wenn ich hinunter bin,
Von des Genius Feinden
Überwunden, ins feige Grab,

Dann vergiss mich, o dann rette vom Untergang
Meinen Namen auch du, gütiges Herz ! nicht mehr,
Dann errote, die du mir
Hold gewesen, doch eher nicht !

Aber weiss ich es nicht ? Wehe ! du liebender
Schutzgeist ! ferne von dir spielen zerreissend bald
Auf den Saiten des Herzens
Alle Geister des Todes mir.

O so bleiche dich denn, Locke der mutigen
Jugend ! heute noch du lieber, als morgen, mir.
— — — — — — — — — —
— — — — — — — — — — — —

— — — — — — — — — — — — — — —
— — — — — — — hier, wo am einsamen
Scheidewege der Schmerz mich,
Mich der Totende niederwirft.

Farewell

(To Diotima)

If disgraced I should die, if on the insolent
My soul is not revenged, if in a coward's grave,
By the haters of genius
Vanquished, down I am brought to lie,

Then forget me, oh then you also, loving one,
Do not rescue my name, let it be wholly lost.
Then, but only then, you that
Loved me, blush for me, only then!

But, alas, I foresee what must come! Far from my
Guardian spirit, from you, soon all the fiends of death
Plucking clumsily, tearing,
On the strings of my heart will play.

O be whitened then, fade, hair of courageous youth!
Not tomorrow but today rather let it be
— — — — — — — — — — —
— — — — — — — — — — — — — —

— — — — — — — — — — — — — — — —
— — — — — — — — here on the desolate
Crossroads, here where with murd'rous
Impact, agony hurls me down.

Hyperions Schiksaalslied

Ihr wandelt droben im Licht
Auf weichem Boden, seelige Genien!
Glanzende Gotterlufte
Rühren euch leicht,
Wie die Finger der Künstlerin
Heilige Saiten.

Schiksaallos, wie der schlafende
Säugling, athmen die Himmlischen;
Keusch bewahrt
In bescheidener Knospe,
Bluhet ewig
Ihnen der Geist,
Und die seeligen Augen
Bliken in stiller
Ewiger Klahrheit

Doch uns ist gegeben,
Auf keiner Statte zu ruhn,
Es schwinden, es fallen
Die leidenden Menschen
Blindlings von einer
Stunde zur andern,
Wie Wasser von Klippe
Zu Klippe geworfen,
Jahr lang ins Ungewisse hinab.

Hyperion's Song of Fate

You walk above in the light
On soft floors, O blessed genii
Shining breezes of gods
Touch you lightly,
As the artist's fingers
Touch holy strings.

Fateless, as the sleeping
Infant, breathe those of Heaven born;
Chastely preserved,
In modest bud,
Their spirit
Blossoms eternally,
And their blissful eyes
Gaze with still,
Eternal clearness.

But it is our fate
To find no resting-place,
And suffering men
Dwindle and fall
Blindly from one
Hour to the next,
Hurled like water
From rock to rock,
Downwards for years to uncertainty.

An die Parzen

Nur einen Sommer gönnt, ihr Gewaltigen!
  Und einen Herbst zu reifem Gesange mir,
    Dass williger mein Herz, vom süssen
      Spiele gesättigt, dann mir sterbe!

Die Seele, der im Leben ihr göttlich Recht
  Nicht ward, sie ruht auch drunten im Orkus nicht.
    Doch ist mir einst das Heil'ge, das am
      Herzen mir liegt, das Gedicht, gelungen,

Willkommen dann, o Stille der Schattenwelt!
  Zufrieden bin ich, wenn auch mein Saitenspiel
    Mich nicht hinabgeleitet, einmal
      Lebt' ich, wie Götter, und mehr bedarfs nicht

Menschenbeifall

Ist nicht heilig mein Herz, schöneren Lebens voll,
  Seit ich liebe? Warum achtetet ihr mich mehr,
    Da ich stolzer und wilder,
      Wortereicher und leerer war?

Ach! der Menge gefällt, was auf den Marktplaz taugt,
  Und es ehret der Knecht nur den Gewaltsamen,
    An das Göttliche glauben
      Die allein, die es selber sind

Abbitte

Heilig Wesen! gestört hab ich die goldene
  Götterruhe dir oft, und der geheimeren,
    Tiefern Schmerzen des Lebens
      Hast du manche gelernt von mir

O vergiss es, vergib! gleich dem Gewölke dort
  Vor dem friedlichen Mond, geh ich dahin und du
    Ruhst und glänzest in deiner
      Schöne wieder, du süsses Licht!

To the Fates

Only one summer grant me, O mighty ones
And but one autumn leave me for mellow song,
So that my heart with its sweet playing
Sated more willingly then may perish.

The soul to which in life its appointed rights
Were not vouchsafed in Orcus too cannot rest;
Yet should what I deem holy, cherish
More than all else, should my verse grow perfect,

Most welcome then, O stillness of shades below!
Content I shall be, though music of my strings
Do not escort me down, for *once* I
Lived as the gods live, and that suffices.

Human Applause

Is not holy my heart, filled with more lucid life
Since my love began? Why did you prize me more
When I was proud and frantic,
Rich in words and yet emptier?

Oh, the crowd values that which on the market sells
And the slave honours none but the most violent;
Only they who themselves are
God-like ever believe in gods.

Apology

Holy being, I know, often I've troubled your
Golden, god-like repose, and you have learned from me
Much that might have been spared you,
Life's obscurer, more secret griefs.

O forget it, forgive! just as the clouds up there
Pass the slow-movin[illegible]oon, I hurry on while yo[illegible]
Calmly stay [illegible]eauty
Shines onc[illegible] most lovely light!

Abendphantasie

Vor seiner Hütte ruhig im Schatten sizt
Der Pflüger; dem Genugsamen raucht sein Heerd.
Gastfreundlich tönt dem Wanderer im
Friedlichen Dorfe die Abendgloke.

Wohl kehren jezt die Schiffer zum Hafen auch,
In fernen Städten fröhlich verrauscht des Markts
Geschäfftiger Lärm, in stiller Laube
Glänzt das gesellige Mahl den Freunden

Wohin denn ich? Es leben die Sterblichen
Von Lohn und Arbeit; wechselnd in Müh und Ruh
Ist alles freudig; warum schläft denn
Nimmer nur mir in der Brust der Stachel?

Am Abendhimmel blühet ein Frühling auf,
Unzählig blühn die Rosen, und ruhig scheint
Die goldne Welt; o dorthin nehmt mich,
Purpurne Wolken! und möge droben

In Licht und Luft zerrinnen mir Lieb und Laid!—
Doch, wie verscheucht von thörichter Bitte, flieht
Der Zauber; dunkel wirds, und einsam
Unter dem Himmel wie immer, bin ich.—

Komm du nun, sanfter Schlummer! zu viel begehrt
Das Herz, doch endlich, Jugend, verglühst du ja,
Du ruhelose, träumerische!
Friedlich und heiter ist dann das Alter.

Evening Fantasy

Before his cottage seated the ploughman rests
Contented, while the smoke of his stove ascends
The wanderer passing through a peaceful
Village by evening chimes is welcomed.

Now also to their harbour the boatmen turn.
In distant towns the market's gay blustering
Subsides; the silent garden bower
Glistens with food as the friends assemble.

But what of me? and whither? For mortals live
By work and wages; shared between toil and rest
Their days are joyful; why in *my* heart
Only, then, cannot the thorn's twist slacken?

A spring of blossoms buds in the evening sky;
Unnumbered roses flower and calmly gleams
The golden world; up yonder take me,
O purple clouds! and up there in light and

In air may both my love and my grief dissolve!
But, through my foolish prayer perhaps, the charm
Is breaking; darkness falls and lonely
Under the heavens I stand, as always—

Then come, O gentle slumber! The heart desires
Too much; at last, O restless, O dreamy years
Of youth, you too shall fade to ashes,
Old age at last be serene and peaceful.

Da ich ein Knabe war

(Die Jugend)

Da ich ein Knabe war
Rettet' ein Gott mich oft
Vom Geschrei und der Ruthe der Menschen,
Da spielt' ich sicher und gut
Mit den Blumen des Hains,
Und die Lüftchen des Himmels
Spielten mit mir

Und wie du das Herz
Der Pflanzen erfreust,
Wenn sie entgegen dir
Die zarten Arme strecken,
So hast du mein Herz erfreut
Vater Helios! Und, wie Endymion,
War ich dein Liebling,
Heilige Luna!

O all ihr treuen
Freundlichen Götter!
Dass ihr wusstet,
Wie euch meine Seele geliebt!

Zwar damals rieff ich noch nicht
Euch mit Nahmen, auch ihr
Nanntet mich nie, wie die Menschen sich nennen,
Als kennten sie sich

Doch kannt' ich euch besser
Als ich je die Menschen gekannt,
Ich verstand die Stille des Äthers,
Der Menschen Worte verstand ich nie

Mich erzog der Wohllaut
Des sauselnden Hains
Und lieben lernt' ich
Unter den Blumen.
Im Arme der Götter wuchs ich gross.

Youth

In my days of boyhood
A god saved me often
From the shouts and the rod of mankind.
Then, safe and virtuous, I played
With flowers of the forest,
And the breezes of Heaven
Played with me.

And as you delight
The hearts of flowers
When towards you
They stretch their slender arms,
So you delighted my heart,
Father Helios! And like Endymion
I was your darling,
Holy Luna.

O all you faithful
Most kindly gods!
Would that you knew
How my soul loved you then.

Though then not yet I called
You by your names, and you
Addressed me never, as men do,
As though they knew each other,

Yet I knew you better
Than ever I knew men;
I understood the Æther's stillness,
But never have I comprehended human words.

I was reared by the melody
Of rustling woods,
And learned to love
Amongst the flowers;
In the arms of the gods I grew.

Mein Eigentum

In seiner Fülle ruhet der Herbsttag nun,
Geläutert ist die Traub und der Hain ist roth
Vom Obst, wenn schon der holden Blüthen
Manche der Erde zum Danke fielen.

Und rings im Felde, wo ich den Pfad hinaus
Den stillen wandle, ist den Zufriedenen
Ihr Gut gereift und viel der frohen
Mühe gewähret der Reichtum ihnen.

Vom Himmel lächelt zu den Geschäfftigen
Durch ihre Bäume milde das Licht herab,
Die Freude theilend, denn es wuchs durch
Hände der Menschen allein die Frucht nicht.

Und leuchtest du, o Goldnes, auch mir, und wehst
Auch du mir wieder, Lüftchen, als seegnetest
Du eine Freude mir, wie einst, und
Irrst, wie um Glükliche, mir am Busen?

Einst war ich's, doch wie Rosen, vergänglich war
Das fromme Leben, ach! und es mahnen noch,
Die blühend mir geblieben sind, die
Holden Gestirne zu oft mich dessen.

Beglükt, wer, ruhig liebend ein frommes Weib,
Am eignen Heerd in rühmlicher Heimath lebt,
Es leuchtet über vestem Boden
Schöner dem sicheren Mann sein Himmel.

My Possessions

The autumn day now rests in its plenitude,
Well ripened is the grape and the orchard red
With fruit, though many lovely blossoms,
Thankful, already to earth have fallen.

And in the fields around me where now along
The quiet path I saunter, for happy men
Sweet goods have grown and wealth has granted
Joy-giving labour in plenty to them.

Mild light from heaven upon the active ones
Through their own trees, benevolent, glances down,
To share their pleasure, for not human
Effort alone fed the plant's fruition.

And will you shine for me too, O golden light,
Will you, O breeze, you also still waft for me,
As once you did, as though to bless a
Joy, lightly touch me, despite my sorrow?

Once I was happy, but, brief as roses, soon
My pious life declined and those which alone
Are still in flower, the lovely stars, must
Often, too often, remind me of it

Most happy he who loving a gentle wife
At his own hearth lives calmly in honoured lands,
Above firm ground, more beautifully
Lit, to the settled man gleams his heaven

Denn, wie die Pflanze, wurzelt auf eignem Grund
Sie nicht, verglüht die Seele des Sterblichen,
Der mit dem Tageslichte nur, ein
Armer, auf heiliger Erde wandelt.

Zu machtig ach! ihr himmlischen Höhen zieht
Ihr mich empor, bei Stürmem, am heitern Tag
Fuhl ich verzehrend euch im Busen
Wechseln, ihr wandelnden Gotterkrafte.

Doch heute lass mich stille den trauten Pfad
Zum Haine gehn, dem golden die Wipfel schmükt
Sein sterbend Laub, und kranz auch mir die
Stirne, ihr holden Erinnerungen!

Und dass doch mir zu retten mein sterblich Herz,
Wie andern, eine bleibende Statte sei,
Und heimathlos die Seele mir nicht
Über das Leben hinweg sich sehne,

Sei du, Gesang! mein freundlich Asyl! sei du,
Beglükender! mit sorgender Liebe mir
Gepflegt, der Garten, wo ich wandelnd
Unter den Bluthen, den immerjungen,

In sichrer Einfalt wohne, wenn draussen mir
Mit ihren Wellen alle die machtge Zeit
Die Wandelbare fern rauscht und die
Stillere Sonne mein Wirken fordert.

Ihr seegnet gütig uber den Sterblichen
Ihr Himmelskräfte! jedem sein Eigentum,
O seegnet meines auch und dass zu
Frühe die Parze den Traum nicht ende.

For, like the plant, if on its allotted soil
It take not root, soon that man's soul burns away
Who with the daylight only as a
Pauper on sacred earth vaguely wanders.

Too mightily, O heavenly heights, you draw
Me upwards; during gales on a shining day
In my own heart I, feel your contest,
Changing, devouring, O god-sent powers.

Today, though, let me walk the familiar path
In peace towards the forest whose crest is tinged
With gold of dying leaves; and, pleasant
Memories, my forehead, too, encircle!

And that my mortal heart might be rescued yet,
A lasting place of rest, as for other men,
Be found for me, my soul aspire not,
Yearning, beyond its terrestrial limits,

Be you, O song, my well-disposed refuge, you,
That give me joy, be tended with loving care,
The garden, where beneath the blossoms
Wandering, under the ever-youthful,

I live in safe ingenuousness, when outside
With all its breakers distantly mighty Time,
The changeful, roars, and the more quiet
Sun ever quickens and aids my labour.

You bless benevolently each mortal man's
Possessions from above, heavenly potentates,
O bless mine also, lest too early
Fate put an end to my dream's duration.

Der Frieden

— — — — — — — — — — — — — — —

Wie wenn die alten Wasser in andern Zorn
In schröklichern verwandelt wieder
Kamen, zu reinigen, da es noth war,

So gährt' und wuchs und woogte von Jahr zu Jahr
Rastlos und überschwemmte das bange Land
Die unerhörte Schlacht, dass weit hüllt
Dunkel und Blässe das Haupt der Menschen

Die Heldenkräfte flogen, wie Wellen, auf
Und schwanden weg, du kürztest o Rächerin!
Der sie gedient, die Arbeit schnell und
Brachtest in Ruhe sie heim, die Streiter

O du, die unerbittlich und unbesiegt,
Zu seiner Zeit den Übergewaltgen trifft,
Dass bis ins lezte Glied hinab vom
Schlage sein armes Geschlecht erzittert,

Die du geheim den Stachel und Zügel hältst,
Zu hemmen und zu fördern, o Nemesis,
Strafst du die Todten noch? es schliefen
Unter Italiens Lorbeergärten

Sonst ungestört die alten Eroberer.
Und schonst du auch der müssigen Hirten nicht,
Und haben endlich wohl genug den
Üppigen Schlummer gebüsst die Völker?

Wer hub es an? wer brachte den Fluch? von heut
Ists nicht und nicht von gestern, und die zuerst
Das Maas verloren, unsre Väter
Wussten es nicht, und es trieb ihr Geist sie

Peace

(A Fragment)

— — — — — — — — — — — — — —

As though the ancient waters, to different
More awful anger wholly altered,
Now were returning to purge as needed,

So this unheard-of battle from year to year
Pulsated, grew and billowed incessantly
And flooded frightened land, till far in
Darkness and pallor men's heads were shrouded.

The strength of heroes rose like the waves and down
Again collapsed, and quickly, Avenger, you
Whom they had served cut short their work and
Brought them in peace to their homes, the warlike.

O you who unrelenting and unexcelled
In due time strike the supremely powerful,
That to the lowest limb his wretched
Lineage is struck by the blow and trembles,

You who in secret hold both the goad and rein,
To hinder and to further, O Nemesis,
Do you not leave the dead unpunished
Even?—Before, they had rested under

The laurel groves of Italy undisturbed,
The ancient conquerors. Do you not exempt
The idle shepherds even? have the
Nations not lost enough mellow slumber?

Who started it? who brought us the curse? Today
It came not, neither yesterday, those who at
First overstepped the bounds, our fathers,
Did it unknowingly, driven to it.

Zu lang, zu lang schon treten die Sterblichen
Sich gern aufs Haupt, und zanken um Herrschaft sich,
Den Nachbar fürchtend, und es hat auf
Eigenem Boden der Mann nicht Seegen.

Und unstät wehn und irren, dem Chaos gleich,
Dem gährenden Geschlechte die Wünsche nach
Umher Und wild ist und verzagt und kalt von
Sorgen das Leben der Armen immer.

Du aber wandelst ruhig die sichre Bahn,
O Mutter Erd im Lichte. Dein Frühling blüht,
Melodischwechselnd gehn dir hin die
Wachsenden Zeiten, du Lebensreiche!

Mit deinem stillen Ruhme, genugsamer!
Mit deinen ungeschriebnen Gesezen auch,
Mit deiner Liebe komm und gieb ein
Bleiben im Leben, ein Herz uns wieder.

Unschuldiger! sind klüger die Kinder doch
Beinahe, denn wir Alten, es irrt der Zwist
Den Guten nicht den Sinn, und klar und
Freudig ist ihnen ihr Auge blieben

Und wie mit andern Schauenden lächelnd ernst
Der Richter auf der Jünglinge Rennbahn sieht,
Wo glühend sich die Kämpfer und die
Wagen in stäubenden Wolken treiben,

So steht und lächelt Helios über uns
Und einsam ist der Göttliche, Frohe nie,
Denn ewig wohnen sie, des Äthers
Blühende Sterne, die Heiligfreien

Too long, too long now mortals have gladly stepped
On one another's heads, fought for mastery,
Their neighbour fearing, nor can any
Man on his own soil find his fulfilment.

Inconstant, chaos-like, the desires of this
Fermenting race are blown about, wavering;
And wild, disheartened, cold with troubles
Are the poor lives of these wretches ever.

But you, O Mother Earth, in the light pursue
Your daily course, unfailing. Your spring-time flowers,
And, rich in life, you see your seasons
Changing melodiously, ever growing.

Return! your silent glory bring back to us
And your unwritten laws, O contented one,
And with your love return, to give us
Back a firm foothold in life, a centre.

O guileless peace! now almost it seems the child
Is wiser than we older ones; strife does not
Confound his gentle mind, and clear and
Joyful his eyes have remained, unclouded.

And as the umpire, smiling but serious,
With others gazes down at the race course where
Young men compete and, glowing, fighters,
Chariots in clouds of hot dust are driven,

So Helios stands and smiles from above our heads,
And never he, the glad, the divinest one,
Is lonely, for the Æther's flow'ring
Stars live for ever, in holy freedom.

An die Hofnung

O Hofnung! holde! gütiggeschäftige!
  Die du das Haus der Trauernden nicht verschmähst,
    Und gerne dienend, Edle! zwischen
      Sterblichen waltest und Himmelsmächten.

Wo bist du? wenig lebt' ich; doch athmet kalt
  Mein Abend schon. Und stille, den Schatten gleich
    Bin ich schon hier; und schon gesanglos
      Schlummert das schaudernde Herz im Busen.

Im grünen Thale, dort, wo der frische Quell
  Vom Berge täglich rauscht und die liebliche
    Zeitlose mir am Herbsttag aufblüht,
      Dort, in der Stille, du holde, will ich

Dich suchen, oder wenn in der Mitternacht
  Das unsichtbare Leben im Haine wallt,
    Und über mir die immerfrohen
      Blumen, die blühenden Sterne, glänzen,

O du des Æthers Tochter! erscheine dann
  Aus deines Vaters Garten und darfst du nicht
    Ein Geist der Erde, kommen, schrök', o
      Schröke mit anderem nur das Herz mir

To Hope

O hope, belovèd, kindly and active one,
Who do not scorn the house of the sorrowing
And, glad to serve, between the powers of
Heaven and mortals do nobly govern,

Where are you? Little yet I have lived; but now
My evening coldly breathes, and already dumb
As shadows I am here and songless
Slumbers the shuddering heart within me.

Below where daily down from the mountain purls
The limpid spring and where on an autumn day
The late and lovely saffron opens,
There in the stillness, belovèd, will I

Look out for you, or when in the rustling copse
At midnight strange invisible creatures teem
And, up above, the ever-joyful
Flowers, the blossoming stars, are glistening.

Then come, O Æther's daughter! appear to me
From your own father's gardens, and if you may
Not come in shape of earthly spirits,
Frighten my heart with a different vision.

Vulkan

Jezt komm und hülle, freundlicher Feuergeist!
Den zarten Sinn der Frauen in Wolken ein,
In goldne Traum', und schüze sie, die
Bluhende Ruhe der Immerguten

Dem Manne lass sein Sinnen und sein Geschäfft
Und seiner Kerze Schein und den künftgen Tag
Gefallen, lass des Unmuths ihm, der
Hasslichen Sorge zu viel nicht werden,

Wenn izt der immerzurnende Boreas,
Mein Erbfeind, über Nacht mit dem Frost das Land
Befällt und spat, zur Schlummerstunde,
Spottend der Menschen, sein schroklich Lied singt,

Und unsrer Stadte Mauren und unsern Zaun,
Den fleissig wir gesezt, und den stillen Hain
Zerreisst und selber im Gesang die
Seele mir storet, der Allverderber,

Und rastlos tobend uber den sanften Strom
Sein schwarz Gewolk ausschüttet, dass weit umher
Das Thal gährt, und, wie fallend Laub, vom
Berstenden Hügel herab der Fels fallt.

Wohl frommer ist, denn andre Lebendige,
Der Mensch. Doch zürnt es draussen, gehoret der
Auch eigner sich, und sinnt und ruht in
Sicherer Hütte, der Freigeborne.

Und immer wohnt der freundlichen Genien
Noch *Einer* gerne seegnend mit ihm, und wenn
Sie zurnten all', die ungelehrgen
Geniuskräfte, doch liebt die Liebe.

Vulcan

Now come benevolent god of fire, and wrap
The women's tender spirit in cloudy veils,
In golden dreams, and guard their calm, the
Blossoming calm of the ever-kindly.

The man leave still content with his pondering,
His work, his candle's light and the coming day,
And not with too much hateful worry,
Troublesome business let him be burdened,

When now that ever-wrathful one, Boreas,
My enemy from birth, overnight assaults
The land with frost and late, at sleeping
Time he rehearses his dreadful music

That mocks at men, and rips up our cities' walls,
Our fences built with care and the quiet grove
And hinders even my own soul in
Singing, the spoiler of all, destroyer,

And raging, restless, over the gentle stream
Pours out his black cloud-clusters, till far around
The vale ferments and from the bursting hill-side
Rocks tumble down, like leaves in autumn.

No doubt, more godly than living creatures else
Is Man. Yet when it rages outside he, too,
Is more himself and rests and ponders,
Safe in his cottage, the free-born mortal.

And *one* at least, one spirit friendly to Man,
Still, blessing, gladly will dwell with him, and though
The others all were wild—indocile
Genii they—yet must Love be loving.

Der Abschied

(Dritte Fassung)

Trennen wollten wir uns? wähnten es gut und klug?
  Da wirs thaten, warum schrökte, wie Mord, die That?
    Ach! wir kennen uns wenig,
      Denn es waltet ein Gott in uns.

Den verrathen? ach ihn, welcher uns alles erst
  Sinn und Leben erschuff, ihn, den beseelenden
    Schuzgott unserer Liebe,
      Diss, diss Eine vermag ich nicht.

Aber andern Fehl denket der Weltsinn sich
  Andern ehernen Dienst übt er und anders Recht
    Und es listet die Seele
      Tag für Tag der Gebrauch uns ab.

Wohl ich wusst' es zuvor, seit die gewurzelte
  Ungestalte die Furcht Götter und Menschen trennt
    Muss, mit Blut sie zu sühnen,
      Muss der Liebenden Herz vergehn.

Lass mich schweigen! o lass nimmer von nun an mich
  Dieses Tödtliche sehn, dass ich im Frieden doch
    Hin ins Einsame ziehe,
      Und noch unser der Abschied sei!

Reich die Schaale mir selbst, dass ich des rettenden
  Heilgen Giftes genug, dass ich des Lethetranks
    Mit dir trinke, dass alles
      Hass und Liebe vergessen sei!

Hingehn will ich Vieleicht seh' ich in langer Zeit,
  Diotima! dich einst. Aber verblutet ist
    Dann das Wünschen und friedlich
      Gleich den Seeligen, fremde gehn

The Farewell

(Third Version)

So we promised to part? deemed it both wise and good?
Why like murderers awed, did we regret the deed?
Our own selves we know little
For within us a god commands.

Wrong the god, oh! betray *him* who had made our all,
Given sense to our lives, *him*, the inspiring god
Of our love and its guardian?
This, this only I cannot do.

But the world's mind invents other defeats and wrongs,
Wields different chains, binds us with other laws,
And the wheel of stale usage
Day by day wears away the soul.

But I knew it before: since the deformed one, the
Monster Fear struck its roots, severing gods and men,
To appease them with blood-shed,
Hearts of lovers must perish now.

Let me say no more. Oh, never again henceforth
Let me know this fierce fate that into solitude
I must wander in peace-time;
Let the parting at least be ours.

Pass the chalice yourself, that of the rescuing
Holy poison enough, that of the lethal draught
I may drink with you, so that
Both my hatred and love may cease.

I will go hence. Perhaps long after yet we'll meet,
Diotima, one day. But wishing then will have
Bled away, like the blissful
Dead, most peacefully we shall walk,

Wir umher, ein Gesprach fuhret uns auf und ab,
Sinnend, zogernd, doch izt mahnt die Vergessenen
Hier die Stelle des Abschieds,
Es erwarmet ein Herz in uns,

Staunend seh ich dich an, Stimmen und süssen Sang
Wie aus voriger Zeit, hor' ich und Saitenspiel,
Und die Lilie duftet
Golden uber dem Bach uns auf.

Menons Klagen um Diotima

I

Taglich geh' ich heraus, und such' ein anderes immer,
Habe langst sie befragt alle die Pfade des Lands;
Droben die kühlenden Hohn, die Schatten alle besuch' ich
Und die Quellen; hinauf irret der Geist und hinab,
Ruh' erbittend; so flieht das getroffene Wild in die Walder,
Wo es um Mittag sonst sicher im Dunkel geruht,
Aber nimmer erquikt sein grunes Lager das Herz ihm,
Jammernd und schlummerlos treibt es der Stachel umher.
Nicht die Warme des Lichts und nicht die Kühle der Nacht hilft,
Und in Wogen des Stroms taucht es die Wunden umsonst.
Und wie ihm vergebens die Erd' ihr frohliches Heilkraut
Reicht, und das gahrende Blut keiner der Zephyre stillt,
So, ihr Lieben! auch mir, so will es scheinen, und niemand
Kann von der Stirne mir nehmen den traurigen Traum?

Up and down and about, calmly conversing there,
Musing, hesitant; but now the forgotten are
Here recalled by the place of
Parting, in us a heart grows warm,

Wondering I look at you, voices and sweetest song
As of far-distant times, music of strings I hear,
And the lily unfolds its
Odour, golden above the brook.

Menon's Lament for Diotima

I

Daily I must go out and always must seek another,
Long ago questioned them all, every path of the land;
Yonder those cooling heights, the shadows all I re-visit
And the sources; now up wanders the spirit, now down,
Begging for rest; thus a deer, stricken, will flee to the forests
Where in the darkness once, safe, it had rested at noon;
But henceforth the green lair no longer can soothe or refresh it
Wailing and sleepless it strays, driven about by the thorn.
Neither the warmth of light nor the coolness of night helps,
Into the river's waves vainly it dips its wounds.
Just as to it in vain herbs by the earth are offered
And not one of the zephyrs can calm its heated, fermenting blood,
So also, it seems beloved ones, it is with me, and can no one
Take the weight of this dream away from my sorrowful brow?

II

Ja! es frommet auch nicht, ihr Todesgötter! wenn einmal
Ihr ihn haltet, und fest habt den bezwungenen Mann,
Wenn ihr Bösen hinab in die schaurige Nacht ihn genommen,
Dann zu suchen, zu flehn, oder zu zürnen mit euch,
Oder geduldig auch wohl im furchtsamen Banne zu wohnen,
Und mit Lächeln von euch hören das nüchterne Lied.
Soll es seyn, so vergiss dein Heil, und schlummere klanglos!
Aber doch quillt ein Laut hoffend im Busen dir auf,
Immer kannst du noch nicht, o meine Seele! noch kannst du's
Nicht gewohnen, und träumst mitten im eisernen Schlaf!
Festzeit hab' ich nicht, doch möcht' ich die Loke bekränzen,
Bin ich allein denn nicht? aber ein Freundliches muss
Fernher nahe mir seyn, und lächeln muss ich und staunen,
Wie so seelig doch auch mitten im Leide mir ist.

III

Licht der Liebe! scheinest denn du auch Todten, du goldnes!
Bilder aus hellerer Zeit leuchtet ihr mir in die Nacht?
Liebliche Gärten seid, ihr abendrothlichen Berge,
Seid willkommen und ihr, schweigende Pfade des Hains!
Zeugen himmlischen Glüks, und ihr, hochschauende Sterne,
Die mir damals oft seegnende Blike gegönnt!
Euch, ihr Liebenden auch, ihr schönen Kinder des Maitags,
Stille Rosen und euch, Lilien, nenn' ich noch oft!
Wohl gehn Frühlinge fort, ein Jahr verdränget das andre,
Wechselnd und streitend, so tost droben vorüber die Zeit
Über sterblichem Haupt, doch nicht vor seeligen Augen,
Und den Liebenden ist anderes Leben geschenkt.
Denn sie alle die Tag' und Jahre der Sterne, sie waren,
Diotima! um uns innig und ewig vereint;

II

And indeed, gods of death, it can profit him nothing,
Once you grip and hold fast, fetter the powerless man,
When you evil ones down into horrible night have conveyed him
Then to plead, to implore or let loose his fury at you,
Or yet to bear the ban, suffer the nightmare in patience,
And with a smile to hear you reciting the comfortless song.
If it must be, forget your welfare and silently slumber!
But within you a sound even now, hoping, wells up,
Still you cannot, not yet, O my soul, can you quite accept it,
Used to your fate, but dream in the midst of your iron-like sleep.
Festal time it is not, yet gladly I'd put on a garland;
Am I not wholly alone? But something kind must be near,
Close to me from afar, and now I both smile and marvel
Knowing how blissful too I feel in the midst of grief.

III

Golden light of love, do you, then shine for the buried?
Pictures of brighter days, do you illumine my night?
Lovely gardens, O mountains tinged with the evening's redness,
Welcome, each one! and you, taciturn paths of the copse,
Likewise you high-gazing stars that testify heavenly gladness,
You that granted me once many a blessing regard!
You, O lovers, also, the May-day's beautiful children,
Unruffled roses, and you, lilies, still often I name.
Springs, it is true, must pass on, one year still supplanting the other,
Changing and warring, thus yonder Time rattles past
Over our mortal heads, but not before eyes of the blessèd,
And for the lovers, too, a different life is ordained.
For all these, all the days and years of the stars, Diotima,
Round us were gathered then, endlessly, closely conjoined.

IV

Aber wir, zufrieden gesellt, wie die liebenden Schwäne,
Wenn sie ruhen am See, oder auf Wellen gewiegt,
Niedersehn in die Wasser, wo silberne Wolken sich spiegeln,
Und ätherisches Blau unter den Schiffenden wallt,
So auf Erden wandelten wir. Und drohte der Nord auch,
Er, der Liebenden Feind, klagenbereitend, und fiel
Von den Ästen das Laub, und flog im Winde der Regen,
Ruhig lächelten wir, fühlten den eigenen Gott
Unter trautem Gespräch, in Einem Seelengesange,
Ganz in Frieden mit uns kindlich und freudig allein
Aber das Haus ist öde mir nun, und sie haben mein Auge
Mir genommen, auch mich hab' ich verloren mit ihr.
Darum irr' ich umher, und wohl, wie die Schatten, so muss ich
Leben, und sinnlos dünkt lange das Übrige mir.

V

Feiern möcht' ich; aber wofür? und singen mit Andern,
Aber so einsam fehlt jegliches Göttliche mir.
Diss ist's, diss mein Gebrechen, ich weiss, es lähmet ein Fluch mir
Darum die Sehnen, und wirft, wo ich beginne, mich hin,
Dass ich fühllos size den Tag, und stumm wie die Kinder,
Nur vom Auge mir kalt öfters die Thräne noch schleicht,
Und die Pflanze des Felds, und der Vogel Singen mich trüb macht,
Weil mit Freuden auch sie Boten des Himmlischen sind,
Aber mir in schaudernder Brust die beseelende Sonne,
Kühl und fruchtlos mir dämmert, wie Stralen der Nacht,
Ach! und nichtig und leer, wie Gefängniswände, der Himmel
Eine beugende Last über dem Haupte mir hängt!

IV

But we, like the loving swans, contentedly grouped together,
When by the lake they repose or, swayed on the waves,
Gaze at the waters below where silvery clouds are reflected
And æthereal azure flows where the voyagers pass,
Wandered over this earth. And though the North Wind threatened,
He, the lovers' old foe, scattering sorrows, and down
From the branches leaves were swept and rain-drops flew in the
tempests,
Calmly we smiled and felt our own god's presence within,
Speaking intimate words, in a single song of the spirit,
Wholly at peace with ourselves, joyous, childlike, alone.
But my house is derelict now and, it seems, they have taken
Even my sight away, and in her I have lost my own self.
Therefore I wander about and, I fear, like mere shadows
Now I must live, and all else has long seemed quite senseless to me.

V

Gladly I would rejoice, but for what? and sing with the others,
But, alone as I am, all that is god-like I lack.
This is it, this my failing, I know, this why a curse maims
All my sinews and, where I begin, hurls me down,
So that unfeeling I sit all day long and dumb, like the children,
Only from time to time tears coldly crawl from mine eyes,
And the flower of the field, the singing of birds makes me gloomy,
Since they, too, bearing joys, herald the heavenly host,
But to me in my shuddering breast the sun that inspires
Coolly and fruitlessly dawns, like rays of the night,
Oh! and futile and empty, like prison walls, now the heavens
Hang, a smothering load cruelly heaped on my head.

VI

Sonst mir anders bekannt! o Jugend! und bringen Gebete
Dich nicht wieder, dich nie? führet kein Pfad mich zurük?
Soll es werden auch mir, wie den Götterlosen, die vormals
Glänzenden Auges doch auch sassen an seeligem Tisch',
Aber übersättigt bald, die schwärmenden Gäste,
Nun, verstummet, und nun, unter der Lüfte Gesang,
Unter blühender Erd' entschlafen sind, bis dereinst sie
Eines Wunders Gewalt sie, die Versunkenen, zwingt,
Wiederzukehren und neu auf grünendem Boden zu wandeln —
Heiliger Othem durchströmt göttlich die lichte Gestalt,
Wenn das Fest sich beseelet, und Fluthen der Liebe sich regen,
Und vom Himmel getränkt, rauscht der lebendige Strom,
Wenn es drunten ertönt, und ihre Schäze die Nacht zollt,
Und aus Bächen herauf glänzt das begrabene Gold.—

VII

Aber o du, die schon am Scheidewege mir damals,
Da ich versank vor dir, tröstend ein Schöneres wies,
Du, die, Grosses zu sehn und froher die Götter zu singen,
Schweigend, wie sie, mich einst stille begeisternd gelehrt,
Götterkind! erscheinest du mir, und grüssest, wie einst mich,
Redest wieder, wie einst, höhere Dinge mir zu?
Siehe! weinen vor dir, und klagen muss ich, wenn schon noch,
Denkend edlerer Zeit, dessen die Seele sich schämt.
Denn so lange, so lang auf matten Pfaden der Erde
Hab' ich, deiner gewohnt, dich in der Irre gesucht,
Freudiger Schuzgeist! aber umsonst, und Jahre zerrannen,
Seit wir ahnend um uns glänzen die Abende sahn.

VI

Once, how different you seemed, O youth! and cannot my prayers
Ever make you return? does not one path lead me back?
Shall it be with me as with the godless who also
Bright-eyed once in the past sat at the heavenly board,
But, soon cloyed with food, the guests, the swarming, were silenced
And now deep down beneath the singing of breezes, deep down
Under the blossoming earth are asleep, till one day a
Miracle's power shall force them, the sunken, at last
To return and to wander anew over carpets of verdure.—
Holy breath through the radiant shape, divinely transfiguring, flows
When a spirit inspires the feasting and love stirs in torrents
And when, fed by Heaven itself, living, the river roars on,
When below it resounds, night offers treasures in homage
And in the beds of streams glittering gold is unearthed —

VII

But, belovèd, O you that already then at the crossway,
When I fell at your feet, comforting, showed me the road
Leading to lovelier ends, calmly inspiring me, guiding,
Taught me to see great things and more gladly to sing of the gods,
Silent like them, child of gods! once more will you greet me,
Come to me as before, strengthening, raising me up?
See, I am forced to weep and lament in your presence,
Though, remembering nobler times, my soul is ashamed.
For, so long now, so long on weary paths of the earth now,
Used to you, I have searched, sought only you in the wilds,
Guardian spirit, in vain! For years have dissolved into nothing
Since around us we saw those ominous evenings gleam.

VIII

Dich nur, dich erhält dein Licht, o Heldin! im Lichte,
Und dein Dulden erhält liebend, o Gütige, dich;
Und nicht einmal bist du allein, Gespielen genug sind,
Wo du blühest und ruhst unter den Rosen des Jahrs;
Und der Vater, er selbst, durch sanftmuthathmende Musen
Sendet die zärtlichen Wiegengesänge dir zu.
Ja! noch ist sie es ganz! noch schwebt vom Haupte zur Sohle,
Stillherwandelnd, wie sonst, mir die Athenerinn vor.
Und wie, freundlicher Geist! von heitersinnender Stirne
Seegnend und sicher dein Stral unter die Sterblichen fällt
So bezeugest du mir's, und sagst mir's, dass ich es andern
Wiedersage, denn auch Andere glauben es nicht,
Dass unsterblicher doch, denn Sorg' und Zürnen, die Freude
Und ein goldener Tag täglich am Ende noch ist.

IX

So will ich, ihr Himmlischen! denn auch danken, und endlich
Athmet aus leichter Brust wieder des Sängers Gebet
Und wie, wenn ich mit ihr, auf sonniger Höhe mit ihr stand,
Spricht belebend ein Gott innen vom Tempel mich an
Leben will ich denn auch! schon grünt's! wie von heiliger Leier
Ruft es von silbernen Bergen Apollons voran!
Komm! es war wie ein Traum! die blutenden Fittige sind ja
Schon genesen, verjüngt leben die Hofnungen all.
Grosses zu finden, ist viel, ist viel noch übrig, und wer so
Liebte, gehet, er muss, gehet zu Göttern die Bahn.
Und geleitet ihr uns, iht Weihestunden! ihr ernsten,
Jugendlichen! o bleibt, heilige Ahnungen, ihr
Fromme Bitten! und ihr Begeisterungen und all ihr
Guten Genien, die gerne bei Liebenden sind,
Bleibt so lange mit uns, bis wir auf gemeinsamem Boden,
Dort, wo die Seeligen all niederzukehren bereit,
Dort, wo die Adler sind, die Gestirne, die Boten des Vaters
Dort, wo die Musen, woher Helden und Liebende sind,

VIII

You alone, O heroine, your light sustains with its brightness,
And your endurance, kind one, sustains you with love;
Nor, even, are you alone, for play mates abound where
With the year's roses you silently flower and repose.
And the Father Himself, by means of soft-hearted Muses
Sends you those gentle and amorous lullaby songs.
Still she is quite the same! still from head to heel the Athenian,
Calmly walking as always, hovers in front of my eyes.
And, most loving spirit, when blessing and certain your radiance
Falls among mortals from your serenely pondering brow,
Then you prove it to me, and tell me, so that to others
I can repeat it, for others also do not believe,
That delight after all outlasts both sorrow and anger
And that golden the day daily still shines in the end.

IX

Therefore, heavenly powers, I will thank you too, and the singer's
Prayer at last from his breast freely can issue once more.
And, as once when with her I stood on the sun-gilded summit,
Life-giving, now a god speaks from the temple within.
Let me, then, live again! new verdure already! and forward
As from a sacred lyre sounds from Apollo's silvery peaks.
Come! it was like a dream! already the wounds in your pinions
Wholly are healed, all your hopes live again, young and renewed.
Knowledge of greatness is much, but much remains, and who thus has
Loved will follow, he must, paths that lead up to the gods.
Then accompany us, O sacred Horae, the solemn, the youthful,
Stay with us always, remain! holy Presentiments, you,
Godly Entreaties, and you, Inspirations and all of those kindly
Genial spirits who like to accompany lovers, O stay!
So long remain with us both, till there, on communal ground where
All the blessèd prepare yet another earthly descent,
There, where the eagles are, the planets, the Father's own heralds,
Where the Muses are still and whence heroes and lovers have come,

Dort uns, oder auch hier, auf thauender Insel begegnen,
Wo die unsrigen erst, blühend in Gärten gesellt,
Wo die Gesänge wahr, und länger die Frühlinge schön sind
Und von neuem ein Jahr unserer Seele beginnt!

Brod und Wein

An Heinze

I

Rings um ruhet die Stadt, still wird die erleuchtete Gasse,
Und, mit Fakeln geschmükt, rauschen die Wagen hinweg.
Satt gehn heim von Freuden des Tags zu ruhen die Mensch
Und Gewinn und Verlust wäget ein sinniges Haupt
Wohlzufrieden zu Haus; leer steht von Trauben und Blume
Und von Werken der Hand ruht der geschäfftige Markt
Aber das Saitenspiel tönt fern aus Gärten, vieleicht, dass
Dort ein Liebendes spielt oder ein einsamer Mann
Ferner Freunde gedenkt und der Jugendzeit; und die Brunn
Immerquillend und frisch rauschen an duftendem Beet.
Still in dämmriger Luft ertönen geläutete Gloken,
Und der Stunden gedenk rufet ein Wächter die Zahl.
Jezt auch kommet ein Wehn und regt die Gipfel des Hains
Sieh! und das Schattenbild unserer Erde, der Mond,
Kommet geheim nun auch; die Schwärmerische, die N
kommt,
Voll mit Sternen und wohl wenig bekümmert um uns,
Glänzt die Erstaunende dort, die Fremdlingin unter den Mens
Über Gebirgeshöhn traurig und prächtig herauf.

Till there, or here perhaps, we meet on the thawing island
Where in gardens gathered together, blossoming jointly at last,
All our poems are true and springs remain beautiful longer
And a new, a different year of our soul can begin.

Bread and Wine

To Heinse

I

All around the city rests; the lighted street grows more quiet,
And, adorned with torches, carriages clatter away.
Sated, men go home to rest from the pleasures of day-time,
And in houses pensive heads, well-contented, weigh up
Gain and loss of the day; stripped of its grapes and its flowers
And of its hand-made goods, the industrious market is still.
But faint music of strings drifts from gardens remotely;
It may be that a lover plays there or that, lonely, a man
Thinks of distant friends and the days of his youth; and the sources,
Ever-flowing and fresh, purl in the fragrance of flowers.
Calm in the twilight air, the peal of church-bells is sounding
And, recording the hours, mindful, a watchman calls out.
Now a breeze rises too and ruffles the crests of the coppice,
See! and in secret our globe's shadowy image, the moon,
Rises, languidly, too, Night, the dream-laden rises,
Full of stars and, it seems, caring little for us;
Night, the astonishing, now, a stranger to all that is human,
Climbing the mountain-tops, sadly and splendidly gleams

II

Wunderbar ist die Gunst der Hocherhabnen und niemand
Weiss von wannen und was einem geschiehet von ihr.
So bewegt sie die Welt und die hoffende Seele der Menschen,
Selbst kein Weiser versteht, was sie bereitet, denn so
Will es der oberste Gott, der sehr dich liebet, und darum
Ist noch lieber, wie sie, dir der besonnenene Tag.
Aber zuweilen liebt auch klares Auge den Schatten
Und versuchet zu Lust, eh' es noth ist, den Schlaf,
Oder es blikt auch gern ein treuer Mann in die Nacht hin,
Ja, es ziemet sich ihr Kränze zu weihn und Gesang,
Weil den Irrenden sie geheiligt ist und den Todten,
Selber aber besteht, ewig, in freiestem Geist.
Aber sie muss uns auch, dass in der zaudernden Weile,
Dass im Finstern für uns einiges Haltbare sei,
Uns die Vergessenheit und das Heiligtrunkene gönnen,
Gönnen das strömende Wort, das, wie die Liebenden, sei,
Schlummerlos und vollern Pokal und kühneres Leben,
Heilig Gedächtniss auch, wachend zu bleiben bei Nacht.

III

Auch verbergen umsonst das Herz im Busen, umsonst nur
Halten den Muth noch wir, Meister und Knaben, denn wer
Möcht' es hindern und wer möcht' uns die Freude verbieten?
Göttliches Feuer auch treibet, bei Tag, und bei Nacht,
Aufzubrechen. So komm! dass wir das Offene schauen,
Dass ein Eigenes wir suchen, so weit es auch ist.
Fest bleibt Eins; es sei um Mittag oder es gehe
Bis in die Mitternacht, immer bestehet ein Maas,
Allen gemein, doch jeglichem auch ist eignes beschieden,
Dahin gehet und kommt jeder, wohin er es kann.
Drum! und spotten des Spotts mag gern frohlokkender Wahnsinn,
Wenn er in heiliger Nacht plözlich die Sänger ergreift,
Drum an den Isthmos komm! dorthin, wo das offene Meer rauscht
Am Parnass und der Schnee delphische Felsen umglänzt,
Dort ins Land des Olymps, dort auf die Höhe Cithärons,
Unter die Fichten dort, unter die Trauben, von wo
Thebe drunten und Ismenos rauscht im Lande des Kadmos,
Dorther kommt und zurük deutet der kommende Gott.

II

Marvellous are the grace and favour of night the exalted,
So that no one can tell whence and with what he is blessed.
Thus she moves the whole world and the hoping spirits of mortals,
Even no wise man can grasp what she is working, for thus
By the Highest God it is willed, who loves you greatly, & therefore
Thoughtful day-time to you is dearer even than Night.
But at times the clear eye lovingly too seeks the shadows
And, for pleasure's sake, before there is need tastes of sleep,
Or a faithful man, too, gazes deep into darkness;
Yes, both garlands and hymns nightly we offer to Night,
Since to the frenzied and to the dead she is consecrated
Yet herself subsists, everlasting, in spirit most free.
But to us in exchange—that from the wavering moment,
That from darkness we may wrest something durable still—
She must grant oblivion, grant us the sacredly drunken,
Grant us the billowing word which, like lovers, shall be
Sleepless, and fuller cups and life that is bolder,
Holy remembrance, too, strength to stay wakeful by night.

III

Also, vainly we hide the hearts within us, and vainly
Hold back our courage still, master and novice, for who
Would prevent it and who wish to forbid us rejoicing?
And, both by day and by night, sacred fire still impels
Us to set out. Then, come! that we may see open spaces,
That we may seek our own, however distant it be.
One thing stands fast: at noon or just before midnight,
Whether early or late, always a measure exists,
Common to all, though to each, also, his own is allotted,
Every one of us must come and go where he can.
Jubilant madness, then, well may deride derision
When it suddenly grips the poets in sanctified Night;
Then, to the Isthmus come! yonder where, open, the sea roars
By Parnassus and snow glistens on Delphian rocks,
There to Olympian lands, there to the heights of Cithaeron,
Up to the pine-trees there, up to the grape-vines from where
Thebe below and Ismenos roar in the kingdom of Cadmus,
Thence he has come and there, backwards, the coming god points

IV

Seeliges Griechenland! du Haus der Himmlischen alle,
Also ist wahr, was einst wir in der Jugend gehort?
Festlicher Saal! der Boden ist Meer! und Tische die Berge,
Wahrlich zu einzigem Brauche vor Alters gebaut!
Aber die Thronen, wo? die Tempel, und wo die Gefasse,
Wo mit Nectar gefullt, Gottern zu Lust der Gesang?
Wo, wo leuchten sie denn, die fernhintreffenden Sprüche?
Delphi schlummert und wo tonet das grosse Geschik?
Wo ist das schnelle? wo brichts, allgegenwartigen Glüks voll
Donnernd aus heiterer Luft uber die Augen herein?
Vater Äther! so riefs und flog von Zunge zu Zunge,
Tausendfach, es ertrug keiner das Leben allein,
Ausgetheilet erfreut solch Gut und getauschet, mit Fremden,
Wirds ein Jubel, es wachst schlafend des Wortes Gewalt:
Vater! heiter! und hallt, so weit es gehet, das uralt
Zeichen, von Eltern geerbt, treffend und schaffend hinab
Denn so kehren die Himmlischen ein, tiefschütternd gelangt so
Aus den Schatten herab unter die Menschen ihr Tag.

V

Unempfunden kommen sie erst, es streben entgegen
Ihnen die Kinder, zu hell kommet, zu blendend das Glük,
Und es scheut sie der Mensch, kaum weiss zu sagen ein Halbgott
Wer mit Nahmen sie sind, die mit Gaaben ihm nahn.
Aber der Muth von ihnen ist gross, es fullen das Herz ihm
Ihre Freuden und kaum weiss er zu brauchen das Gut,
Schafft, verschwendet und fast ward ihm Unheiliges heilig,
Das er mit seegnender Hand thörig und gütig berührt.
Moglichst dulden die Himmlischen diss; dann aber in Wahrheit
Kommen sie selbst, und gewohnt werden die Menschen des Glüks
Und des Tags und zu schaun die Offenbaren, das Antliz
Derer, welche schon langst Eines und Alles genannt,
Tief die verschwiegene Brust mit freier Genuge gefullet,
Und zuerst und allein alles Verlangen beglükt,

IV

Blessèd land of the Greeks! O house of them all, of the heavenly,
Is it, then, true, what once, long since in our youth we were told?
Festive aula whose floor is ocean, whose tables are mountains,
Truly constructed, indeed, far in the past, for no purpose but one!
But the thrones, where are they? where the temples, and where
    are the vessels,
Where, the delight of gods, brim-full of nectar, the song?
Where, oh where do they shine, the oracles distantly striking?
Delphi slumbers and where does the glorious destiny sound?
Where is the swift one? where, full of ubiquitous fortune,
Thundering does it break in, out of bright air, on men's eyes?
Father Æther! they cried, and from tongue to tongue it was
    carried,
A thousandfold flew, no one endured life alone;
Shared, such goods give delight and, bartered with strangers,
Jubilation; asleep, the word increases in power:
Father! Æther! and far as wind will bear it, the ancient
Signal parents have left, striking, creating, rings down.
Thus the heavenly enter in, thus, deeply shaking, convulsing,
Down from the shadows to men their day-time's advent descends.

V

Unperceived at first they approach, the children press forward,
Surging to meet them; but still joy is too dazzling, too bright,
So that Man avoids them, indeed, hardly a demi-god even
Knows how to call by name those that approach him with gifts.
But their courage is great, they fill his heart with their gladness
And he scarcely knows how to make use of this wealth,
Labours, lavishly spends, almost regarding as holy
Things profane which his blessing hand foolishly, kindly has
    touched.
This the heavenly bear while they can; later, however, in person
Truly then they appear, men grow accustomed to joy
And to day and the sight of those now visibly present,
Manifest faces of them who had n[illegible] One and All long ago,
Deeply with free self-content h[illegible] hearts of the silent
And at first and alone gratified [illegible]

So ist der Mensch; wenn da ist das Gut, und es sorget mit Gaaben
Selber ein Gott für ihn, kennet und sieht er es nicht.
Tragen muss er, zuvor; nun aber nennt er sein Liebstes,
Nun, nun müssen dafür Worte, wie Blumen, entstehn.

VI

Und nun denkt er zu ehren in Ernst die seeligen Gotter,
Wirklich und wahrhaft muss alles verkünden ihr Lob.
Nichts darf schauen das Licht, was nicht den Hohen gefället,
Vor den Äther gebuhrt müssigversuchendes nicht.
Drum in der Gegenwart der Himmlischen würdig zu stehen,
Richten in herrlichen Ordnungen Volker sich auf
Untereinander und baun die schönen Tempel und Städte
Vest und edel, sie gehn uber Gestaden empor—
Aber wo sind sie? wo blühn die Bekannten, die Kronen des Festes?
Thebe welkt und Athen; rauschen die Waffen nicht mehr
In Olympia, nicht die goldnen Wagen des Kampfspiels,
Und bekranzen sich denn nimmer die Schiffe Korinths?
Warum schweigen sie auch, die alten heilgen Theater?
Warum freuet sich denn nicht der geweihete Tanz?
Warum zeichnet, wie sonst, die Stirne des Mannes ein Gott nicht,
Drükt den Stempel, wie sonst, nicht dem Getroffenen auf?
Oder er kam auch selbst und nahm des Menschen Gestalt an
Und vollendet, und schloss tröstend das himmlische Fest.

VII

Aber Freund! wir kommen zu spät Zwar leben die Gotter,
Aber uber dem Haupt droben in anderer Welt.
Endlos wirken sie da und scheinens wenig zu achten,
Ob wir leben, so sehr schonen die Himmlischen uns.
Denn nicht immer vermag ein schwaches Gefass sie zu fassen,
Nur zu Zeiten ertragt göttliche Fulle der Mensch
Traum von ihnen ist drauf das Leben. Aber das Irrsaal
Hilft, wie Schlummer und stark machet die Noth und die Nacht,
Biss dass Helden genug in der ehernen Wiege gewachsen,
Herzen an Kraft, wie sonst, ähnlich den Himmlischen sind.

Such is mankind; when wealth is at hand, when a god would provide them,
Offering presents, himself, they neither know it nor see.
First they must bear a load; but now they name the most cherished,
Now for the wordless must words come into being like flowers.

VI

And in earnest now he intends to honour the gods, the most blessèd,
Truthfully, truly henceforth all must redound to their praise.
Nothing must see the light if it does not please the Exalted,
For in the Æther's sight idly-endeavouring things are misplaced.
Therefore to stand unashamed, fit for the heavenly presence,
Ordered in glorious hierarchies peoples rise up,
Rivals for blessings, and build the lovely temples and cities:
Firm and noble they tower high above river and sea—
Only, where are they? the flowers, the familiar, the crowns of the feast-day?
Thebes and Athens wilt; do, then, the weapons no more
Sound in Olympia, nor yet the golden chariots of combat,
And no longer do wreaths deck the Corinthian ships?
Why are they silent too, the theatres ancient and holy?
Why does the hallowed dance never rejoice as of old?
Why no more does a god mark a mortal man's forehead,
Print the stamp as before clearly on him who is struck?
Or himself he appeared, assuming the shape of a mortal,
Comforting, brought to a close, ended the heavenly feast.

VII

But, my friend, we have come too late. True, the gods are living,
But over our heads, above in a different world.
Endlessly there they act and—see how the heavenly spare us!—
Care very little, it seems, whether or not we exist.
For not always, indeed, a feeble vessel can hold them,
Only at times can mankind bear the full weight of the gods.
Only a dream about them is life henceforth. But to wander bewildered
Helps, like slumber, and need and night make us strong,
Till in the cradle of brass heroes enough have been fostered,
Hearts in might as of old resemble the heavenly host.

Donnernd kommen sie drauf. Indessen dünket mir öfters
Besser zu schlafen, wie so ohne Genossen zu seyn,
So zu harren und was zu thun indess und zu sagen,
Weiss ich nicht und wozu Dichter in dürftiger Zeit?
Aber sie sind, sagst du, wie des Weingotts heilige Priester,
Welche von Lande zu Land zogen in heiliger Nacht.

VIII

Nemlich, als vor einiger Zeit, uns dünket sie lange,
Aufwärts stiegen sie all, welche das Leben beglukt,
Als der Vater gewandt sein Angesicht von den Menschen,
Und das Trauern mit Recht über der Erde begann,
Als erschienen zu lezt ein stiller Genius, himmlisch
Tröstend, welcher des Tags Ende verkündet' und schwand,
Liess zum Zeichen, dass einst er da gewesen und wieder
Kame, der himmlische Chor einige Gaaben zurük,
Derer menschlich, wie sonst, wir uns zu freuen vermöchten,
Denn zur Freude, mit Geist, wurde das Grössre zu gross
Unter den Menschen und noch, noch fehlen die Starken zu
hochsten
Freuden, aber es lebt stille noch einiger Dank
Brod ist der Erde Frucht, doch ists vom Lichte geseegnet,
Und vom donnernden Gott kommet die Freude des Weins.
Darum denken wir auch dabei der Himmlischen, die sonst
Da gewesen und die kehren in richtiger Zeit,
Darum singen sie auch mit Ernst die Sanger den Weingott
Und nicht eitel erdacht tönet dem Alten das Lob.

Thundering then they come. But meanwhile it seems to me often
Better to sleep than like this to be quite companionless here,
Thus to wait, and what's to be done or said in the meantime
I do not know, and what are poets for in a period of dearth?
But they are, you say, like the holy priests of the wine-god
Who in holy night from country to country moved on.

VIII

For when some time ago now—to us it seems distant—
They all ascended by whom life had been favoured with joy,
When from human kind the Father averted His visage
And all over the earth sorrowing, rightly, began,
When at last had appeared a quiet Genius, consoling
Sacredly—He that proclaimed day-time's conclusion and went—
Then as a sign that they had once been here and again would
Come, the heavenly choir left a few presents behind
Which, as in former times, humanly men might rejoice in,
Since for spiritual joy great things were growing too great
Here among mortals and still, still those with the strength for the highest
Joys are lacking, although quietly still some thankfulness lives.
Bread is a fruit of the earth, yet touched by the blessings of sunlight,
And from the thundering god issues the gladness of wine.
Therefore, too, these raise up our thought to the heavenly, those who
Once were here and at last shall return when their advent is due.
Therefore the poets, too, solemnly sing of the wine-god
And not idly devised praise of the ancient one sounds.

IX

Ja! sie sagen mit Recht, er söhne den Tag mit der Nacht aus,
Führe des Himmels Gestirn ewig hinunter, hinauf,
Allzeit froh, wie das Laub der immergrünenden Fichte,
Das er liebt, und der Kranz, den er von Epheu gewählt,
Weil er bleibet und selbst die Spur der entflohenen Götter
Götterlosen hinab unter das Finstere bringt.
Was der Alten Gesang von Kindern Gottes geweissagt,
Siehe! wir sind es, wir; Frucht von Hesperien ists!
Wunderbar und genau ists als an Menschen erfüllet,
Glaube, wer es geprüft! aber so vieles geschieht,
Keines wirket, denn wir sind herzlos, Schatten bis unser
Vater Äther erkannt jeden und allen gehört.
Aber indessen kommt als Fakelschwinger des Höchsten
Sohn, der Syrier, unter die Schatten herab.
Seelige Weisen sehns; ein Lächeln aus der gefangnen
Seele leuchtet, dem Licht thauet ihr Auge noch auf.
Sanfter träumet und schläft in Armen der Erde der Titan,
Selbst der neidische, selbst Cerberus trinket und schläft

IX

Yes! and rightly they say that he reconciles daylight with darkness,
Guides the planets of heaven eternally downwards and up,
Joyful at all times and fresh as leaves of the evergreen pine-tree,
Which he loves, and the wreath, of ivy wound by his choice
As it lasts and conveys even the trace of the vanished,
Fugitive gods down to earth, to the godless below in the dark.
What of the children of God was foretold in the songs of the
 ancients,
See! we are it, ourselves, fruit of Hesperia it is!
Strictly and wondrously all has been fulfilled in us mortals,
Prove it and then believe! but always, while so much takes place
Nothing can take effect, for we are heartless, mere shadows,
Till our Father Aether, acclaimed, belongs to each and to all.
Meanwhile, bearing the torch, yet does the Son of the Highest,
Yet does the Syrian descend here to the shadows below.
Seeing it, wise men know bliss; kindled in souls that were captive,
Shines a smile and their eyes thaw in response to the light.
Titans, embraced by Earth, dream and slumber more softly,
Even Cerberus drinks, even the jealous one sleeps.

POEMS WRITTEN BETWEEN

1802 and 1806

Note. This is a rough division; the exact chronology of Holderlin's later poems is still doubtful. For the sake of convenience, the translator has placed these poems in groups, instead of attempting a strictly chronological order.

Hälfte des Lebens

Mit gelben Birnen hänget
Und voll mit wilden Rosen
Das Land in den See,
Ihr holden Schwäne,
Und trunken von Küssen
Tunkt ihr das Haupt
Ins heilignüchterne Wasser.

Weh mir, wo nehm' ich, wenn
Es Winter ist, die Blumen, und wo
Den Sonnenschein
Und Schatten der Erde?
Die Mauern stehn
Sprachlos und kalt, im Winde
Klirren die Fahnen.

Reif sind, in Feuer getaucht . . .

Reif sind, in Feuer getaucht, gekochet
Die Früchte und auf der Erde geprüfet und ein Gesez ist,
Dass alles hineingeht, Schlangen gleich,
Prophetisch, träumend auf
Den Hügeln des Himmels. Und vieles
Wie auf den Schultern eine
Last von Scheitern ist
Zu behalten. Aber bös sind
Die Pfade. Nemlich unrecht,
Wie Rosse, gehn die gefangenen
Element' und alten
Geseze der Erd. Und immer
Ins Ungebundene gehet eine Sehnsucht. Vieles aber ist
Zu behalten. Und noth die Treue.
Vorwärts aber und rükwärts wollen wir
Nicht sehn. Uns wiegen lassen, wie
Auf schwankem Kahne der See.

The Middle of Life

With yellow pears the land,
And full of wild roses,
Hangs down into the lake,
O graceful swans,
And drunk with kisses,
You dip your heads
Into the hallowed-sober water.

Alas, where shall I find when
Winter comes, flowers, and where
Sunshine,
And the shadows of earth?
The walls stand
Speechless and cold, in the wind
Weathercocks clatter.

Ripe are, dipped in fire . . .[1]

Ripe are, dipped in fire, cooked
The fruit and sifted on the earth, and it is law
That all goes in, like serpents,
Prophetic, dreaming on
The hills of heaven. And much,
As on the shoulders a
Load of logs, should
Be retained. But evil are
The paths. For wrongly,
Like horses, go the imprisoned
Elements and the old
Laws of the earth. And always
There is a yearning into the unbound. Much, however,
Should be retained. And faithfulness is needed.
But forward and back we will
Not look. Be rocked as
On swaying skiff of the sea.

[1] According to the most recent research, these lines are part of a longer hymn, the third version of [illegible]ne; cf. Works (Beissner), Vol. II/1, p. 197.

Lebensalter

Ihr Stadte des Euphrats!
Ihr Gassen von Palmyra!
Ihr Saulenwalder in der Ebne der Wüste,
Was seid ihr?
Euch hat die Kronen,
Dieweil ihr uber die Granze
Der Othmenden seid gegangen,
Von Himmlischen der Rauchdampf und
Hinweg das Feuer genommen,
Jezt aber siz' ich unter Wolken (deren
Ein jedes eine Ruh' hat eigen), unter
Wohleingerichteten Eichen, auf
Der Heide des Rehs, und fremd
Erscheinen und gestorben mir
Der Seeligen Geister.

An die Dichter

Wie wenn am Feiertage, das Feld zu sehn
Ein Landmann geht, des Morgens, wenn
Aus heisser Nacht die kühlenden Blize fielen
Die ganze Zeit und fern noch tönet der Donner,
In sein Gestade wieder tritt der Strom,
Und frisch der Boden grunt
Und von des Himmels erfreuendem Reegen
Der Weinstok trauft und glanzend
In stiller Sonne stehn die Baume des Haines:

So stehn sie unter günstiger Witterung
Sie die kein Meister allein, die wunderbar
Allgegenwartig erzieht in leichtem Umfangen
Die machtige, die gottlichschone Natur.
Drum wenn zu schlafen sie scheint zu Zeiten des Jahrs
Am Himmel oder unter Pflanzen oder den Volkern,
So trauert der Dichter Angesicht auch,
Sie scheinen allein zu seyn, doch ahnen sie immer.
Denn ahnend ruhet sie selbst auch

The Ages of Life

Cities of the Euphrates,
Streets at Palmyra,
Forests of pillars in the desert plain,
What are you?
Away from you, by smoke
Of the heavenly and by fire
Your crowns have been taken,
Since you passed
The bounds of the breathing;
But now I sit under clouds (each of which
Has its own calm within), beneath
Well-ordered oaks,
On the heath of the deer, and strange
To me seem, and dead
The souls of the blessèd.

To the Poets

As on a holiday to see the field
A countryman goes out, at morning when
Out of the hot night cooling shafts of lightning fell
The whole time long and distantly still the thunder sounds,
The river enters its banks once more
And, refreshed, the ground grows verdant
And with heaven's gladdening rain
The grape-vine drips and glowing
The orchard's trees stand in the sunlit stillness:

So in favourable weather they stand
Whom no master alone, whom wondrously,
Ubiquitous in her gentle embrace,
Mighty, divinely beautiful Nature teaches.
When she seems to sleep, therefore, at times in the year
In the sky or amidst the plants or the peoples,
The poets' faces, too, will mourn,
They seem to be alone, yet always foreknow,
Since foreknowing, too, she herself reposes.

Jezt aber tagts! Ich harrt und sah es kommen,
Und was ich sah, das Heilige sei mein Wort
Denn sie, sie selbst, die älter denn die Zeiten
Und über die Götter des Abends und Orients ist,
Die Natur ist jezt mit Waffenklang erwacht,
Und hoch vom Äther bis zum Abgrund nieder
Nach vestem Geseze, wie einst, aus heiligem Chaos gezeugt,
Fühlt neu die Begeisterung sich,
Die Allerschaffende wieder.

Und wie im Aug' ein Feuer dem Manne glänzt,
Wenn hohes er entwarf, so ist
Von neuem an den Zeichen, den Thaten der Welt jezt,
Ein Feuer angezündet in Seelen der Dichter.
Und was zuvor geschah, doch kaum gefühlt,
Ist offenbar erst jezt,
Und die uns lächelnd den Aker gebauet,
In Knechtsgestalt, sie sind bekannt, die
Alllebendigen, die Kräfte der Götter.

Erfragst du sie? im Liede wehet ihr Geist,
Wenn es der Sonne des Tags und wärmer Erd
Entwacht, und Wettern, die in der Luft, und andern
Die vorbereiteter in Tiefen der Zeit
Und deutungsvoller, und vernehmlicher uns
Hinwandeln zwischen Himmel und Erd und unter den Völkern.
Des gemeinsamen Geistes Gedanken sind
Still endend in der Seele des Dichters.

Dass schnellbetroffen sie, Unendlichem
Bekannt seit langer Zeit, von Erinnerung
Erbebt, und ihr, von heilgem Stral entzündet,
Die Frucht in Liebe geboren, der Götter und Menschen Werk
Der Gesang, damit er [von] beiden zeuge, glükt.
So fiel, wie Dichter sagen, da sie sichtbar
Den Gott zu sehen begehrte, sein Bliz auf Semeles Haus
Und die göttlichgetroffne gebahr,
Die Frucht des Gewitters, den heiligen Bacchus

But now it dawns! I waited and saw it come,
And what I saw, it is holy, let my word convey.
For she, herself, who is older than the ages
And is higher than the Occident's gods and the Orient's,
Nature now has awoken with clamour of arms,
And from the Æther above to the abyss beneath,
Engendered, as once before, according to rigid law,
Out of holy Chaos,
Rapture, the all-creative, now feels renewed.

And as a fire gleams in the eye of that man
Who has conceived a lofty design: so now
Once again by the signs, by the deeds of the world
A fire has been lit in souls of the poets.
And what came to pass before, but scarcely felt,
Only now is manifest,
And they who, smiling, tended our fields,
In labourers' guise, now are known,
They are the ever-living, the powers of the gods.

Do you seek to know them? in song their spirit wafts,
When it wakes from the day-time sun
And from warm soil, from weathers up in the air
And others which better prepared in the depths of time
And more significant, more perceptible to us,
Drift along between heaven and earth and among the peoples
The thoughts of the communal spirit
Come to a quiet end in the poet's soul

So that swiftly visited, though long since known
To infinite powers, it quakes with memory
And, inflamed by the holy ray,
The fruit conceived in love, the work of gods and men,
That it might bear witness to both, the song succeeds.
So, as poets tell, when she desired to see
The god in person, visible, his lightning fell
On Semele's house and the divinely struck gave birth
To the thunderstorm's fruit, to holy Bacchus.

Und daher trinken himmlisches Feuer jezt
Die Erdensöhne ohne Gefahr.
Doch uns gebührt es, unter Gottes Gewittern,
Ihr Dichter! mit entblösstem Haupte zu stehen,
Des Vaters Stral, ihn selbst, mit eigner Hand
Zu fassen und dem Volk ins Lied
Gehüllt die himmlische Gaabe zu reichen.
Denn sind nur reinen Herzens,
Wie Kinder, wir, sind schuldlos unsere Hände,

Des Vaters Stral, der reine versengt es nicht
Und tieferschüttert, eines Gottes Leiden
Mitleidend, bleibt das ewige Herz doch fest.
Doch weh mir! wenn von [selbgeschlagener Wunde
Das Herz mir blutet, und tiefverloren
Der Frieden ist, und freibescheidenes Genügen,
Und die Unruh und der Mangel
Mich treibt zum Überflusse des Göttertisches,
Wenn rings um mich — — — —

Weh mir! Dann wird es seyn
Als wüsst ich nimmer von Göttlichen,
Denn von mir sei gewichen des Lebens Geist,
Und sag ich gleich — —
Ich sei genaht die Himmlischen zu schauen,
Sie selbst, sie werfen mich tief unter die Lebenden alle,
Den falschen Priester ins Dunkel, dass ich, aus Nächten herauf,
Das warnend ängstige Lied
Den Unerfahrenen singe.]

And hence it is that without peril now
The sons of the earth drink heavenly fire.
Yet it behoves us, O poets,
To stand bare-headed beneath God's thunderstorms,
To seize the Father's ray itself
With our own hands and, wrapped in song,
To offer the heavenly gift to the people.
For if only we are like children,
Pure in heart, then our hands are guiltless,

The Father's ray, the pure, will not scorch it,
And, deeply shaken, sharing by sympathy
The sufferings of a god, yet the eternal heart stands fast.
But woe is me! when of [a self inflicted wound
My heart is bleeding and deeply lost
Are peace and modest, self-imposed sufficiency,
And when unrest and lack
Drive me towards the superfluity of the gods' own table,
When all around me — — — —

Woe! For then it will be
As if no more I had knowledge of the divine,
For the spirit of life will have abandoned me,
And let me say at once — —
That I approached to look upon the heavenly powers,
They cast me down themselves, far down beneath all the living,
Into the dark the false priest, so that now from the depth of nights
I should sing for the inexperienced
My awed and warning song.]

Note. The passage in brackets is conjectural; it is based on a prose draft which has been reconstructed by Arthur Hübscher in his edition of the 'late hymns'.

Am Quell der Donau

Dich Mutter Asia! gruss ich, — — — —
Und fern im Schatten der alten Wälder
Ruhest und deiner Thaten denkst, o Asia du
Und nicht aus eigner Kraft allein, nur
Trunken der Kräfte, da du, Tausendjährige,
Himmlischer Feuer voll ein unendlich Froloken begannst,
Dass uns nach jener Stimme das Ohr
Noch jezt, o Tausenjährige tonet, — — — —
Denn dass ein Gruss dir werde,
Berief zu Gesange mich — — —
Der Genius derer, vor denen, wie von heiligem Berge
— — — — — — —

Nun aber ruhest du,
Und wartest, ob vielleicht
Dir aus lebendiger Brust
Ein Wiederklang der Liebe dir begegne,
— — — — — — —
Mit Donau Wooge, wenn herab
Vom Haupte sie dem Orient entgegengehn
Und den Ort sucht und die Schiffe trägt,
Mit kräftiger Wooge
Komm ich zu dir — — — —
— — — — — und fernhin, ehe es alles geschieht
Verkünd' ich dirs und sage:

At the Source of the Danube

You, Mother Asia, I greet, — — — —
And far in the shade of the ancient forests
You rest and think of your deeds, O Asia,
And not by your own power alone,
Only drunk with the powers, since, Millenial One,
Full of heavenly fires, you began to exult unendingly,
So that even now with that voice,
O Millenial One, our ears must reverberate, — — —
For, so that a greeting might reach you,
To song I was summoned — — — —
By the genius of those before whom, as from a sacred mountain
— — — — — —

But now you repose,
And wait to see whether perhaps
From a living breast
An answering echo of love may yet meet you,
— — — — — —
With the Danube's wave, when down
From the head they make for the Orient
And seeks the place and carries the ships,
With a mighty wave
I come to you — — — —
— — — — and for the future, before it has all come to pass,
I proclaim it to you and say:

Denn, wie wenn hoch von der herrlichgestimmten, der Orgel
Im heiligen Saal,
Reinquillend aus den unerschöpflichen Röhren,
Das Vorspiel, wekend, des Morgens beginnt
Und weitumher, von Halle zu Halle,
Der erfrischende nun, der melodische Strom rinnt,
Bis in den kalten Schatten das Haus
Von Begeisterungen erfüllt,
Nun aber erwacht ist, nun, aufsteigend ihr,
Der Sonne des Festes, antwortet
Der Chor der Gemeinde; so kam
Das Wort aus Osten zu uns,
Und an Parnassos Felsen und am Kitharon hör' ich,
O Asia, das Echo von dir und es bricht sich
Am Kapitol und jählings herab von den Alpen

Kommt eine Fremdlingin sie
Zu uns, die Erwekerin,
Die menschenbildende Stimme.
Da fasst' ein Staunen die Seele
Der Getroffenen all und Nacht
War über den Augen der Besten.
Denn vieles vermag
Und die Fluth und den Fels und Feuersgewalt auch
Bezwinget mit Kunst der Mensch
Und achtet, der Hochgesinnte, das Schwerdt
Nicht, aber es steht
Vor Göttlichem der Starke niedergeschlagen,

Und gleichet dem Wild fast; das
Von süsser Jugend getrieben,
Schweift rastlos über die Berg'
Und fühlet die eigene Kraft
In der Mittagshizze. Wenn aber
Herabgeführt, in spielenden Lüften,
Das heilige Licht, und mit dem kühleren Stral
Der freudige Geist kommt zu
Der seeligen Erde, dann erliegt es, ungewohnt
Des Schönsten und schlummert wachenden Schlaf,
Noch ehe Gestirn naht. So auch wir. Denn manchen erlosch
Das Augenlicht schon vor den göttlichgesendeten Gaaben,

For, as when from the gloriously tuned, the organ
In the sacred hall,
Purely welling from inexhaustible pipes,
The prelude, awakening, begins in the morning
And, far around, from court to court,
Now the refreshing, melodious current flows,
Till in the chilly shadows the house,
Filled up with ecstasies,
Now is awake, now, ascending to it,
To the feast-day's sun,
The community's chorus replies: thus did
The word come to us from the East,
And by Parnassus' rocks and by Cithaeron I heard,
O Asia, the echo of you, and it breaks
On the Capitol and suddenly down from the Alps

It comes, a stranger, to us,
The awakening one,
The voice that gives form to men.
Thereupon amazement seized
The souls of all who were struck, and night
Covered the eyes of the best.
For much mankind can do,
And the flood and the rock and even the might of fire
By their art they can tame
And, their thoughts directed on high,
Do not heed the sword, but before the divine
Downcast the strongest will stand,

And almost is like the deer
Which, driven on by sweet youth,
Restless, rambles over the mountains
And feels its own strength
In the heat of noon. But when,
Led below, in the playing breezes
Holy light and, with its cooler ray,
The joyful spirit descend
To this blessèd earth, then it is overcome, unaccustomed
To utmost beauty, and slumbers in waking sleep,
Even before the coming of stars. Thus, also, we. For already
The eye-sight of many has failed at the god-sent gifts,

Den freundlichen, die aus Ionien uns,
Auch aus Arabia kamen, und froh ward
Der theuern Lehr' und auch der holden Gesänge
Die Seele jener Entschlafenen nie,
Doch einige wachten. Und sie wandelten oft
Zufrieden unter euch, ihr Bürger schöner Städte,
Beim Kampfspiel, wo sonst unsichtbar der Heros
Geheim bei Dichtern sass, die Ringer schaut' und lächelnd
Pries, der gepriesene, die müssiggernsten Kinder
Ein unaufhörlich Lieben wars und ists.
Und wohl geschieden, aber darum denken
Wir aneinander doch, ihr Fröhlichen am Isthmos,
Und am Cephyss und am Taygetos,
Auch eurer denken wir, ihr Thale des Kaukasos,
So alt ihr seid, ihr Paradiese dort
Und deiner Patriarchen und deiner Propheten,

O Asia, deiner Starken, o Mutter!
Die furchtlos vor den Zeichen der Welt,
Und den Himmel auf Schultern und alles Schiksaal,
Taglang auf Bergen gewurzelt,
Zuerst es verstanden,
Allein zu reden
Zu Gott. Die Ruhn nun Aber wenn ihr
Und diss ist zu sagen,
Ihr Alten all, nicht sagtet, woher?
Wir nennen Dich, heiliggenöthiget, nennen,
Natur! dich wir, und neu, wie dem Bad, entsteigt
Dir alles Göttlichgeborne.

Zwar gehn wir fast, wie die Waisen,
Wohl ists wie sonst, nur jene Pflege nicht wieder;
Doch Jünglinge, der Kindheit gedenk,
Im Hausse sind auch diese nicht fremde.
Sie leben dreifach, eben wie auch
Die ersten Söhne des Himmels.
Und nicht umsonst ward uns
In die Seele die Treue gegeben.

The kind ones, which from Ionia to us,
As well as Arabia, have come,
And never the souls of those gone to rest rejoiced
In the precious doctrine, nor yet in the lovely songs,
Yet some were awake. And often among you
They wandered content, you natives of beautiful cities,
At the Games where once, invisible, the hero
Secretly sat with poets, beheld the wrestlers and, smiling,
Praised—he, the object of praise—these idly serious children.
An incessant loving it was and is
And, though divided, still now we think
Of one another, you cheerful ones at the Isthmus,
And at Cephissus and at Taygetus,
And of you we think, you vales of the Caucasus,
Old as you are, you paradises there,
And of your patriarchs and your prophets,

O Asia, of your strong ones, O Mother!
Who fearless before the signs of the world
And the heavens heaped on shoulders and all manner of fates,
For days rooted on mountains,
Were the first who knew
How to speak alone
To God. Now these are at rest. But if,
And this must be said,
You ancient ones all did not say where from?
We name you divinely compelled, we name you,
Nature, and new, as out of a bath,
All that's divinely born emerges from you.

True, almost like orphans we walk about,
All, indeed, is unchanged, only this tutelage lacking,
But youths, mindful of childhood,
These, too, in the house are not strangers.
Threefold they live, even as did
The first-born children of Heaven.
And not in vain to our souls
Was fidelity given.

Nicht uns, auch Eures bewahrt sie,
Und bei den Heiligtümern, den Waffen des Worts,
Die scheidend ihr den Ungeschikteren uns
Ihr Schiksaalssohne, zurükgelassen

Ihr guten Geister, da seid ihr auch,
Oftmals, wenn einen dann die heilige Wolk umschwebt,
Da staunen wir und wissens nicht zu deuten
Ihr aber würzt mit Nectar uns den Othem
Und dann froloken wir oft oder es befallt uns
Ein Sinnen, wenn ihr aber [einen] zu sehr liebt
Er ruht nicht, bis er euer einer geworden.
Darum, ihr Gutigen! umgebet mich leicht,
Damit ich bleiben moge, denn noch ist manches zu singen,
Jezt aber endiget, seeligweinend,
Wie eine Sage der Liebe,
Mir der Gesang, und so auch ist er
Mir, mit Errothen, Erblassen,
Von Anfang her gegangen. Doch Alles geht so.

Not us, but yours, too, it preserves,
And with the sacred relics, the weapons of the word,
Which, parting, you, sons of fate, left behind
For us, the more awkward, ill-fated,

There you are also, benevolent spirits, whenever
The holy cloud hovers about a man,
Then we marvel, not knowing how to explain it.
But you with nectar spice our breath
And often then we exult or a pondering
Befalls us, but if there is one whom you love too much,
Till he is one of yourselves, he will have no rest.
Therefore, kind ones! surround me lightly,
That I may remain, for still there is much to be sung,
But now, blissfully weeping,
Like a legend of love
My song concludes, and so it has always been
With me when I sang, amidst blushing and blanching,
Ever since I began. Yet all things go thus.

Versohnender, der du nimmergeglaubt . . .

Versohnender, der du nimmergeglaubt
Nun da bist, Freundesgestalt mir
Annimmst, Unsterblicher, aber wohl,
Erkenn ich — — — das Hohe
Das mir die Knie beugt,
Und fast wie ein Blinder muss ich
Dich, himmlischer Bote, fragen, wozu du mir,
Woher du seiest, seeliger Friede!
Diss Eine weiss ich, sterbliches bist du nichts,
Denn manches mag ein Weiser oder
Treuanblikender Freunde einer erhellen, wenn aber
Ein Gott erscheint, auf Himmel und Erd and Meer
Kömmt allerneuende Klarheit

Einst freueten wir uns auch,
Zur Morgenstunde, wo stille dieWerkstatt war
Am Feiertag, und die Blumen in der Stille
Wohl bluhten schöner auch sie und helle quillten lebendige
  Brunnen.
Fern rauschte der Gemeinde schauerlicher Gesang,
Wo heiligem Wein gleich, die geheimeren Sprüche
Gealtert aber gewaltiger einst, aus Gottes
Gewittern gewachsen,
Die Sorgen doch mir stillten
Und die Zweifel, aber nimmer wusst ich, wie mir geschah,
Denn kaum geboren, warum breitetet
Ihr mir schon uber die Augen eine Nacht,
Dass ich die Erde nicht sah, und muhsam
Euch athmen musst, ihr himmlischen Lüfte.

Conciliator, who never believed . . .

Conciliator, who never believed
Now are here, assuming a friendly shape,
Immortal one, yet indeed
I recognise the high power
That bends my knees,
And like a blind man almost I must
Ask you, heavenly messenger, why to me
And whence you have come, O blessèd peace.[1]
This one thing I know, mortal you are not,
For much a wise man or one
Of the faithful, true-sighted friends may reveal,
But when a god appears, to heaven and earth and sea
All-renewing clarity comes

Once too we were glad,
At the morning hour, when the workshop was still,
On a holiday; in the silence the flowers
Were lovelier too perhaps and brightly the living sources
welled up.
Distantly the community's gruesome song resounded
Where, like holy wine, the more secret responses
Aged, but more mighty once,
Grown in summer out of God's thunderstorms,
Yet stilled my griefs
And my doubts; but never I knew how it was with me,
For why already, when I had just been born,
Did you spread a night over my eyes,
So that I could not see the earth and painfully
Only could ever inhale you, breezes of heaven.

NOTE The last three lines of this poem and the eleventh line of the eighth strophe have been corrected in the light of Friedrich Beissner's reading, cf Works (Beissner), Vol II/1, pp 130-137 The text given here must be regarded as a reconstruction, for it consists of material taken from three distinct versions by Holderlin, but as none of these versions of the poem is complete, coherent or wholly intelligible, such a reconstruction can still be justified

Zuvorbestimmt wars Und es lächelt Gott
Wenn unaufhaltsam aber von seinen Bergen gehemmt
Ihm zürnend in den ehernen Ufern brausen die Ströme,
Tief wo kein Tag die begrabenen nennt.
Und o, dass immer, allerhaltender, du auch mich
So haltest und leichtentfliegende Seele mir sparest,
Drum hab ich heute das Fest, und abendlich in der Stille
Bluht rings der Geist und wär auch silbergrau mir die Loke,
Doch wurd ich rathen, dass wir sorgten, ihr Freunde,
Für Gastmahl und Gesang und Kränze genug und Töne,
Bei solcher Zeit unsterblichen Junglingen gleich.

Und manchen mocht' ich laden, aber o du,
Der freundlichernst den Menschen zugethan
Dort unter syrischer Palme
Wo nahe lag die Stadt am Brunnen gerne weilt',
Das Kornfeld rauschte rings still athmete die Kühlung
Vom Dunkel des geweiheten Gebirgs,
Und die lieben Freunde, das treue Gewölk,
Umschatteten dich auch, damit der reine, kühne,
Durch Wildniss mild der Stral von oben kam zu Menschen.
Ach! aber dunkler umschattete, mitten im Wort dich
Furchtbarentscheidend ein todtlich Verhängniss. So ist schnell
Verganglich alles Himmlische; aber umsonst nicht.

Denn schonend rührt, des Maases allzeit kundig,
Nur einen Augenblik die Wohnungen der Menschen
Ein Gott an, unversehn, und keiner weiss es, wer?
Und druber hin darf alles Freche gehn,
Und kommen muss zum heilgem Ort das Wilde
Von Enden fern, und blind betastend übt den Wahn
Am Göttlichen und trift daran ein Schiksaal. Aber
Dank folgt niemals auf dem Fusse solchem Geschenke.

Pre-ordained it was. And God smiles
When, irresistible, but impeded by His mountains,
In their brazen banks the rivers roar their fury at Him,
Deep down where no day calls the buried by name.
And O, that always, Upholder of All, thus you should
Hold me too and spare my easily fleeing soul,
Today I celebrate and in the evening stillness
Round about me the spirit blossoms; and even if my hair
Were silver-grey, yet, friends, I'd advise that we prepare the feast,
See to song and garlands enough and music
At such a time like immortal youths.

And there are many I would invite, but you,
Who benignly grave, well-disposed towards men,
Loved to linger there
Under the Syrian palm-tree,
Where the town was near, at the well,
Round about the cornfield rustled, calmly coolness breathed
From the dark of the hallowed mountains,
And the dear friends, the faithful clouds,
Cast their shadows about you too, so that the pure, the bold,
The beam through the wilderness gently should come to men from above.
But more darkly, alas, while you spoke, decisive and terrible,
A deadly doom cast its shadow about you. Such,
Only briefly enduring, is all that is heavenly, but not in vain.

For sparing, at all times sure of the measure,
For a moment only a god
Touches the houses of men,
Unforeseen, and no one knows it, who?
And on it all manner of insolence may tread
And to the holy place the savage must come,
Ignorant of ends, and blindly feeling it, proves
His delusion upon the divine and thereby strikes a fate.
But never at once does gratitude follow such gifts.

Zu schwer ist jenes zu fassen,
Denn wäre, der es giebt, nicht sparsam,
Längst wäre vom Seegen des Heerds
Uns Dach und Boden entzündet.

Des Göttlichen aber empfiengen wir
Doch viel. Es ward die Flamm uns
In die Hände gegeben und Boden und Meersfluth
Denn menschlicherweise, nimmermehr
Sind jene mit uns, die fremden Kräfte, vertraut,
Und es lehret das Gestirn dich, das
Vor Augen dir ist, und nimmer kannst du ihm gleichen,
Dem Allebendigem, aber von dem
Viel Freuden sind und Gesänge.
Ist einer sein Sohn, ein Ruhigmächtiger ist er,
Denn nun erkennen wir ihn
Jezt, da wir kennen den Vater.

Und Feiertage zu halten
Der Hohe sich der Geist
Froh zu den Menschen geneigt hat.
Und andere sind noch bei ihm,
Und der Vater thront nimmer oben allein.
Viel hat erfahren der Mensch,
Der Himmlischen viele genannt,
Seit ein Gespräch wir sind
Und hören können voneinander.
Die Geseze aber, die unter den Liebenden gelten,
Die schönausgleichenden, sie sind dann allgeltend
Von der Erde bis hoch in den Himmel.

This is too hard to grasp,
For were not the giver sparing,
Long since the hearth's abundance
Would have set fire to ceiling and floor.

But of the divine we received
Much nonetheless. The flame was put in our hands,
And the soil and the ocean floods.
For humanly now, never again
These, the unknown powers, are familiar with us,
And you are taught by the stars which
Are in front of your eyes; never can you resemble
Him, the All-Living, though to His providence
Many joys and solemn songs bear witness.
There is one, His son, he is calmly powerful,
For him we now recognise,
Now that we know the Father.

And to keep the feast-days
The Exalted, the spirit,
Gladly to men has descended
And others also are with him,
And never alone the Father sits enthroned above.
There is much that men have learned,
Called many of the heavenly by name
Since we have been a discourse
And one can hear from another.
But the laws that hold good among lovers,
Love's gently levelling laws, then hold good universally,
From the earth to high up in heaven.

Denn versiecht fast, all in Opferhainen
War ausgeathmet das heilige Feuer,
Da schikte schnellentzündend der Vater
Das liebendste, was er hatte, herab
Damit entbrennend.
Und wenn fortzehrend von Geschlecht zu Geschlecht,
Die Menschen wären des Seegens zu voll,
Dass jeder sich genügt und übermüthig vergässe des Himmels,
Dann, sprach er, soll ein neues beginnen;
Und siehe! was du verschwiegest,
Der Zeiten Vollendung hat es gebracht.
Wohl wusstest du es, aber nicht zu leben, zu sterben warst du gesandt,
Und immer grosser, denn sein Feld, wie der Götter Gott
Er selbst, muss einer der anderen auch seyn.

Wenn aber die Stunde schlagt,
Wie der Meister tritt er, aus der Werkstatt,
Und ander Gewand nicht, denn
Ein festliches ziehet er an
Zum Zeichen, dass noch anderes auch
Im Werk ihm ubrig gewesen.
Geringer und grosser erscheint er.
Und so auch du
Und gonnest uns, den Sohnen der liebenden Erde,
Dass wir, so viel herangewachsen
Der Feste sind, sie alle feiern und nicht
Die Gotter zahlen, Einer ist immer für alle.
Mir gleich dem Sonnenlichte! gottlicher sei
Am Abend deiner Tage gegrüsset.
Und mögen bleiben wir nun.

For almost languished away, in the sacrificial groves
All the sacred fire had breathed its last,
When, swiftly kindling, the Father
Sent down the most loving He had,
Blazing up therewith:
And if, still consuming from generation to generation,
Men were too full of blessings,
So that each were self-sufficient and, drunken with pride,
Forgot heaven, then, he said, a new one shall begin;
And see! what you left unspoken,
Time's consummation has brought it to pass.
Well you knew it, but not to live, to die you were sent
And ever larger than his field, like the God of gods
Himself, one of the others must be.

But when the hour strikes,
Like the master craftsman he steps
Out of the workshop and wears
None but a festive garment,
As a sign that another thing too
Remained for him in his work.
Lesser and greater he seems.
And likewise you
And you grant us, the sons of the loving earth,
That still, however many the feast-days
Which have grown into usage, we shall
Observe them all and not count the gods, One always stands for all.
To me like the sunlight! divine one let
Me greet you at the evening of your days.[1]
And may we now remain.

[1] Holderlin's third version of this poem contains the isolated line

Denn siehe es ist der Abend der Zeit.
(For behold! it is the evening of time).

Die Wanderung

Glükseelig Suevien, meine Mutter,
Auch du, der glänzenderen, der Schwester
Lombarda drüben gleich,
Von hundert Bächen durchflossen!
Und Bäume genug, weissblühend und röthlich,
Und dunklern, wild, tiefgrünenden Laubs voll,
Und das Alpengebirg der Schweiz auch überschattet,
Benachbartes dich; denn nahe dem Heerde des Hausses
Wohnst du, und hörst, wie drinnen
Aus silbernen Opferschaalen
Der Quell rauscht, ausgeschüttet
Von reinen Händen, wenn berührt

Von warmen Stralen
Krystallenes Eis und umgestürzt
Vom leichtanregenden Lichte
Der schneeige Gipfel übergiesst die Erde
Mit reinestem Wasser. Darum ist
Dir angeboren die Treue. Schwer verlässt,
Was nahe dem Ursprung wohnet, den Ort.
Und deine Kinder, die Städte,
Am weithindämmernden See,
An Nekars Weiden, am Rheine,
Sie alle meinen, es wäre
Sonst nirgend besser zu wohnen.

Ich aber will dem Kaukasos zu!
Denn sagen hört ich
Noch heut in den Lüften:
Frei sei'n, wie Schwalben, die Dichter.
Auch hat mir ohnediss
In jüngeren Tagen Eines vertraut,
Es seien vor alter Zeit

The Journey

Most happy Swabia, my mother,
Like the more shining,
Your sister Lombarda beyond,
Veined with a hundred brooks!
And trees enough, white-flowering and reddish,
And full of darker, wild, deeply verdant foliage,
And the Alps of Switzerland, too,
Overshadow your neighbouring lands;
For near to the hearth of the house
You dwell, and hear how within
From silver vessels of sacrifice
The murmuring source wells up,
Spilt by pure hands, when touched

By the warm rays
Of crystalline ice and reversed
By gently quickening light
The snowy summit drenches the earth
With purest water. Therefore
Faithfulness marks you, innate. For that which dwells
Near to its origin hardly will leave the place.
And your children, the towns,
By the distantly glimmering lake,
By the Neckar's willows and by the Rhine,
All these believe that nowhere
Is there a better site to be found.

But I will make for the Caucasus!
For even today
I heard it said in the breezes:
That poets are free as swallows.
And, besides when I was younger
Someone confided to me
How in ancient times
Our parents, the German people,

Die Eltern einst, das deutsche Geschlecht,
Still fortgezogen von Wellen der Donau,
Dort mit der Sonne Kindern
An strengstem Tage, staunenden Geistes, da diese
Sich Schatten suchten zusammen
Am schwarzen Meere gekommen;
Und nicht umsonst sei diss
Das gastfreundliche genennet.

Denn, als sie erst sich angesehen,
Da nahten die Andern zuerst; dann sazten auch
Die Unseren sich neugierig unter den Ölbaum.
Doch, als nun sich ihre Gewande
Berührt, und keiner vernehmen konnte
Die eigene Rede des andern, wäre wohl
Entstanden ein Zwist, wenn nicht aus Zweigen herunter
Gekommen wäre die Kühlung,
Die Lächeln über das Angesicht
Der Streitenden öfters bereitet, und eine Weile
Sahn still sie auf, dann reichten sie sich
Die Hände liebend einander. Und bald

Vertauschten sie Waffen und all
Die lieben Güter des Hausses,
Vertauschten das Wort auch. Und es wünschten
Die freundlichen Väter umsonst nichts
Beim Hochzeitjubel den Kindern.
Denn aus den heiligvermählten
Wuchs schöner, denn Alles,
Was vor und nach
Von Menschen sich nannt', ein Geschlecht auf. Wo,
Wo aber wohnt ihr, liebe Verwandten,
Dass wir das Bündniss wiederbegehn,
Und der theuern Ahnen gedenken?

From the Danube's waves silently had set out,
And on a sweltering day, their minds amazed,
By the Black Sea had met
With the sun's own children, when
These were looking for shade:
And not vainly this sea
Was called the hospitable.

For when at first they looked at one another
It was the Others who first approached; and then
Our people, too, inquisitive, sat down
Under the olive tree. But when now
Their garments had touched and neither could understand
The other's peculiar speech, a quarrel
Might well have arisen, had not coolness
Come down from the boughs,
Coolness which often evokes
A smile on the faces of striving men; and now for a while
Silently they looked up, then one to the other
Lovingly offered their hands. And soon

They bartered weapons and all
The precious goods of the house,
Bartered the word as well. And not vainly
Did the benevolent fathers wish
Their children any good fortune at the nuptial feast.
For from the sacredly wed,
Lovelier than all who before and after
Called themselves humanly born,
A people grew. But where,
Oh where do you dwell, dear relatives,
That we may make the pact once more
And remember our dear forefathers?

Dort an den Ufern, unter den Bäumen
Ionias, in Ebenen des Kaysters, an den Grotten der See,
Wo Kraniche, des Äthers froh,
Umschlossen sind von fernhindämmernden Bergen,
Dort wart auch ihr, ihr Schönsten! oder pflegtet
Der Inseln, die mit Wein bekränzt
Voll tönten von Gesang; noch andere wohnten
Am Tayget, am vielgepriesnen Himettos,
Und diese blühten zulezt; doch von
Parnassos Quell bis zu des Tmolos
Goldglänzenden Bächen erklang
Ein ewig Lied; so rauschten damals
Die heiligen Wälder und all
Die Saitenspiele zusamt
Von himmlischer Milde gerühret.

O Land des Homer!
Am purpurnen Kirschbaum, oder wenn
Von dir gesandt, im Weinberg mir
Die jungen Pfirsiche grünen,
Und die Schwalbe fernher kommt und vieleserzählend
An meinen Wänden ihr Haus baut, in
Den Tagen des Mais, auch unter den Sternen
Gedenk ich, o Ionia, dein! Doch Menschen
Ist Gegenwärtiges lieb. Drum bin ich
Gekommen euch, ihr Inseln, zu sehn, und euch,
Ihr Mündungen der Ströme, o ihr Hallen der Thetis,
Ihr Wälder, euch, und euch, ihr Wolken des Ida!

Doch nicht zu bleiben gedenk ich.
Unbiegsam ist, und schwer zu gewinnen,
Die Verschlossene, der ich entkommen, die Mutter.
Von ihren Söhnen einer, der Rhein,
Mit Gewalt wollt er ans Herz ihr stürzen und schwand
Der Zurükgestossene, niemand weiss, wohin, in die Ferne.
Doch so nicht wünscht' ich gegangen zu seyn
Von ihr und nur, euch einzuladen
Bin ich zu euch, ihr Gratien Griechenlands,
Ihr Himmelstochter, gegangen,
Dass, wenn die Reise zu fern nicht ist,
Zu uns ihr kommet, ihr Holden!

There on the shores, under the trees
Of Ionia, on the Cayster's plains, by the grottoes of the sea
Where cranes, made glad by the aether,
Are surrounded by mountains glimmering far beyond,
There you, too, were once, you, the most lovely of all!
Or haunted the islands which, wreathed with vines,
Resounded, full of song; yet others lived
By Taygetus, by lavishly praised Hymettus,
And these were the last to flower; yet from
The spring of Parnassus down
To the brooks of Tmolus gleaming with gold
An eternal song rang out: thus, in those times,
Did the holy forests rustle and all
The harps and lyres together
Stirred by the mercy of Heaven.

O land of Homer!
By the purple cherry-tree, or when
Despatched by you, in the vineyard I see
The young peaches grow green
And the swallow comes from afar and, telling many a tale,
Builds its house on my walls,
In May-time, also under the stars,
Ionia, I think of you! But to men
What is present is dear. And therefore
I have come, you islands, to see you,
And you, mouths of the rivers, O halls of Thetis,
You forests also, and you, O clouds over Ida!

Yet not to stay is my purpose.
Inflexible and not easily won
Is the taciturn, whom I fled from, my mother.
One of her sons, the Rhine,
By force he wished to rush to her heart and disappeared,
The rejected, no one knows where, in the distance.
But not thus would I wish to have gone from her
And only to invite you here
Did I call upon you, Graces of Greece,
You daughters of Heaven,
So that, if the journey is not too long,
You may come to us, most dear ones!

Wenn milder athmen die Lufte,
Und liebende Pfeile der Morgen
Und Allzugedultigen schikt,
Und leichte Gewolke bluhn
Uns uber den schuchternen Augen,
Dann werden wir sagen, wie kommt
Ihr Charitinnen zu Wilden?
Die Dienerinnen des Himmels
Sind aber wunderbar,
Wie alles Gottlichgeborne
Zum Traume wirds ihm, will es Einer
Beschleichen und straft den, der
Ihm gleichen will mit Gewalt.
Oft uberrascht es den,
Der eben kaum es gedacht hat.

When more mildly the soft winds breathe,
And loving arrows the morning
Sends to the all too patient, to us,
And downy cloud-clusters bloom
Above our diffident eyes,
Then we shall say, how did
You Charites come to the savages here?
But the serving maids of Heaven
Are miraculous,
Like all that's of heavenly birth.
He who would grasp it by stealth
Holds a dream in his hand, and him who attempts
To grow like it by force, it punishes.
Yet often it takes by surprise
Him who has hardly begun to give it a thought.

Germanien

Nicht sie, die Seeligen, die erschienen sind,
Die Gotterbilder in dem alten Lande,
Sie darf ich ja nicht rufen mehr, wenn aber
Ihr heimatlichen Wasser! jezt mit euch
Des Herzens Liebe klagt, was will es anders
Das Heiligtrauernde? Denn voll Erwartung liegt
Das Land und als in heissen Tagen
Herabgesenkt, umschattet heut,
Ihr Sehnenden! uns ahnungsvoll ein Himmel.
Voll ist er von Verheissungen und scheint
Mir drohend auch, doch will ich bei ihm bleiben,
Und rükwärts soll die Seele mir nicht fliehn
Zu euch, Vergangene! die zu lieb mir sind.
Denn euer schones Angesicht zu sehn,
Als wärs, wie sonst, ich fürcht' es, todtlich ists
Und kaum erlaubt, Gestorbene zu weken.

Entflohene Gotter! auch ihr, ihr gegenwärtigen, damals
Wahrhaftiger, ihr hattet eure Zeiten!
Nichts laugnen will ich hier und nichts erbitten
Denn wenn es aus ist, und der Tag erloschen,
Wohl triffts den Priester erst, doch liebend folgt
Der Tempel und das Bild ihm auch und seine Sitte
Zum dunklen Land und keines mag noch scheinen.
Nur als von Grabesflammen, ziehet dann,
Ein goldner Rauch, die Sage drob hinüber,
Und dammert jezt uns Zweifelnden um das Haupt,
Und keiner weiss, wie ihm geschieht. Er fühlt
Die Schatten derer, so gewesen sind,
Die Alten, so die Erde neu besuchen.
Denn die da kommen sollen, drangen uns,
Und länger säumt von Gottermenschen
Die heilige Schaar nicht mehr im blauen Himmel.

Not them, the blessèd, who once appeared,
The images of gods in the ancient land,
These, it is true, I may call no more, but if,
You waters of home, now with you
The love of my heart laments, what else does it desire,
The sacredly sorrowing? For full of expectation
Lies the land while, as if lowered
In sultry days, you yearning ones, today a heaven,
Foreboding, casts its shadow about you.
Full it is of promises and seems
To me threatening too, yet I will stay with it,
And backwards my soul shall not flee
To you, the perished, the past whom I love too much.
For to look upon your lovely countenance,
As if it were as before, I am afraid,
Deadly it is and hardly permitted to wake the dead.

Gods who are fled! you also, you present ones,
More true at that time, you have had your day!
Nothing here I'll deny and ask for nothing.
For when it's over and the day extinguished,
True, the priest is the first to be struck, but lovingly
The temple follows him, the image too and its rite
To the shadowy land and none of them now may shine
Only as from a funeral pyre henceforth a golden smoke,
The legend of it slowly passes on
And now about the heads of us doubting ones it dusks,
And no one knows what is happening to him. He feels
The shades of those who were and are no more,
The ancients newly visiting the earth.
For those who are to come exhort and jostle us,
And no longer now the holy host
Of human gods, god-men will tarry in azure Heaven.

Schon grünet ja, im Vorspiel rauherer Zeit
Für sie erzogen das Feld, bereitet ist die Gaabe
Zum Opfermahl und Thal und Ströme sind
Weit offen um prophetische Berge,
Dass schauen mag bis in den Orient
Der Mann und ihn von dort der Wandlungen viele bewegen.
Vom Äther aber fällt
Das treue Bild und Göttersprüche reegnen
Unzählbare von ihm, und es tönt im innersten Haine.
Und der Adler, der vom Indus kömmt
Und über des Parnassos
Beschneite Gipfel fliegt, hoch über den Opferhügeln
Italias, und frohe Beute sucht

Dem Vater, nicht wie sonst, auf beiden Seiten
Den Fittig spannend, mit gespaltenem Rüken, jauchzend über
schwingt er
Die Alpen zulezt und sieht die vielgearteten Länder.
Die Priesterin, die stillste Tochter Gottes
Sie, die zu gern in tiefer Einfalt schweigt,
Sie suchet er, die offnen Auges schaute,
Als wüsste sie es nicht, jüngst da ein Sturm
Todtdrohend über ihrem Haupt ertönte;
Es ahnete das Kind ein Besseres,
Und endlich ward ein Staunen weit im Himmel,
Weil Eines gross an Glauben, wie sie selbst,
Die seegnende, die Macht der Höhe sei,
Drum sandten sie den Boten, der, sie schnell erkennend,
Denkt lächelnd so: Dich, unzerbrechliche, muss
Ein ander Wort erprüfen und ruft es laut,
Der Jugendliche, nach Germania schauend:
'Du bist es, auserwählt
Allliebend und ein schweres Glük
Bist du zu tragen stark geworden

Already, as you see, reared in the prelude
Of a ruder time for them, the field grows geen,
The offering is prepared for sacrifice and vale and rivers are
Wide open around prophetic mountains,
So that a man may gaze far as the Orient
And thence be moved by many transformations.
But from the aether falls
The faithful image and the words of gods rain down,
Innumerable, and the innermost groves resound.
The eagle also which from Indus comes
And high above Parnassus'
Snow-covered summits flies, over the sacrificial hills
Of Italy, and for the Father seeks

Glad prey, but not, as customary, spreading
His wing-span on both sides—his back divided, crying for joy,
he swoops
Over the Alps in the end and sees the various nations.
The priestess, her, the quietest daughter of God,
Who all too gladly keeps silent in deep ingenuousness,
Her now he seeks, who open-eyed looked up,
As if she did not know it, lately when a tempest,
Threatening death, resounded over her head,
Better things the child divined
And far and wide at last amazement grew in Heaven,
Because One Being was as great in faith
As is the blessing power of the heights itself,
Therefore they sent the messenger who, quick to recognise her,
Smilingly thus reflects: you, the unbreakable,
A different word must try and loudly now calls out,
The youthful one, towards Germania gazing.
'Yes, it is you, elected
All-loving and to bear
A hard, a heavy fortune you have now grown strong

Seit damals, da im Walde verstekt und blühendem Mohn
Voll süssen Schlummers, trunkene, meiner du
Nicht achtetest, lang, ehe noch auch Geringere fühlten
Der Jungfrau Stolz, und staunten, wess du warst und woher,
Doch du es selbst nicht wusstest. Ich miskannte dich nicht,
Und heimlich da du träumtest, liess ich
Am Mittag scheidend dir ein Freundeszeichen,
Die Blume des Mundes zurük und du redetest einsam.
Doch Fülle der goldenen Worte sandtest du auch
Glükseelige! mit den Strömen und sie quillen unerschöpflich
In die Gegenden all. Denn fast, wie der heiligen,
Die Mutter ist von allem und den Abgrund trägt,
Die Verborgene sonst genannt von Menschen,
So ist von Lieben und Leiden
Und voll von Ahnungen dir
Und voll von Frieden der Busen

O trinke Morgenlüfte,
Biss dass du offen bist,
Und nenne, was vor Augen dir ist,
Nicht länger darf Geheimniss mehr
Das Ungesprochene bleiben,
Nachdem es lange verhüllt ist,
Den Sterblichen gebühret die Schaam,
Und so zu reden die meiste Zeit
Ist weise auch vor Göttern.
Wo aber überflüssiger, denn lautere Quellen
Das Gold und Er[n]st ist worden der Zorn an dem Himmel,
Muss zwischen Tag und Nacht
Einsmals ein Wahres erscheinen.
Dreifach umschreibe du es,
Doch ungesprochen auch, wie es da ist,
Unschuldige, muss es bleiben.

Since at that time, when in the forest hidden
And in the flowering poppies full of cloying slumber,
O drunken one, you did not heed me, long, before
Lesser ones even felt the virgin's pride, and wondered whose you
are and whence,
Yet you yourself did not know. But I did not misjudge you
And secretly, while you dreamed, at noon,
Departing I left a token of friendship,
The flower of the mouth, behind and you spoke in solitude.
Yet fulness of golden words, most blissful one, too,
You despatched with the rivers and inexhaustible they well
Into every region. For almost as with the holy
Who is the mother of all and bears the abyss,
Otherwise called the Concealed by mortals,
Full of suffering and love
And of presentiments
And full of peace is your bosom.

O drink the morning breezes
Until you are opened up,
And name what you see in front of your eyes,
No longer now the unspoken
Can remain a mystery,
After long being veiled;
Shame is fitting for mortals,
And most of the time to speak thus
Is wise even in eyes of the gods.
But where more superfluous even than limpid sources
Gold has become and the anger in heaven most earnest,
For once between day and night
A truth at last must appear.
Threefold let it be circumscribed,
Yet unspoken, too, as it is,
Candid one, let it remain.

O nenne Tochter der heiligen Erd'!
Einmal die Mutter. Es rauschen die Wasser am Fels
Und Wetter im Wald und bei dem Nahmen derselben
Tönt auf aus alter Zeit Vergangengöttliches wieder.
Wie anders ists! und rechthin glänzt und spricht
Zukünftiges auch erfreulich aus den Fernen.
Doch in der Mitte der Zeit
Lebt ruhig mit geweihter
Jungfraulicher Erde der Äther
Und gerne, zur Erinnerung, sind
Die unbedurftigen sie
Gastfreundlich bei den unbedürftigen
Bei deinen Feiertagen
Germania, wo du Priesterin bist
Und wehrlos Rath giebst rings
Den Königen und den Völkern."

Der Rhein

(An Isaak Sinclair)

Im dunkeln Epheu sass ich, an der Pforte
Des Waldes, eben, da der goldene Mittag,
Den Quell besuchend, herunterkam
Von Treppen des Alpengebirgs,
Das mir die göttlichgebaute,
Die Burg der Himmlischen heisst
Nach alter Meinung, wo aber
Geheim noch manches entschieden
Zu Menschen gelanget; so
Vernahm ich ohne Vermuthen
Ein Schiksaal, denn noch kaum
War mir im warmen Schatten
Sich manches beredend, die Seele
Italia zu geschweift
Und fernhin an die Küsten Moreas.

Now for once, O daughter of holy Earth!
Call your mother by name. The waters roar by the rock
And thunderstorms roar in the woods and at their names,
Rising from ancient times, the divinely dead rings out once more.
How different it is! and to the right, delighting,
In the distance the future also glistens and speaks.
Yet in the middle of time
Calmly with sanctified
Virginal Earth does Æther live
And gladly in commemoration
The never-needy conjoin
Hospitably with them, the never-needy,
With your holidays,
Germania, where you are priestess
And, undefended, dispense
Advice to the kings and the peoples'.

The Rhine

(To Isaac Sinclair)

I sat among dark ivy, at the forest's gate,
Just as the golden noon,
To visit the source, descended
From stairs of the alpine heights,
Which by me are named the divinely-built,
The stronghold of the heavenly,
Following old opinion, but where
Determined in secret something
Still reaches men; and thus
Without surmise I heard
A destiny, for at that time,
Debating diverse things within itself
In the warm shadows,
Scarcely my soul had strayed
Towards Italy and far to Morea's shores.

Jezt aber, drinn im Gebirg,
Tief unter den silbernen Gipfeln,
Und unter fröhlichem Grün,
Wo die Wälder schauernd zu ihm
Und der Felsen Häupter übereinander
Hinabschaun, taglang, dort
Im kältesten Abgrund hört'
Ich um Erlösung jammern
Den Jüngling, es hörten ihn, wie er tobt',
Und die Mutter Erd' anklagt'
Und den Donnerer, der ihn gezeuget,
Erbarmend die Eltern, doch
Die Sterblichen flohn von dem Ort,
Denn furchtbar war, da lichtlos er
In den Fesseln sich wälzte,
Das Rasen des Halbgotts

Die Stimme wars des edelsten der Ströme,
Des freigeborenen Rheins,
Und anderes hoffte der, als droben von den Brüdern,
Dem Tessin und dem Rhodanus
Er schied und wandern wollt', und ungeduldig *ihn*
Nach Asia trieb die königliche Seele.
Doch unverständig ist
Das Wünschen vor dem Schiksaal.
Die Blindesten aber
Sind Göttersöhne. Denn es kennet der Mensch
Sein Haus und dem Thier ward, wo
Es bauen solle, doch jenen ist
Der Fehl, dass sie nicht wissen wohin
In die unerfahrne Seele gegeben.

Ein Räthsel ist Reinentsprungenes. Auch
Der Gesang kaum darf es enthüllen. Denn
Wie du anfiengst, wirst du bleiben,
So viel auch wirket die Noth
Und die Zucht, das meiste nemlich
Vermag die Geburt,

But now, amidst mountains,
Deep down below the silvery summits,
And below cheerful greenness,
Where shuddering the forests
And the heads of rocks overlapping
Look down at him, day after day
There in the coldest abyss
I heard the youth imploring, wailing for release;
Pitifully, as he raged,
And accused Mother Earth
And the Thunderer, who begot him,
His parents heard him, but
Mortals fled from the place,
For, as he writhed without light
In his fetters, terrible
Was the demi-god's raving.

It was the voice of the noblest
Of rivers, of free-born Rhine,
And his hopes were different, as above
From his brothers Ticino and Rhodanus
He parted and wished to wander, and his kingly soul
Impatiently drove towards Asia.
But in the face of Fate
Wishing is foolish.
Sons of gods, however,
Are the blindest of all. For man knows
His house and the animal where
It must build, but to the inexperienced
Souls of these the fault
That they know not whither is given.

An enigma are things of pure source. Even
The song may hardly reveal them For
As you began, so you will remain,
Whatever need and breeding may do,
For birth can do most,
And the ray of light

Und der Lichtstral, der
Dem Neugebornen begegnet.
Wo aber ist einer,
Um frei zu bleiben
Sein Leben lang, und des Herzens Wunsch
Allein zu erfullen, so
Aus günstigen Hohn, wie der Rhein,
Und so aus heiligen Schoose
Gluklich geboren, wie jener?

Drum ist ein Jauchzen sein Wort.
Nicht liebt er, wie andere Kinder,
In Wikelbanden zu weinen;
Denn wo die Ufer zuerst
An die Seite ihm schleichen, die krummen,
Und durstig umwindend ihn,
Den Unbedachten, zu ziehn
Und wohl zu behuten begehren
Im eigenen Zahne, lachend
Zerreisst er die Schlangen und stürzt
Mit der Beut und wenn in der Eil'
Ein grosserer ihn nicht zahmt,
Ihn wachsen lasst, wie der Bliz, muss er
Die Erde spalten, und wie Bezauberte fliehn
Die Walder ihm nach und zusammensinkend die Berge

Ein Gott will aber sparen den Sohnen
Das eilende Leben und lächelt,
Wenn unenthaltsam, aber gehemmt
Von heiligen Alpen, ihm
In der Tiefe, wie jener, zürnen die Strome.
In solcher Esse wird dann
Auch alles Lautre geschmiedet,
Und schon ists, wie er drauf,
Nachdem er die Berge verlassen,
Stillwandelnd sich im deutschen Lande
Begenüget und das Sehnen stillt
Im guten Geschaffte, wenn er das Land baut
Der Vater Rhein und liebe Kinder nahrt
In Stadten, die er gegrundet

Which meets the newly born infant.
But where is the man
Who will remain free
His whole life long,
And alone fulfil
The heart's wish, thus
From propitious heights, like the Rhine.
And thus happily born
Of a holy womb, like him ?

Therefore his word is rejoicing,
Nor, like other children, does he love
To weep in swaddling-bands;
For where the banks at first
Slink to his side, the crooked,
And thirstily entwining
The thoughtless one, desire
To draw him on and carefully
Keep him clamped in their teeth,
Laughing he tears up the snakes and rushes
Away with his booty, and if
A greater one does not hurriedly tame him,
But allows him to grow, like lightning, he
Must split the earth, and spell-bound
The forests after him flee and collapsing the mountains.

But a god would spare his sons
Hastening life, and smiles
When incontinent, but hampered
By holy Alps, the rivers,
Like this one, rage at him in the deep.
Then, in a hearth of this kind
All that is pure is forged,
And it is beautiful how, henceforth
After leaving the mountains,
Calmly advancing he is content
With German lands and quiets the yearning
With prosperou[illegible]our, when he cultivates land,
Now Father [illegible] d nourishes loving children
In cities w[illegible] ounded.

Doch nimmer, nimmer vergisst ers.
Denn eher muss die Wohnung vergehn,
Und die Sazung, und zum Unbild werden
Der Tag der Menschen, ehe vergessen
Ein solcher durfte den Ursprung
Und die reine Stimme der Jugend.
Wer war es, der zuerst
Die Liebesbande verderbt
Und Strike von ihnen gemacht hat?
Dann haben des eigenen Rechts
Und gewiss des himmlischen Feuers
Gespottet die Trozigen, dann erst
Die sterblichen Pfade verachtend
Verwegnes erwählt
Und den Göttern gleich zu werden getrachtet.

Es haben aber an eigner
Unsterblichkeit die Götter genug und bedürfen
Die Himmlischen eines Dings,
So sinds Heroen und Menschen
Und Sterbliche sonst. Denn weil
Die Seeligsten nichts fühlen von selbst,
Muss wohl, wenn solches zu sagen
Erlaubt ist, in der Götter Nahmen
Teilnehmend fühlen ein Andrer,
Den brauchen sie, jedoch ihr Gericht
Ist, dass sein eigenes Haus
Zerbreche der und das Liebste
Wie den Feind schelt' und sich Vater und Kind
Begrabe unter den Trümmern,
Wenn einer, wie sie, seyn will und nicht
Ungleiches dulden, der Schwärmer.

Drum wohl ihm, welcher fand
Ein wohlbeschiedenes Schiksaal,
Wo noch der Wanderungen
Und süss der Leiden Erinnerung
Aufrauscht am sichern Gestade,
Dass da und dorthin gern

But he never, never forgets it.
For sooner the house must perish,
And the statutes, and the day of men
Become an insult, before such a one
Could forget his origin
And the pure voice of youth.
Who was it that first
Corrupted the bonds of love
And made ropes out of them?
Then the insolent ones
Mocked their own rights
And surely the heavenly fire, only then
Despising the mortal paths,
Chose foolhardy ways
And strove to become like gods.

But their own immortality
Suffices the gods, and if
The heavenly need one thing
It is heroes and men
And other mortals. For because
The most blessed feel nothing themselves,
Another, if to say such a thing
Is permitted, must, I suppose,
In the gods' name, sympathetically feel,
They need him; but their law is
That he break his own house and curse
As an enemy what he loves most and bury
His father and child in the ruins,
If someone would be like them and not
Endure distinctions, the dreamer.

Therefore happy he who has found
A well-allotted fate,
Where on secure banks
Still the memory of wanderings,
And of sufferings sweetly, rustles and rises,
So that gladly here and there

Er sehn mag bis an die Grenzen,
Die bei der Geburt ihm Gott
Zum Aufenthalte gezeichnet
Dann ruht er, seeligbescheiden,
Denn alles, was er gewollt,
Das Himmlische, von selber umfängt
Es unbezwungen, lächelnd
Jezt, da er ruhet, den Kühnen.

Halbgötter denk' ich jezt
Und kennen muss ich die Theuern,
Weil oft ihr Leben so
Die sehnende Brust mir beweget.
Wem aber, wie, Rousseau, dir,
Unüberwindlich die Seele,
Die starkausdauernde ward,
Und sicherer Sinn
Und süsse Gaabe zu hören,
Zu reden so, dass er aus heiliger Fülle
Wie der Weingott, thörig göttlich
Und gesezlos sie, die Sprache der Reinesten, giebt,
Verständlich den Guten, aber mit Recht
Die Achtungslosen mit Blindheit schlägt
Die entweihenden Knechte, wie nenn ich den Fremden?

Die Söhne der Erde sind, wie die Mutter,
Alliebend, so empfangen sie auch
Mühlos, die Glüklichen, Alles.
Drum überraschet es auch
Und schrökt den sterblichen Mann,
Wenn er den Himmel, den
Er mit den liebenden Armen
Sich auf die Schultern gehäufft,
Und die Last der Freude bedenket;

He may look as far as the bounds
Which at birth
God has drawn for his sojourn.
Then he rests, blissfully modest,
For all that he desired,
Heavenly things, of themselves surround
The brave one unforced,
Smiling now that he rests.

Of demi-gods now I think
And I must know the dear ones,
Because often their lives
Have so moved my longing heart
But that man whose soul,
Rousseau, like yours, was
Invincible, strongly enduring,
Who had reliable senses
And a sweet gift of hearing,
Of speaking, so that of his holy
Fulness like the wine-god he foolishly, divinely
And lawlessly gives it away, the language of the purest,
Comprehensible to the good, but rightly strikes
With blindness the inattentive,
The profaning slaves, what shall I call the stranger?

The sons of the Earth are, like the Mother,
All-loving, and so without effort,
Fortunate ones! receive all things.
Therefore too it surprises
And frightens the mortal man,
When he considers the heaven,
Which on to his shoulders
With loving arms he has heaped
And the burden of joy,

Dann scheint ihm oft das Beste
Fast ganz vergessen da,
Wo der Stral nicht brennt,
Im Schatten des Walds
Am Bielersee in frischer Grüne zu seyn,
Und sorglos arm an Tonen,
Anfangern gleich, bei Nachtigallen zu lernen.

Und herrlich ists, aus heiligem Schlafe dann
Erstehen und aus Waldes Kuhle
Erwachend, Abends nun
Dem milderen Licht entgegenzugehn,
Wenn, der die Berge gebaut
Und den Pfad der Strome gezeichnet,
Nachdem er lächelnd auch
Der Menschen geschafftiges Leben
Das othemarme, wie Seegel
Mit seinen Lüften gelenkt hat,
Auch ruht und zu der Schülerin jezt,
Der Bildner, gutes mehr
Denn boses findend,
Zur heutigen Erde der Tag sich neiget.

Dann feiern das Brautfest Menschen und Götter
Es feiern die Lebenden all,
Und ausgeglichen
Ist eine Weile das Schiksaal.
Und die Fluchtlinge suchen die Heerberg,
Und sussen Schlummer die Tapfern,
Die Liebenden aber
Sind, was sie waren; sie sind
Zu Hausse, wo die Blume sich freuet
Unschadlicher Gluth und die finsteren Bäume
Der Geist umsäuselt, aber die Unversohnten
Sind umgewandelt und eilen
Die Hande sich ehe zu reichen,
Bevor das freundliche Licht,
Hinuntergeht und die Nacht kommt.

Then often it seems to him best
Almost forgotten to be
Where the ray does not burn,
In the forest's shade,
By Lake Bienne among fresh verdure,
And carefree, poor in tones,
Like beginners, to learn from nightingales.

And it is splendid then to arise
From holy sleep and awakening
From the coolness of woods at nightfall,
To approach the milder light,
When he who built the mountains
And sketched the paths of the rivers,
Smiling has also steered
The busy life of men,
Till then becalmed,
Like sails, with his breezes,
When he also reposes and to his pupil now
The creator, finding
More good than evil,
The day bows down to the present earth.

Then gods and men rejoice at the bridal feast,
All the living rejoice,
And Fate for a while
Is levelled.
And the fugitives seek lodging,
And sweet slumber the brave,
But the lovers are
What they were before,
They are at home where the flower is glad
Of harmless ardour and the spirit
Sighs around gloomy trees, but the unreconciled
Are transformed and hasten
To proffer their hands,
Before the friendly light
Descends and night comes.

Doch einigen eilt
Diss schnell vorüber, andere
Behalten es länger.
Die ewigen Götter sind
Voll Lebens allzeit; bis in den Tod
Kann aber ein Mensch auch
Im Gedächtniss doch das Beste behalten,
Und dann erlebt er das Höchste.
Nur hat ein jeder sein Maas.
Denn schwer ist zu tragen
Das Ungluk, aber schwerer das Gluk.
Ein Weiser aber vermocht es
Vom Mittag bis in die Mitternacht
Und bis der Morgen erglanzte
Beim Gastmahl helle zu bleiben.

Dir mag auf heissem Pfade unter Tannen oder
Im Dunkel des Eichwalds gehüllt
In Stahl, mein Sinklair! Gott erscheinen oder
In Wolken, du kennst ihn, da du kennest, jugendlich,
Des Guten Kraft und nimmer ist dir
Verborgen das Lacheln des Herrschers
Bei Tage, wenn
Es fieberhaft und angekettet das
Lebendige scheinet oder auch
Bei Nacht, wenn alles gemischt
Ist ordnungslos und wiederkehrt
Uralte Verwirrung.

But for some
This quickly passes, others
Retain it longer.
The eternal gods at
All times are filled with life; yet until death
Even a man in his memory
Can keep what is best,
And then will experience the utmost.
Only each one has his measure.
For misfortune is hard to bear,
But good fortune harder.
But a wise man[1] was able
From noon until midnight
And till the morning shone forth
To remain lucid throughout the banquet.

To you on the hot path under fir-trees or
In the oak-forest's darkness, wrapped
In steel, dear Sinclair, God may appear
Or in clouds, you know Him, since youthfully you know,
The Good One's power and never to you
The smile of the Lord is hidden
In day-time, when
It seems fettered and febrile,
The living, or also
By night, when all is mixed
In disorder and ancient
Confusion returns.

[1] Socrates in Plato's *Symposium*

Der Einzige

Was ist es, das
An die alten seeligen Küsten
Mich fesselt, dass ich mehr noch
Sie liebe, als mein Vaterland?
Denn wie in himmlische
Gefangenschaft verkaufft
Dort bin ich, wo Apollo gieng
In Königsgestalt,
Und zu unschuldigen Jünglingen sich
Herablies Zeus und Söhn' in heiliger Art
Und Töchter zeugte
Der Hohe unter den Menschen?

Der hohen Gedanken
Sind nemlich viel
Entsprungen des Vaters Haupt
Und grosse Seelen
Von ihm zu Menschen gekommen.
Gehöret hab' ich
Von Elis und Olympia, bin
Gestanden, oben auf dem Parnass,
Und über Bergen des Isthmus,
Und drüben auch
Bei Smyrna und hinab
Bei Ephesos bin ich gegangen,

Viel hab' ich schönes gesehn
Und gesungen Gottes Bild
Hab' ich, das lebet unter
Den Menschen, aber dennoch
Ihr alten Götter und all
Ihr tapfern Söhne der Götter
Noch Einen such ich, den
Ich liebe unter euch,
Wo ihr den letzten eures Geschlechts,
Des Hausses Kleinod mir
Dem fremden Gaste verberget.

The Only One

What is it that
To the ancient blissful shores
Binds me, so that I love them
Still more than my fatherland?
For, as though into heavenly
Bondage sold,
There I am where Apollo went
In the shape of kings,
And to innocent youths
Zeus deigned to descend and begot
Son in a holy fashion and daughters,
The high one among mankind.

For from the father's head
Many high thoughts
Have sprung,
And from him
Great souls have come to men.
I have heard
Of Elis and Olympia, have
Stood high on Parnassus,
And above mountains of the Isthmus,
And over there also
By Smyrna and down
By Ephesus I have walked.

I have seen much
That is beautiful,
And have hymned the image of God
That lives among men. And yet,
O ancient gods, and all
You brave sons of the gods,
I seek yet another, whom
I love, among you,
Where you conceal to me,
To the foreign guest, the last
Of your race, the jewel of the house.

Mein Meister und Herr!
O du mein Lehrer!
Was bist du ferne
Geblieben? und da
Ich fragte unter den Alten,
Die Helden und
Die Götter, warum bliebest
Du aus? und jezt ist voll
Von Trauern meine Seele,
Als eifertet, ihr Himmlischen, selbst,
Dass, dien' ich einem, mir
Das andere fehlet.

Ich weiss es aber, eigene Schuld
Ists! Denn zu sehr
O Christus! hang' ich an dir,
Wiewohl Herakles' Bruder.
Und kühn bekenn' ich, du
Bist Bruder auch des Eviers, der
An den Wagen spannte
Die Tyger und hinab
Bis an den Indus
Gebietend freudigen Dienst
Den Weinberg stiftet und
Den Grimm bezähmte der Völker.

Es hindert aber eine Schaam
Mich dir zu vergleichen
Die weltlichen Männer. Und freilich weiss
Ich, der dich zeugte, dein Vater,
Derselbe der — — — — —
— — — — — —
— — — — — —
— — — — — —
— — — — — —
— — — — — —
— — — — — —
— — — — — —

My master and lord!
O you, my teacher!
Why have you been
Distant? and when
Among the ancients
I asked the heroes
And the gods, why did you
Remain apart?—And now
Full of sadness is my soul,
As though you heavenly yourselves
Cried out that if I serve one
I lack the other.

But, I know, the fault
Is my own. For too greatly
O Christ, I am attached to you,
Though to Heracles' brother.
And boldly I confess it, you
Are the brother also of Evius, who
To the chariot harnessed
The tigers and, down
As far as the Indus
Ordering joyful service,
Established the vineyard
And tamed the anger of peoples.

But a feeling of shame forbids me
To compare to you
The worldly men. And indeed
I know he that begot you, your father, is
The same who — — — — — — —
— — — — — —
— — — — — —
— — — — — —
— — — — — —
— — — — — —
— — — — — —
— — — — — —

Denn nimmer herrscht er allein.
[Und weiss nicht alles. Immer stehet irgend
Eins zwischen Menschen und ihm
Und Treppenweise steiget
Der Himmlische nieder.]
— — — — — —
— — — — — —
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Es hanget aber an Einem
Die Liebe. Diesesmal
Ist mir vom eigenen Herzen
Zu sehr gegangen der Gesang,
Gut will ich aber machen
Den Fehl, mit nachstem
Wenn ich noch andere singe.
Nie treff ich, wie ich wünsche,
Das Maas. Ein Gott weiss aber
Wenn kommet, was ich wünsche, das Beste.
Denn wie der Meister
Gewandelt auf Erden

Ein gefangener Aar,
Und viele, die
Ihn sahen, furchteten sich,
Dieweil sein Äusserstes that
Der Vater und sein Bestes unter
Den Menschen wirkete wirklich,
Und sehr betrübt war auch
Der Sohn so lange, bis er
Gen Himmel fuhr in den Lüften,
Dem gleich ist gefangen die Seele der Helden.
Die Dichter müssen auch
Die geistigen weltlich seyn

For never he reigns alone.
[Nor knows all things. One thing
Or another always stands between men and him.
And step by step
The heavenly one descends.]
— — — — — —
— — — — — —
— — — — — —
— — — — — —
— — — — — —
— — — — — —
— — — — — —

But to One alone
Love clings. This time
The song has sprung
Too much from my own heart,
But I will make good
The fault with the next,
If I sing others yet.
Never I keep to the bounds,
As I wish. But a god knows
When it comes, what I want, the best.
For as the master
Wandered on earth,

A captive eagle,—
And many who
Saw him were frightened,
While the father did his utmost
And among men
Truly wrought his best,—
And the son also
Was much distressed, until
Up towards heaven he rose in the breezes,—
So also the soul of the heroes is fettered.
The poets, the spiritual
Too, must be worldly.

Patmos

Dem Landgrafen von Homburg
(Zweite Fassung)

Nah ist
Und schwer zu fassen der Gott.
Wo aber Gefahr ist, wächst
Das Rettende auch.
Im Finstern wohnen
Die Adler und furchtlos gehn
Die Söhne der Alpen über den Abgrund weg
Auf leichtgebaueten Brüken.
Drum, da gehäuft sind rings
Die Gipfel der Zeit,
Und die Liebsten nahe wohnen, ermattend auf
Getrenntesten Bergen,
So gieb unschuldig Wasser,
O Fittige gieb uns, treuesten Sinns
Hinüberzugehn und wiederzukehren.

So sprach ich, da entführte
Mich schneller, denn ich vermuthet
Und weit, wohin ich nimmer
Zu kommen gedacht, ein Genius mich
Vom eigenen Hauss'. Es dämmerten
Im Zwielicht, da ich gieng,
Der schattige Wald
Und die sehnsüchtigen Bäche
Der Heimath; nimmer kannt' ich die Länder;
Doch bald, in frischem Glanze,
Geheimnissvoll,
Im goldenen Rauche blühte
Schnell aufgewachsen
Mit Schritten der Sonne
Mit tausend Gipfeln duftend

Patmos

For the Landgrave of Homburg
(Second Version)

Near is
The God, and hard to grasp.
But where there is danger,
The saving powers grow too.
In darkness dwell
The eagles, and fearless across
The abyss go the sons of the Alps
On lightly built bridges.
Therefore, since about are heaped
The summits of time,
And the most loved live near, wearying, on
Most separate mountains,
Then give innocent water,
O give us pinions, most faithfully
To cross over and to return.

Thus I spoke, when more swiftly
Than ever I had surmised, and far
As never I thought I should come,
A Genius bore me away
From my own house There dawned,
In twilight, as I went,
The shaded forest
And the yearning streams
Of home, I knew the lands no more;
But, freshly gleaming, soon
Mysteriously,
In golden vapours
Quickly grown up,
With strides of the sun,
Scented with many peaks,

Mir Asia auf, und geblendet sucht'
Ich eines, dass ich kennete, denn ungewohnt
War ich der breiten Gassen, wo herab
Vom Tmolus fahrt
Der goldgeschmükte Pactol
Und Taurus stehet und Messogis,
Und voll von Blumen der Garten,
Ein stilles Feuer. Aber im Lichte
Bluht hoch der silberne Schnee;
Und Zeug' unsterblichen Lebens
An unzugangbaren Wänden
Uralt der Epheu wächst und getragen sind
Von lebenden Säulen, Cedern und Lorbeern
Die feierlichen,
Die gottlichgebauten Pallaste.

Es rauschen aber um Asias Thore
Hinziehend da und dort
In ungewisser Meeresebene
Der schattenlosen Strassen genug.
Doch kennt die Inseln der Schiffer.
Und da ich hörte
Der nahegelegenen eine
Sei Patmos,
Verlangte mich sehr
Dort einzukehren und dort
Der dunkeln Grotte zu nahn.
Denn nicht, wie Cypros,
Die quellenreiche, oder
Der anderen eine
Wohnt herrlich Patmos;

Gastfreundlich aber ist
Im ärmeren Hausse
Sie dennoch,
Und wenn vom Schiffbruch oder klagend
Um die Heimath oder
Den abgeschiedenen Freund

Asia blossomed to me, and dazzled
I looked for something I knew, since unaccustomed
I was to the broad streets, where down
From Tmolus descends
The Pactolus adorned with gold,
And Taurus stands, and Messogis,
And full of flowers the garden,
A still fire. But in the light,
High flowers the silver snow,
And, proof of immortal life,
On inaccessible walls,
Ancient the ivy grows, and borne on
Living pillars, cedars and laurels,
The solemn,
The god-erected palaces.

But around Asia's gates
There murmur, stretching here and there
In the uncertain plain of the sea,
Sufficient shadowless streets,
Yet the boatman knows the islands.
And, when I heard
One of the nearest
Was Patmos,
I desired greatly
There to be lodged and there
To approach the dark grotto.
For not like Cyprus,
Rich in sources, or
One of the others,
Lives glorious Patmos.

Hospitable, nevertheless,
In the poorer house,
Yet is Patmos,
And when from shipwreck, or lamenting
For home or
The departed friend,

Ihr nahet einer
Der Fremden, hört sie es gern; und ihre Kinder,
Die Stimmen des heissen Hains,
Und wo der Sand fällt und sich spaltet
Des Feldes Fläche, die Laute
Sie hören ihn, und liebend tönt
Es wieder von den Klagen des Manns. So pflegte
Sie einst des gottgeliebten,
Des Sehers, der in seeliger Jugend war

Gegangen mit
Dem Sohne des Höchsten, unzertrennlich, denn
Es liebte der Gewittertragende die Einfalt
Des Jüngers und es sahe der achtsame Mann
Das Angesicht des Gottes genau,
Da, beim Geheimnisse des Weinstoks, sie
Zusammensassen, zu der Stunde des Gastmals
Und in der grossen Seele, ruhigahnend den Tod
Aussprach der Herr, und die lezte Liebe, denn nie genug
Hatt' er von Güte zu sagen
Der Worte, damals, und zu erheitern, da
Ers sahe, das Zürnen der Welt.
Denn alles ist gut. Drauf starb er Vieles wäre
Zu sagen davon. Und es sahn ihn, wie er siegend blikte
Den Freudigsten die Freunde noch zulezt.

Doch trauerten sie, da nun
Es Abend worden, erstaunt,
Denn Grossentschiedenes hatten in der Seele
Die Männer, aber sie liebten unter der Sonne
Das Leben und lassen wollten sie nicht
Vom Angesichte des Herrn
Und der Heimath. Eingetrieben war,
Wie Feuer im Eisen, das, und ihnen gieng
Zur Seite der Schatte des Lieben
Drum sandt' er ihnen
Den Geist, und freilich bebte
Das Haus und die Wetter Gottes rollten
Ferndonnernd über
Die ahnenden Häupter, da, schwersinnend,
Versammelt waren die Todeshelden,

A stranger
Approaches, gladly she hears; and her children,
The voices of the hot woods,
And where the sand falls and the field's level
Splits, the sounds
They hear him, and lovingly it re-echoes
With the man's lament. So once she tended
The beloved of God,
The seer, who in blissful youth had

Walked with
The son of the Highest, inseparable, for
The bearer of thunder loved the disciple's
Ingenuousness, and the attentive man
Saw the face of the God distinctly,
When by the mystery of the vine
They sat together at the banqueting hour,
And calmly foreknowing in his great soul, the Lord
Pronounced death, and the last love, for never he had
Enough words to say of goodness,
At that time, and to soothe,
When he saw it, the wrath of the world.
For all things are good. Thereupon he died. Much might
Be said of it. And to the very last the friends
Beheld him as he gazed triumphant, gladdest of them all.

Yet now they mourned,
Since it was evening, amazed,
For greatly decided things had entered the souls
Of these men, but they loved
This life beneath the sun and would not part
From the face of the Lord
And from their home. Deep-seated, driven in,
As fire in iron, was this, and at their side
Went the loved one's shadow.
Therefore he sent them
The Spirit, and the house
Trembled indeed and the storms of God
Rolled far-thundering over
The divining heads, when, heavily pensive,
Assembled were the heroes of death.

Izt, da er scheidend
Noch einmal ihnen erschien
Denn izt erlosch der Sonne Tag
Der Königliche und zerbrach
Den geradestralenden
Den Zepter, gottlichleidend, von selbst,
Denn wiederkommen sollt es
Zu rechter Zeit. Nicht wär es gut
Gewesen, später, und schroffabbrechend, untreu,
Der Menschen Werk, und Freude war es
Von nun an,
Zu wohnen in liebender Nacht und bewahren
In einfaltigen Augen unverwandt
Abgründe der Weisheit. Und es grünen
Tief an den Bergen auch lebendige Bilder.

Doch furchtbar ist, wie da und dort
Unendlich hin zerstreut das Lebende Gott.
Denn schon das Angesicht
Der theuern Freunde zu lassen
Und fernhin uber die Berge zu gehn
Allein, wo zweifach
Erkannt, einstimmig
War himmlischer Geist; und nicht geweissagt war es, sondern
Die Loken ergriff es, gegenwärtig
Wenn ihnen plözlich
Ferneilend zurük blikte
Der Gott und schworend
Damit er halte, wie an Seilen golden
Gebunden hinfort
Das Bose nennend, sie die Hande sich reichten,—

Wenn aber stirbt alsdenn,
An dem am meisten
Die Schönheit hieng, dass an der Gestalt
Ein Wunder war und die Himmlischen gedeutet
Auf ihn, und wenn, ein Rathsel ewig füreinander
Sie sich nicht fassen können

Now, when parting he
Appeared to them once more,
Then the Kingly One put out
The day of the sun and broke
The straight-beaming,
The sceptre, divinely suffering, by Himself,
For it was to return
At the right moment. Later, it would not have been
Good, and breaking off abruptly,
Unfaithful, the work of men, and joy it was
Henceforth
To live in loving night and keep
In innocent eyes, unflinchingly,
Abysses of wisdom. And deep at the mountains too
Living pictures grow green.

But it is terrible how here and there
Endlessly God scatters the living.
Then already to leave
The sight of the dear friends,
And to go far away over the mountains,
Alone, where twice recognised,
Unanimous
Was heavenly spirit; and it was not prophesied, but
At that moment seized them by the hair,
When suddenly the God
Distantly hurrying,
Looked back at them, and swearing
That he might hold back,
Calling evil bound henceforth as with ropes of gold,
They clasped one another's hands,—

But when he then dies,
To whom beauty clung most,
So that a miracle was wrought
In his form and the heavenly pointed at him,
And when, an eternal enigma for one another
They cannot grasp

Einander, die zusammenlebten
Im Gedächtniss, und nicht den Sand nur oder
Die Weiden es hinwegnimmt und die Tempel
Ergreifft, wenn die Ehre
Des Halbgotts und der Seinen
Verweht und selber sein Angesicht
Der Hochste wendet,
Darob, dass nirgend ein
Unsterbliches am Himmel zu sehn ist oder
Auf grüner Erde, was ist diss?

Es ist der Wurf des Saemanns, wenn er fasst
Mit der Schaufel den Waizen,
Und wirft, dem Klaren zu, ihn schwingend über die Tenne.
Ihm fallt die Schaale vor den Füssen, aber
Ans Ende kommet das Korn.
Und nicht übel ists, wenn einiges
Verloren gehet und von der Rede
Verhallet der lebendige Laut
Denn gottliches Werk auch gleichet dem unsern.
Nicht alles will der Hochste zumal
Zwar Eisen traget der Schacht,
Und gluhende Harze der Ätna,
So hatt' ich Reichtum,
Ein Bild zu bilden und ahnlich
Zu schaun, wie er gewesen, den Christ,

Wenn aber einer spornte sich selbst,
Und traurig redend, unterweges, da ich wehrlos wäre
Mich uberfiele, dass ich staunt' und von dem Gotte
Das Bild nachahmen mocht ein Knecht—
Im Zorne sichtbar sah ich einmal
Des Himmels Herrn, nicht, dass ich seyn sollt' etwas, sondern
Zu lernen. Gütig sind sie, ihr Verhasstestes aber ist,
So lange sie herrschen, das Falsche, und es gilt
Dann Menschliches unter Menschen nicht mehr.
Denn sie nicht walten, es waltet aber
Unsterblicher Schiksaal und es wandelt ihr Werk

One another, who lived together
In memory, and it does not take
Even the sand or the pastures[1] away and seizes
The temples, when the demi-god's honour
And that of his followers
Vanishes, and, thereupon,
Even the Highest averts
His face, so that nowhere again
An immortal is to be seen in the skies
Or on the green earth, what is this?

It is the sower's throw, when he holds
The wheat in his shovel,
And throws, towards the open, swinging it across
The thrashing-floor. The husks fall at his feet,
But the corn reaches its end.
No harm, no evil it is if some of the speech
Is lost and
The living sound subsides,
For divine work also resembles our own.
Not all things at once does the Highest desire.
The pit bears iron though,
And glowing resins Etna,
So should I have wealth
To form an image and to see
Christ much as he was,

But if someone spurned himself onwards,
And talking sadly, on the way, when I was defenceless
Attacked me, so that I marvelled and desired
To copy the God's image, I, a slave—
Visible in anger once I saw
The Lord of Heaven, not that I should be something, but
To learn. Benign are they, but they hate most, as long
As they reign, that which is false, and then
What is human no longer counts among men;
For they do not rule, but the fate
Of immortals rules, and their work

[1] Or 'Willows', the German word is ambiguous

Von selbst und eilend geht es zu Ende.
Wenn nemlich hoher gehet himmlischer
Triumphgang, wird genennet, der Sonne gleich
Von Starken der frohlokende Sohn des Hochsten,

Ein Loosungszeichen und hier ist der Stab
Des Gesanges, niederwinkend,
Denn nichts ist gemein. Die Todten weket
Er auf, die noch gefangen nicht
Vom Rohen sind. Es warten aber
Der scheuen Augen viele
Zu schauen das Licht Nicht gerne wollen
Am scharfen Strale sie bluhn,
Wiewohl den Muth der goldene Zaum hält.
Wenn aber, als
Von schwellenden Augenbraunen
Der Welt vergessen
Stillleuchtende Kraft aus heiliger Schrift fallt, mögen
Der Gnade sich freuend, sie
Am stillen Blike sich uben.

Und wenn die Himmlischen jezt
So, wie ich glaube, mich lieben,
Wie viel mehr Dich,
Denn Eines weiss ich,
Dass nemlich der Wille
Des ewigen Vaters viel
Dir gilt. Still ist sein Zeichen
Am donnernden Himmel. Und Einer steht darunter
Sein Leben lang. Denn noch lebt Christus
Es sind aber die Helden, seine Söhne
Gekommen all und heilige Schriften
Von ihm, und den Bliz erklären
Die Thaten der Erde bis izt,
Ein Wettlauf unaufhaltsam. Er ist dabei. Denn seine Werke sind
Ihm alle bewusst von jeher.

Moves of itself and hurrying reaches its end.
For when heavenly triumph goes higher,
The exultant son of the Highest, like the sun
By the strong is called,

A secret sign and here
Is the baton of song, descending,
For nothing is common. The dead
He raises, who by coarseness
Are not yet caught. But many
Timid eyes are waiting
To see the light. They do not wish
To blossom at the sharp ray,
Although the golden bridle holds their courage.
But when, forgotten
By swelling eyebrows
Of the world,
Still-glowing strength falls from holy scripture, then,
Rejoicing in grace,
On the still gaze let them practice.

And if the heavenly now
Love me as I believe,
How much more you,
For one thing I know:
That the eternal
Father's will
Counts much with you. Silent is his sign
On thundering heaven. And there is one who stands beneath
His whole life long. For Christ yet lives.
But the heroes, his sons
Have all come and holy scriptures
About him, and lightning until now
The deeds of earth explain,
An endless running-match. But he is present. For all
His works from the beginning have been known to him.

Zu lang, zu lang schon ist
Die Ehre der Himmlischen unsichtbar.
Denn fast die Finger müssen sie
Uns führen und schmählich
Entreisst das Herz uns eine Gewalt.
Denn Opfer will der Himmlischen jedes.
Wenn aber eines versäumt ward,
Nie hat es Gutes gebracht.
Wir haben gedienet der Mutter Erd
Und haben jüngst dem Sonnenlichte gedient,
Unwissend, der Vater aber liebt
Der über allen waltet
Am meisten, dass gepfleget werde
Der veste Buchstab, und Bestehendes gut
Gedeutet. Dem folgt deutscher Gesang.

Too long, too long now
The honour of the heavenly is invisible.
For almost they must guide
Our fingers and shamefully
A power is tearing away our hearts.
For all the heavenly want sacrifice,
But when one was omitted,
Good never came of it.
We have served Mother Earth
And lately have served the sunlight,
Unknowingly,
But the Father
Who reigns over all loves most
That the solid letter be cared for and the existing
Be well construed. This German song observes.

Stimme des Volkes

(Zweite Fassung)

Du seiest Gottes Stimme, so glaubt' ich sonst,
  In heil'ger Jugend; ja, und ich sag' es noch!
    Um unsre Weisheit unbekümmert
      Rauschen die Ströme doch auch, und dennoch,

Wer liebt sie nicht? und immer bewegen sie
  Das Herz mir, hör ich ferne die Schwindenden,
    Die Ahnungsvollen meine Bahn nicht,
      Aber gewisser ins Meer hin eilen,

Denn selbstvergessen, allzubereit, den Wunsch
  Der Götter zu erfüllen, ergreift zu gern,
    Was sterblich ist, wenn offnen Augs auf
      Eigenen Pfaden es einmal wandelt,

Ins All zurük die kürzeste Bahn; so, stürzt
  Der Strom hinab, er suchet die Ruh, es reisst,
    Es ziehet wider Willen ihn, von
      Klippe zu Klippe den Steuerlosen

Das wunderbare Sehnen dem Abgrund zu:
  Das Ungebundne reizet, und Völker auch
    Ergreift die Todeslust und kühne
      Städte, nachdem sie versucht das Beste,

Von Jahr zu Jahr forttreibend das Werk, sie hat
  Ein heilig Ende troffen, die Erde grünt
    Und stille vor den Sternen liegt, den
      Betenden gleich, in den Sand geworfen,

Freiwillig überwunden die lange Kunst
  Vor jenen Unnachahmbaren da; er selbst,
    Der Mensch, mit eigner Hand zerbrach, die
      Hohen zu ehren, sein Werk der Künstler.

Voice of the People

(Second Version)

That you are God's own voice, so once I believed
In holy youth; and, truly I say so still!
For never troubled by our wisdom,
Heedless, the rivers roar on, but who does

Not love them still? and always they move my heart
When far away I hear how the vanishing,
The darkly knowing not along my
Course but more surely attain the ocean,

For self-oblivious, too well prepared to serve
The wishes of the gods, all too readily
Whatever's mortal—once it wanders
Down its own paths with its eyes wide open—

Speeds back into the All by the shortest way;
So does the river plunge, when it seeks repose,
Swept on, allured against its will, from
Boulder to boulder—no rudder steers it—

By that mysterious yearning towards the abyss,
The measureless attracts, and whole peoples too
The lust for death possesses, daring
Cities, when these have long done their utmost,

From year to year completing their task—these too
A holy end has stricken; the earth grows green
And motionless before the stars, like
Men that are praying, flung down, discarded

On sand, outgrown—and gladly—there lies long art,
Prostrate before the Matchless; and they themselves,
Mankind, with their own hands have broken,
Artists, their work, for the High Ones' pleasure.

Doch minder nicht sind jene den Menschen hold,
Sie lieben wieder, so wie geliebt sie sind,
Und hemmen öfters, dass er lang im
Lichte sich freue, die Bahn des Menschen

Und nicht des Adlers Jungen allein, sie wirft
Der Vater aus dem Neste, damit sie nicht
Zu lang ihm bleiben, uns auch treibt mit
Richtigem Stachel hinaus der Herrscher.

Wohl jenen, die zur Ruhe gegangen sind
Und vor der Zeit gefallen, auch die, auch die
Geopfert, gleich den Erstlingen der
Erndte, sie haben ein Theil gefunden.

Am Xanthos lag, in griechischer Zeit, die Stadt,
Jezt aber, gleich den grösseren, die dort ruhn,
Ist durch ein Schiksaal sie dem heilgen
Lichte des Tages hinweggekommen.

Sie kamen aber nicht in der offnen Schlacht,
Durch eigne Hand um. Fürchterlich ist davon,
Was dort geschehn, die wunderbare
Sage von Osten zu uns gelanget.

Es reizte sie die Güte von Brutus. Denn
Als Feuer ausgegangen, so bot er sich
Zu helfen ihnen, ob er gleich, als Feldherr,
Stand in Belagerung vor den Thoren.

Doch von den Mauern warfen die Diener sie,
Die er gesandt. Lebendiger ward darauf
Das Feuer und sie freuten sich, und ihnen
Streket' entgegen die Hände Brutus

Und alle waren ausser sich selbst. Geschrei
Entstand und Jauchzen. Drauf in die Flammen warf
Sich Mann und Weib, von Knaben stürzt' auch
Der in die Schlacht, in der Väter Schwerdt der.

Yet no less well-disposed to mankind are these,
As we love them, so they will return our love,
And often, so that longer men may
Live in the light, will obstruct their passage.

And not the eagle's fledgelings alone their sire
Casts down from eyries, lest, never launched, too long
They'll need his care, but us the Ruler
Drives from our homes with a rightful trident.

Blessed those who to their rest have departed, and
Before their time have fallen, and those, those too
Most like the first-fruits of the harvest
Sacrificed—these have received their portion.

By Xanthos once, in times of the Greeks, there stood
A town, but now like greater ones, all at peace,
Because a destiny ordained it,
Xanthos from holy daylight is parted.

But not in open battle, by suicide
This people perished. Terrible still, the tale
Of deeds that happened there, the wondrous
Legend came down from the East and reached us.

The kindliness of Brutus provoked them. For,
First coming as a fire, now he offered them
His help, although as army chief, he
Stood at their gates to besiege the township.

Yet from the walls they tumbled those servants down
Whom he had sent. Much livelier thereupon
The fire became, and they rejoiced, and
Brutus extended his hands towards them,

All were beside themselves. And great crying there,
Great jubilation sounded. Into the fire
Leapt man and woman; boys, bewildered,
Fighting were pierced or by swords of fathers.

Nicht räthlich ist es, Helden zu trozen. Längst
  Wars aber vorbereitet Die Väter auch,
    Da sie ergriffen waren, einst, und
      Heftig die persischen Feinde drangten,

Entzundeten, ergreifend des Stromes Rohr,
  Dass sie das Freie fanden, die Stadt. Und Haus
    Und Tempel nahm, zum heilgen Äther
      Fliegend, und Menschen hinweg die Flamme.

So hatten es die Kinder gehört, und wohl
  Sind gut die Sagen, denn ein Gedächtniss sind
    Dem Hochsten sie, doch auch bedarf es
      Eines, die heiligen auszulegen.

It is not wise to strive against heroes. But
Long since it was prepared. So the Fathers too,
When they were quite encircled once, and
Strongly the Persian forces pressed them,

Set fire to their own city and, more intent
On open country, took to the water-ways.
Both house and temple, breathed to holy
Æther, and men did the flame consume there.

So, then, their children heard it and certainly
Such tales are good, for still they commemorate
The Highest; yet, as lore is holy,
One to interpret the tales is needed

Blödigkeit

(Dritte Fassung von 'Dichtermuth')

Sind denn nicht dir bekannt viele Lebendigen?
Geht auf Wahrem dein Fuss nicht, wie auf Teppichen?
Drum, mein Genius, tritt nur
Baar ins Leben und sorge nicht!

Was geschiehet, es sei alles gelegen dir!
Sei zur Freude gereimt, oder was könnte denn
Dich beleidigen, Herz, was
Da begegnen, wohin du sollst?

Denn, seit Himmlischen gleich Menschen, ein einsam Wild,
Und die Himmlischen selbst führet, der Einkehr zu,
Der Gesang und der Fürsten
Chor, nach Arten, so waren auch

Wir, die Zungen des Volks, gerne bei Lebenden,
Wo sich vieles gesellt, freudig und jedem gleich,
Jedem offen, so ist ja
Unser Vater, des Himmels Gott,

Der den denkenden Tag Armen und Reichen gönnt,
Der, zur Wende der Zeit, uns die Entschlafenden
Aufgerichtet an goldnen
Gängelbanden, wie Kinder, hält.

Gut auch sind und geschikt einem zu etwas wir,
Wenn wir kommen, mit Kunst, und von den Himmlischen
Einen bringen. Doch selber
Bringen schikliche Hände wir.

Timidness

(Third Version of 'Poet's Courage')

Are not many amongst living men known to you?
Does not your foot on truth, as though on carpets, walk?
Then, my genius, step boldly
Into life's midst and trouble not.

Happen what may, let all be opportune to you,
Be for pleasure disposed, or is there anything
Could offend you, my heart, could
Harm you there whither you must go?

For, since the song and choir of princes, each its own,
Lead the heavenly like men, lead like a lonely deer,
And the heavenly even,
To reside on the earth below,

We, the communal tongues, gladly sought living men,
Where the many conjoin, joyful and open to,
Equal to each and all,—for
So is our Father, Heaven's God,

Who on rich men and poor bestows the thinking day,
At the turning of Time holds us, who fall asleep,
Upright, as one holds children,
But with leading-strings made of gold,—

We too are good, and sent to someone for something,
When with art we appear bringing down one of the
Heavenly with us. However,
We ourselves bri[illegible]reful hands.

Thränen

Himmlische Liebe! zärtliche! wenn ich dein
Vergasse, wenn ich, o ihr geschiklichen,
Ihr feur'gen, die voll Asche sind und
Wüst und vereinsamt ohnediss schon,

Ihr lieben Inseln, Augen der Wunderwelt!
Ihr nemlich geht nun einzig allein mich an,
Ihr Ufer, wo die abgöttische
Büsset, doch Himmlischen nur, die Liebe,

Denn allzudankbar haben die Heiligen
Gedienet da in Tagen der Schönheit und
Die zornigen Helden; und viel Bäume
Sind, und die Stadte daselbst gestanden,

Sichtbar, gleich einem sinnigen Mann; izt sind
Die Helden todt, die Inseln der Liebe sind
Entstellt fast. So muss ubervortheilt,
Albern doch überall seyn die Liebe.

Ihr weichen Thranen, loschet das Augenlicht
Mir aber nicht ganz aus, ein Gedächtnis doch,
Damit ich edel sterbe, lasst, ihr
Trugrischen, Diebischen, mir nachleben.

Tears

Heavenly love, O tender one! if I should
Forget you, should I, O you most fateful ones,
Most fiery, that are full of ashes,
Though wild already, deserted, wasted,

Belovèd islands, eyes of the wonder-world!
For you alone are all that concerns me now,
You shores where the idolatress, where
Love now—but only to gods—yields penance,

For, all too grateful, there once the holy ones
In days of beauty served, and the heroes in
Their fury; also many trees as
Well as the cities themselves once stood there,

Visible as a sentient man; but now
The isles of love are almost disfigured and
The heroes dead. Thus everywhere must
Love still be tricked and imposed on, silly.

You softening tears, now do not extinguish quite
My power of vision; let a sole memory—
So that my death at least is noble—
Thieves and deceivers! outlive my passing.

Chiron

Wo bist du, Nachdenkliches! das immer muss
Zur Seite gehn, zu Zeiten, wo bist du, Licht?
Wohl ist das Herz wach, doch mir zürnt, mich
Hemmt die erstaunende Nacht nun immer.

Sonst nemlich folgt' ich Kräutern des Walds und lauscht'
Ein weiches Wild am Hügel; und nie umsonst.
Nie täuschten, auch nicht einmal deine
Vögel; denn allzubereit fast kamst du,

So Füllen oder Garten dir labend ward,
Rathschlagend, Herzens wegen; wo bist du, Licht?
Das Herz ist wieder wach, doch herzlos
Zieht die gewaltige Nacht mich immer.

Ich wars wohl. Und von Krokus und Thymian
Und Korn gab mir die Erde den ersten Straus.
Und bei der Sterne Kühle lernt' ich,
Aber das Nennbare nur. Und bei mir

Das wilde Feld entzaubernd, das traur'ge, zog
Der Halbgott, Zeus' Knecht, ein, der gerade Mann;
Nun siz ich still allein, von einer
Stunde zur anderen, und Gestalten

Aus frischer Erd' und Wolken der Liebe schafft,
Weil Gift ist zwischen uns, mein Gedanke nun,
Und ferne lausch' ich hin, ob nicht ein
Freundlicher Retter vieleicht mir komme

Dann hör' ich oft den Wagen des Donnerers
Am Mittag, wenn er naht, der bekannteste,
Wenn ihm das Haupt bebt und der Boden
Reinigt sich, und die Quaal Echo wird.

Den Retter hör' ich dann in der Nacht, ich hör'
Ihn tödtend, den Befreier, und drunten voll
Vom üppgen Kraut, als in Gesichten
Schau ich die Erd', ein gewaltig Feuer,

Chiron

Where are you, O pensive light, which ever at
My side must move, at present, where are you, light?
Indeed, the heart wakes, but I rage and
Always astonishing night constricts me.

For once I followed herbs of the wood and on
The hill for soft deer listened, and not in vain.
Not even once, no, never did your
Birds then deceive me, too promptly almost

You came, when foal or garden refreshed you there,
For hearts' own sake, advising; where are you, light?
The heart now wakes once more, yet heartless
Always most powerful night allures me.

I was once. And of crocus and thyme and corn
Then Earth would give a bouquet, the first, to me.
I learned from coolness of the stars, but
Only what can be named. And within me,

Depriving of its magic the sad wild field,
Came he, the straight, the demi-god, servant to Zeus;
Now here I sit alone and silent
Hour after hour and my thought moulds figures

Created from new soil and from clouds of love,
Since poison is between us; and listen far
Beyond into the distance, if a
Kindly deliv'rer perhaps is coming.

And often hear the Thunderer's chariot roar,
At noon-time, when he nears, the best-known of all,
When his own head is trembling, earth is
Purged and when anguish becomes an echo.

Then in the night I hear the deliv'rer, hear
Him kill, the liberator, and down below
As in a vision, full of thriving
Weeds, I see Earth, a most mighty fire;

Die Tage aber wechseln, wenn einer dann
Zusiehet denen, lieblich und bös, ein Schmerz
Wenn einer zweigestalt ist, und es
Kennet kein einziger nicht das Beste;

Das aber ist der Stachel des Gottes; nie
Kann einer lieben göttliches Unrecht sonst.
Einheimisch aber ist der Gott dann
Angesichts da, und die Erd' ist anders.

Tag! Tag! Nun wieder athmet ihr recht, nun trinkt,
Ihr meiner Bäche Weiden ein Augenlicht,
Und rechte Stapfen gehn, und als ein
Herrscher, mit Sporen, und bei dir selber

Örtlich, Irrstern des Tages, erscheinest du,
Du auch, o Erde, friedliche Wieg', und du,
Haus meiner Väter, die unstädtisch
Sind, in den Wolken des Wilds, gegangen.

Nimm nun ein Ross, und harnische dich und nimm
Den leichten Speer, o Knabe! Die Wahrsagung
Zerreist nicht, und umsonst nicht wartet,
Bis sie erscheinet, Herakles Rückkehr.

But, changing, days go by and when thereupon
  A man observes them, lovely and bad, a pain
    When one is twofold and no single
      Person can know what is best or fittest.

That is the very sting of the god; and else
  Divine injustice never could yet be loved.
    But native here, at home, the god then
      Visibly grows, and the earth is different.

Day! Day! now once again you can breathe; now drink,
  O willows of my streams, a radiant sight,
    And proper footsteps go, and as a
      Ruler, with spurs, and located even

In your own orb, O planet of day, you are now revealed,
  You also, Earth, our peace-giving cradle, you,
    House of my fathers who, not urban,
      Walked in the clouds of the untamed creatures

Now take a horse and harness yourself and take
  The slender spear, o youth! for the prophecy
    Shall not be torn, nor yet in vain shall
      Wait for it, Heracles' second coming

Ganymed

Was schläfst du, Bergsohn, liegest in Unmuth, schief,
Und frierst am kahlen Ufer, Geduldiger!
Denkst nicht der Gnade du, wenns an den
Tischen der Himmlischen sonst gedürstet?

Kennst drunten du vom Vater die Boten nicht,
Nicht in der Kluft der Lüfte geschärfter Spiel?
Trifft nicht das Wort dich, das voll alten
Geists ein gewanderter Mann dir sendet?

Schon tonets aber ihm in der Brust. Tief quillts,
Wie damals, als hoch oben im Fels er schlief,
Ihm auf. Im Zorne reinigt aber
Sich der Gefesselte nun, nun eilt er

Der Linkische; der spottet der Schlaken nun
Und nimmt und bricht und wirft die Zerbrochenen
Zorntrunken, spielend, dort und da zum
Schauenden Ufer, und bei des Fremdlings

Besondrer Stimme stehen die Heerden auf,
Es regen sich die Wälder, es hört tief Land
Den Stromgeist fern, und schaudernd regt im
Nabel der Erde der Geist sich wieder.

Der Frühling kommt. Und jedes, in seiner Art,
Bluht. Der ist aber ferne; nicht mehr dabei.
Irr gieng er nun; denn allzugut sind
Genien; himmlisch Gespräch ist sein nun.

Ganymede

Why, cross and crooked, son of the mountains, do
You lie asleep and freeze on the barren bank,
O patient one! Nor think of grace, who
Once at the heavenly tables thirsted?

Do you not know the Father's own messengers,
Nor in the cleft the breezes' more eager play?
Are you not struck by words which full of
Ancient spirit a traveller sends you?

Already now it sounds in his breast. It wells,
As deep as when high up on the rocks he slept,
Within. But, full of wrath, the fettered
Cleanses himself now, and now he hastens,

The awkward one; he laughs at the splinters now
And takes and breaks and throws down the broken ends,
Wrath-drunken, playing, here and there at
Banks which observe him, and at the stranger's

Peculiar voice the herds that were resting rise,
The forests are stirred up and deep down the land
Can hear the river-sprite and in the
Navel of Earth now the spirit shudders.

Soon springtime comes And everything in its way
Blossoms. But he is distant, no longer there.
He went astray; for all too good are
Genii; heavenly speech is his now.

Andenken

Der Nordost wehet,
Der liebste unter den Winden
Mir, weil er feurigen Geist
Und gute Fahrt verheisset den Schiffern.
Geh aber nun und grusse
Die schöne Garonne,
Und die Garten von Bourdeaux
Dort, wo am scharfen Ufer
Hingehet der Steg und in den Strom
Tief fallt der Bach, daruber aber
Hinschauet ein edel Paar
Von Eichen und Silberpappeln;

Noch denket das mir wohl und wie
Die breiten Gipfel neiget
Der Ulmwald, über die Mühl',
Im Hofe aber wächset ein Feigenbaum.
An Feiertagen gehn
Die braunen Frauen daselbst
Auf seidnen Boden,
Zur Marzenzeit,
Wenn gleich ist Nacht und Tag,
Und uber langsamen Stegen,
Von goldenen Traumen schwer,
Einwiegende Lufte ziehen.

Es reiche aber,
Des dunkeln Lichtes voll,
Mir einer den duftenden Becher,
Damit ich ruhen moge; denn süss
War' unter Schatten der Schlummer.
Nicht ist es gut
Seellos von sterblichen
Gedanken zu seyn. Doch gut
Ist ein Gesprach und zu sagen
Des Herzens Meinung, zu hören viel
Von Tagen der Lieb',
Und Thaten, welche geschehen

Remembrance

The north-east wind blows,
Of winds the most dear
To me, because it promises
Fiery spirit and a good voyage to mariners.
But go now and greet
The beautiful Garonne
And the gardens of Bordeaux,
There, where on the rugged banks
The path extends, and into the river
Deep falls the stream, but above
A noble pair of oaks
And white poplars gaze;

Still this seems well to me, and how
The broad tree-tops in the forest
Of elms bend over the mill,
But in the yard a fig-tree grows.
On festive days the brown women
Walk even there
On silken ground,
In time of March,
When night and day are equal,
And over slow paths,
Heavy with golden dreams,
Lulling breezes pass.

But some one hand me
The fragrant cup
Full of dark light,
That I may rest; for sweet
Among shadows were sleep.
It is not good
To be soulless of mortal
Thoughts. But converse
Is good and to speak
The heart's opinion, to hear much
Of the days of love
And deeds that occurred.

Wo aber sind die Freunde? Bellarmin
Mit den Gefährten? Mancher
Trägt Scheue, an die Quelle zu gehn,
Es beginnet nemlich der Reichtum
Im Meere. Sie,
Wie Maler, bringen zusammen
Das Schöne der Erd' und verschmähn
Den geflügelten Krieg nicht, und
Zu wohnen einsam, jahrlang, unter
Dem entlaubten Mast, wo nicht die Nacht durchglänzen
Die Feiertage der Stadt,
Und Saitenspiel und eingeborener Tanz nicht

Nun aber sind zu Indiern
Die Männer gegangen,
Dort an der luftigen Spiz'
An Traubenbergen, wo herab
Die Dordogne kommt
Und zusammen mit der pracht'gen
Garonne meerbreit
Ausgehet der Strom. Es nehmet aber
Und giebt Gedächtniss die See,
Und die Lieb' auch heftet fleissig die Augen
Was bleibet aber, stiften die Dichter.

But where are the friends? Where Bellarmine
And his companions? Many
Are shy of going to the source;
For riches begin
In the sea.
They, like painters, assemble
The beautiful things of the Earth and do not
Disdain winged war, and
To live lonely, for years, beneath
The defoliate mast, where the town's
Festivities do not gleam through the night,
And no music of strings or indigenous dancing.

But now to Indians
The men are gone,
There on the airy summit
On grape-clad hills, where down
Comes the Dordogne
And together with the splendid
Garonne as wide as the ocean
The river moves out. But the sea it is
That takes and gives remembrance,
And love, no less, fixes diligent eyes.
But that which is lasting the poets provide.

Der Adler

Mein Vater ist gewandert, auf dem Gotthard,
Da wo die Flüsse, hinab,
Wohl nach Hetruria seitwärts,
Und des geraden Weges
Auch über den Schnee,
Zu dem Olympos und Hämos
Wo den Schatten der Athos wirft,
Nach Höhlen in Lem[n]os.
Anfänglich aber sind
Aus Waldern des Indus
Starkduftenden
Die Eltern gekommen.
Der Urahn aber
Ist geflogen über der See
Scharfsinnend, und es wunderte sich
Des Königes goldnes Haupt
Ob dem Geheimniss der Wasser,
Als roth die Wolken dampften
Über dem Schiff und die Thiere stumm
Einander schauend
Der Speise gedachten, aber
Es stehen die Berge doch still,
Wo wollen wir bleiben?

Weh — — — —
— — — — — —
— — — — — —
— — — — — —
— — — — — —
— — — — — —
Der Fels ist zu Waide gut,
Das Trokne zu Trank.
Das Nasse aber zu Speise.
Will einer wohnen,
So sei es an Treppen,

The Eagle

My father journeyed, on the Gotthard,
Where the rivers are, downwards,
Perhaps to Etruria, sideways,
And by the straight way, too,
Over the snow,
To Olympus and Haemus
Where Athos casts its shadow.
Towards caves in Lemnos.
In the beginning, however,
Our parents came
Out of forests of the Indus,
The strongly scented.
But the first forefather
Flew across the sea,
Pondering sharply, and the golden head
Of the King was amazed
By the waters' mystery,
When red the clouds were steaming
Above the ship and the animals,
Dumbly gazing at one another,
Gave thought to nourishment, but
Nevertheless the mountains stand still.
Where shall we stay?

Woe — — — —
— — — — — —
— — — — — —
— — — — — —
— — — — — —
— — — — — —
The rock is good for pasture,
What is dry for drink.
But that which is wet, for food.
If one   dwell,
Let it   steps,

Und wo ein Häuslein hinabhängt
Am Wasser halte dich auf.
Und was du hast, ist
Athem zu hohlen.
Hat einer ihn nemlich hinauf
Am Tage gebracht,
Er findet im Schlaf ihn wieder.
Denn wo die Augen zugedekt,
Und gebunden die Füsse sind,
Da wirst du es finden.
Denn wo erkennest, — —
— — — — — —

And where a little house hangs down
Near water, there spend your days.
And what is yours
Is to take in breath.
For if by day a man
Has brought it to the top,
In sleep he finds it again.
For where the eyes are covered
And the feet are bound,
There you will find it.
For where will you recognise, — —
— — — — — —

Noch Eins ist aber zu sagen . . .

Noch Eins ist aber
Zu sagen. Denn es wäre
Mir fast zu plözlich
Das Glük gekommen,
Das Einsame, dass ich unverständig
Im Eigentum
Mich an die Schatten gewandt,
Denn weil du gabst
Den Sterblichen
Versuchend Göttergestalt,
Wofur ein Wort? und es hatte die Schwermuth
Mir von den Lippen
Den Gesang genommen.
(So mein' ich, denn es hasset die Rede, wer
Das Lebenslicht, das herzernahrende sparet.) Zwar
Vor Alters deuteten
Die Dichter, von selbst, wie sie
Die Kraft der Gotter hinweggenommen.
Wir aber zwingen
Dem Ungluk ab und hangen die Fahnen
Dem Siegesgott, dem befreienden auf. Darum auch
Hast du Räthsel gesendet. Heilig sind sie
Die Glanzenden, wenn aber alltäglich
Die Himmlischen und gemein
Das Wunder scheinen will, wenn nemlich
Wie Raub Titanenfürsten die Gaaben
Der Mutter greifen, hilft ein Hoherer ihr.

Yet One Thing Remains . . .[1]

Yet One Thing remains
To be said. For almost
Too suddenly
This happiness would have been granted,
This lonely happiness; that uncomprehending
In what was mine
To the shadows I turned,
For because you gave
To mortals
The tentative shape of gods
Why waste a word? and melancholia
Would have taken the song
Away from my lips.
(So I thought, for he hates speech
Who husbands the lights of life that nourishes the heart). Indeed,
In ancient times the poets
By themselves interpreted
How they had taken away the strength of the gods.
But we
Wrest from misfortune and hang the flags
On the god of victory, the liberator. And that is why
You send enigmas. Holy are they,
The shining, but when the heavenly
Would seem quotidian, and common
The miracle and when, in fact,
Like stolen booty Titanic princes grasp
The Mother's gifts, One who is higher comes to her aid.

[1] Recent research has shown that these lines are part of a longer poem, the fragmentary hymn *To the Madonna*; cf. Works (Beissner), Vol. II/1, p.216

POEMS WRITTEN DURING HIS MADNESS

1806 and 1843

Wenn aus dem himmel . . .

Wenn aus dem Himmel hellere Wonne sich
Herabgiesst, eine Freude der Menschen kommt,
Dass sie sich wundern über manches
Sichtbares, Höheres, Angenehmes:

Wie tönet lieblich heilger Gesang dazu!
Wie lacht das Herz in Liedern die Wahrheit an,
Dass Freudigkeit an einem Bildniss—
Über dem Stege beginnen Schaafe

Den Zug, der fast in dämmernde Wälder geht
Die Wiesen aber, welche mit lautrem Grün
Bedekt sind, sind wie jene Haide,
Welche gewöhnlicher Weise nah ist

Dem dunkeln Walde. Da auf den Wiesen auch
Verweilen diese Schaafe. Die Gipfel, die
Umher sind, nakte Höhen sind mit
Eichen bedeket und seltnen Tannen.

Da, wo des Stromes regsame Wellen sind,
Dass einer, der vorüber des Weges kommt,
Froh hinschaut, da erhebt der Berge
Sanfte Gestalt und der Weinberg hoch sich.

Zwar gehn die Treppen unter den Reben hoch
Herunter, wo der Obstbaum blühend darüber steht
Und Duft an wilden Heken weilet,
Wo die verborgenen Veilchen sprossen;

Gewässer aber rieseln herab, und sanft
Ist hörbar dort ein Rauschen den ganzen Tag;
Die Orte aber in der Gegend
Ruhen und schweigen den Nachmittag durch.

When From the Heavens . . .

When from the heavens more dazzling delight pours down,
A human joy approaches for human kind,
So that they marvel there at much that's
Visible, higher and pleasing to them:

How beautifully with it does church song blend!
In hymns the heart how laughingly lauds the truth
That in one image is rejoicing—
Sheep on the small, narrow bridge set out on

Their track, which takes them almost to twilight woods.
The fields, however, covered with flawless green,
Resemble that same heath which
Commonly is to be found quite near to

The gloomy wood. And there, on the meadows, too
These sheep remain. The summits which round about
Are seen, bare, naked heights, are covered
Freely with oaks and, more sparsely, pine-trees.

There, where the river's frolicsome ripples are,
So that a man who passes there on his way
Looks gaily at them, there the mountains'
Gentle, vague shape and the vineyard rises.

Although the steps go down under the grape-vines high
Descending, where the fruit-tree blossoming stands above,
And on wild hedges fragrance lingers
Down where the violets sprout in secret,

Yet waters trickle, murmuring, down, and faint
A rustling there is audible all day long;
The places in those parts, however,
Rest and are silent in afternoon hours

In Lieblicher Blaue . . .[1]

In lieblicher Blaue blühet mit dem
Metallenen Dache der Kirchthurm. Den
Umschwebet Geschrei von Schwalben, den
Umgiebt die rührendste Bläue. Die Sonne
Geht hoch darüber und farbet das Blech,
Im Winde aber oben stille
Krahet die Fahne Wenn einer
Unter der Gloke dann herabgeht, jene Treppen,
Ein stilles Leben ist es, weil,
Wenn abgesondert so sehr die Gestalt ist, die
Bildsamkeit herauskommt dann des Menschen.
Die Fenster, daraus die Gloken tönen, sind
Wie Thore an Schonheit. Nemlich, weil
Noch der Natur nach sind die Thore, haben diese
Die Ahnlichkeit von Bäumen des Walds. Reinheit
Aber ist auch Schonheit.
Innen aus Verschiedenem entsteht ein ernster Geist.

So sehr einfaltig die Bilder, so sehr
Heilig sind die, dass man wirklich
Oft furchtet, die zu beschreiben Die Himmlischen aber,
Die immer gut sind, alles zumal, wie Reiche,
Haben diese Tugend und Freude Der Mensch
Darf das nachahmen
Darf, wenn lauter Muhe das Leben, ein Mensch
Aufschauen, und sagen. so

[1] This poem, taken from *Phaeton*, a novel by Waiblinger cannot be ascribed to Holderlin with certainty Waiblinger frequently visited Holderlin during his madness and wrote a detailed account of his observations It is certain that Holderlin provided the model for Phaeton of the novel and that this poem shows some of the peculiarities of his 'late hymns' However, it is possible that Waiblinger changed or elaborated the original poem, or wrote this one himself, helped by a thorough knowledge of Holderlin's poetic idiom and conversation In 1822, after a visit to Holderlin, Waiblinger noted in his diary '. I received a bundle of such papers and there found Alcaic poems,

In Lovely Blueness . . .

In lovely blueness with its
Metal roof the steeple blossoms. Around
It crying of swallows floats, most
Moving blueness surrounds it. The sun
Goes high above it and colours the iron sheets.
But up in the wind silently
Crows the weathercock. If someone
Then descends, beneath the bell, those steps,
It is a still life, because,
When the figure is so detached, man's
Plasticity is brought out.
The windows, from which the bells sound, are
Like gates in beauty. Namely, because
The gates are yet formed after nature, these
Bear resemblance to trees of the forest. But
Pureness is also beauty.
Within, divergence creates a serious spirit.

But pictures are so simple, so holy
Are these that really one is
Often afraid to describe them But the heavenly,
Who are always good, all at once, like the rich,
Have this virtue and pleasure. Man
May imitate that.
May, when life is all trouble, may a man
Look upwards and say· I

metrically quite correct, but unintelligible I also asked for one of these sheets The recurrent use of 'namely', in the Pindaric manner, is worthy of attention He always speaks of sufferings, when he can be understood, of Œdipus, of Greece We parted . '

The poem can be found in Waiblinger's novel, where, in the form of prose, it serves as a speech of the mad Phaeton The present rendering is based on the text of Hellingrath's edition of Holderlin's Works, Vol. VI, where the poem first appeared as such, divided into lines and ascribed to Holderlin

Will ich auch seyn? Ja. So lange die Freundlichkeit noch
Am Herzen, die Reine, dauert, misset
Nicht unglüklich der Mensch sich
Mit der Gottheit. Ist unbekannt Gott?
Ist er offenbar wie der Himmel? Dieses
Glaub' ich eher. Der Menschen Maas ists.
Voll Verdienst, doch dichterisch wohnet
Der Mensch auf dieser Erde. Doch reiner
Ist nicht der Schatten der Nacht mit den Sternen,
Wenn ich so sagen konnte, als
Der Mensch, der heisset ein Bild der Gottheit.

Giebt es auf Erden ein Maas? Es giebt
Keines. Nemlich es hemmen den Donnergang nie die Welten
Des Schöpfers. Auch eine Blume ist schön, weil
Sie blühet unter der Sonne. Es findet
Das Aug' oft im Leben Wesen, die
Viel schöner noch zu nennen wären
Als die Blumen. O! Ich weiss das wohl! Denn
Zu bluten an Gestalt und Herz und ganz
Nicht mehr zu seyn, gefällt das Gott?
Die Seele aber, wie ich glaube, muss
Rein bleiben, sonst reicht an das Mächtige
Mit Fittigen der Adler mit lobendem Gesange
Und der Stimme so vieler Vögel. Es ist
Die Wesenheit, die Gestalt ist's.

Du schönes Bächlein, du scheinst rührend,
Indem du rollest so klar, wie das
Auge der Gottheit, durch die Milchstrasse.
Ich kenne dich wohl, aber Thränen quillen
Aus dem Auge. Ein heiteres Leben seh' ich
In den Gestalten mich umblühen der Schöpfung, weil
Ich es nicht unbillig vergleiche den einsamen Tauben
Auf dem Kirchhof. Das Lachen aber
Scheint mich zu grämen der Menschen,
Nemlich ich hab' ein Herz.
Möcht' ich ein Komet seyn? Ich glaube. Denn sie haben

Also would like to be thus? Yes. As long
As kindness, which is pure, lasts in his heart,
Man not unhappily can measure himself
With the divine. Is God unknown?
Is He visible as the sky? This
I rather believe. It's the measure of men.
Full of profit but poetically man
Lives on this earth. But the shadow
Of night with the stars is not purer,
If I could put it like that, than
Man, who is called the image of God.

Is there a measure on earth? There is
None. For the creator's worlds never impede
The run of thunder. A flower also is beautiful, because
It blossoms under the sun. Often
In life the eye finds beings which
Could be called much more beautiful still
Than the flowers. Oh! I know that well. For
To bleed in body and heart and entirely
To be no more, does that please God?
But the soul, so I believe, must
Remain pure, otherwise with pinions the eagle
Attains the mighty with song of praise
And the voice of so many birds. It is
The essence of being, it is form.

O beautiful little stream, you seem touching,
While you are rolling so clearly, as the
Eye of gods through the Milky Way.
I know you well, but tears gush
From mine eyes. A serene life I see
Blossom around me in the shapes of creation, because
Not unjustly I compare it to the lonely doves
Of the churchyard. But the laughter
Of men seems to grieve me,
For I possess a heart.
Do I want to be a comet? I think so. For they

Die Schnelligkeit der Vögel; sie blühen an Feuer
Und sind wie Kinder an Reinheit. Grosseres zu wünschen
Kann nicht der Menschen Natur sich vermessen.
Der Tugend Heiterkeit verdient auch gelobt zu werden
Vom ernsten Geiste, der zwischen
Den drei Saulen wehet des Gartens.
Eine schöne Jungfrau muss das Haupt umkränzen
Mit Myrthenblumen, weil sie einfach ist
Ihrem Wesen nach und ihrem Gefuhl.
Myrthen aber giebt es in Griechenland.

Wenn einer in den Spiegel siehet, ein Mann, und
Siehet darin sein Bild, wie abgemahlt; es gleicht
Dem Manne, Augen hat des Menschen Bild, hingegen
Licht der Mond Der Konig Oedipus hat ein
Auge zuviel vielleicht Diese Leiden dieses
Mannes, sie scheinen unbeschreiblich,
Unaussprechlich, unausdruklich. Wenn das Schauspiel
Ein solches darstellt, kommts daher. Wie
Ist mir's aber, gedenk' ich deiner jezt?

Wie Bache reisst das Ende von Etwas mich dahin,
Welches sich wie Asien ausdehnet. Natürlich
Dieses Leiden, das hat Odipus. Natürlich ist's darum.
Hat auch Herkules gelitten?
Wohl; die Dioskuren in ihrer Freundschaft haben die
Nicht Leiden auch getragen? Nemlich
Wie Herkules mit Gott zu streiten, das ist Leiden. Und
Die Unsterblichkeit im Neide dieses Lebens,
Diese zu theilen, ist ein Leiden auch.
Doch das ist auch ein Leiden, wenn
Mit Sommerfleken ist bedekt ein Mensch,
Mit manchen Fleken ganz uberdekt zu seyn! Das
Thut die schöne Sonne: nemlich
Die ziehet alles auf. Die Jünglinge führt die Bahn sie
Mit Reizen ihrer Stralen wie mit Rosen.
Die Leiden scheinen so, die Odipus getragen, als wie
Ein armer Mann klagt, dass ihm etwas fehle.
Sohn Laios, armer Fremdling in Griechenland!
Leben ist Tod, und Tod ist auch ein Leben.

Possess the quickness of birds; they blossom with fire
And are like children in pureness. To desire greater things
The nature of men cannot presume.
Virtue's serenity also deserves to be praised
By the serious spirit which blows
Between the garden's three pillars.
A beautiful virgin must wreathe her head
With myrtle flowers, because she is simple
According to her nature and to her feelings.
But there are myrtles in Greece.

When someone looks into the mirror, a man, and
In it sees his image, as though it were painted; it
Resembles the man, the image of men has eyes, whereas
The moon has light. King Œdipus has an eye
Too many perhaps. The sufferings of this man,
They seem indescribable,
Unutterable, inexpressible. If the drama
Represents a thing of this kind, that's why. But
How is it with me, do I think of you now?

Like streams the end of something tears me along,
Which lies extended like Asia. Of course
This affliction, Œdipus has that. Of course, that is why.
Did Hercules suffer too?
Indeed; the Dioscuri in their friendship did they
Not bear sufferings too? For
To quarrel with gods, like Hercules, that is suffering. And
Immortality in the envy of this life,
To share that, is suffering too.
But this also is suffering, when
A man is covered with many freckles,
To be wholly covered with many a spot!
The beautiful sun does that; for
It rears up all things. It leads young men in their course
With charms of its rays as with roses.
The sufferings which Œdipus bore seem as when
A poor man complains that there is something he lacks.
Son of Laios, poor stranger in Greece!
Life is death, and death is also a life.

Fragment I

Das Angenehme dieser Welt hab ich genossen,
Der Jugend Freuden sind wie lang! wie lang! verflossen.
April und Mai und Junius sind ferne,
Ich bin nichts mehr, ich lebe nicht mehr gerne.

Fragment II

Die Linien des Lebens sind verschieden,
Wie Wege sind, und wie der Berge Gränzen,
Was hier wir sind, kann dort ein Gott erganzen,
Mit Harmonien und ewigem Lohn und Frieden.

Fragment III

(Überzeugung)

Als wie der Tag die Menschen hell umscheinet
Und mit dem Lichte, das den Höhn entspringet,
Die dammernden Erscheinungen vereinet,
Ist Wissen, welches tief der Geistigkeit gelinget.

An Zimmern

Von einem Menschen sag'ich, wenn der ist gut
Und weise, was bedarf er? ist irgend eins,
Das einer Seele genüget? Ist ein Halm, ist
Eine gereifteste Reb' auf Erden,

Gewachsen, die ihn nahre? Der Sinn ist dess'
Also Ein Freund ist oft die Geliebte, viel
Die Kunst. O Theurer, dir sag'ich die Wahrheit:
Dadalus Geist und des Walds ist deiner.

Fragment I

The pleasures of this world I tasted and enjoyed,
But long ago, how long! youth's joys were all destroyed.
April and May and June are past and far away,
I'm nothing any more, indifferent to each day.

Fragment II

The lines of life are various; they diverge and cease
Like footpaths and the mountains' utmost ends;
What here we are, elsewhere a god amends
With harmonies, eternal recompense and peace.

Fragment III

(*Cognition*)

Like the bright day that brings down from the heights
Clear, shining light and in its radiance wraps mankind,
So that it binds together all earth's glimmering sights,
Is knowledge wholly granted to the striving mind.

To Zimmer

I say of a man: if he is virtuous
  And wise, what does he lack? Is there anything
    That can suffice a soul? Will any corn stalk,
      Will the most ripened vine that's grown on

This earth sustain him? This is the sense thereof.
  A friend is often loved like a girl, and art
    Is much. O friend, to you I'll tell the truth then:
      Daedalus' spirit is yours, the forest's.

Der Herbst

Die Sagen, die der Erde sich entfernen,
Vom Geiste, der gewesen ist, und wiederkehret,
Sie kehren zu der Menschheit sich, und vieles lernen
Wir aus der Zeit die eilends sich verzehret.

Die Bilder der Vergangenheit sind nicht verlassen
Von der Natur, als wie die Tag' verblassen
Im hohen Sommer, kehrt der Herbst zur Erde nieder,
Der Geist der Schauer findet sich am Himmel wieder.

In kurzer Zeit hat vieles sich geendet,
Der Landmann, der am Pfluge sich gezeiget,
Er siehet, wie das Jahr sich frohem Ende neiget,
In solchen Bildern ist des Menschen Tag vollendet.

Der Erde Rund mit Felsen ausgezieret
Ist wie die Wolke nicht, die Abends sich verlieret,
Es zeiget sich mit einem goldnen Tage,
Und die Volkommenheit ist ohne Klage.

Der Winter

(1842)

Wenn ungesehn und nun voruber sind die Bilder
Der Jahreszeit, so kommt des Winters Dauer,
Das Feld ist leer, die Ansicht scheinet milder,
Und Stürme wehn umher und Regenschauer.

Als wie ein Ruhetag, so ist des Jahres Ende
Wie einer Frage Ton, dass dieser sich vollende,
Alsdann erscheint des Fruhlings neues Werden,
So glänzet die Natur mit ihrer Pracht auf Erden.

24 April, 1049

Mit Unterthänigkeit,
SCARDANELLI.

Autumn[1]

The legends which are leaving land and sea
About the spirit that has been and will return,
They turn to men and there is much we learn
From time which, self-consumed, moves speedily.

The pictures of the past are not mislaid
By nature; as the days grow pale and fade
In the late summer, autumn breezes fly;
The ghost of showers gathers in the sky.

In a short time much changes and much ends:
The countryman who at his plough was found
Sees how the year to its glad ending bends;
Such images complete the human round.

The earth adorned with jutting rocks revolves
Not like a cloud which towards night dissolves.
In golden day its first display is spent,
And all perfection is beyond lament.

Winter

(1842)

When, unseen, the season's pictures have passed
Then the winter's duration comes again;
The field is bare, the view more mildly cast,
Tempests blow round about and showers of rain.

The year's ending is like a day of rest,
Like a question's tone that seeks conclusion;
Then spring's new growth comes brightly dressed:
Thus Nature shines on earth in her profusion.

April 24th, 1049.

Your most humble and
obedient Servant,
SCARDANELLI.

[1] This poem is a more or less typical example of the innumerable poems which Hölderlin wrote during his madness, usually at the request of his visitors

APPENDIX

Der Archipelagus

German Text of the passage quoted on p. 54

O die Kinder des Gluks, die frommen! wandeln sie fern nun,
Bei den Vätern daheim, und der Schiksaalstage vergessen,
Druben am Lethestrom, und bringt kein Sehnen sie wieder?
Sieht mein Auge sie nie? ach! findet über den tausend
Pfaden der grünenden Erd', ihr göttergleichen Gestalten!
Euch das Suchende nie, und vernahm ich darum die Sprache,
Darum die Sage von euch, dass immertrauernd die Seele
Vor der Zeit mir hinab zu euern Schatten entfliehe?
Aber naher zu euch, wo eure Haine noch wachsen,
Wo sein einsames Haupt in Wolken der heilige Berg hullt,
Zum Parnassos will ich, und wenn im Dunkel der Eiche
Schimmernd, mir Irrenden dort Kastalias Quelle begegnet,
Will ich, mit Thränen gemischt, aus blüthenumdufteter Schaale
Dort, auf keimendes Grün das Wasser giessen, damit doch,
O ihr Schalafenden all! ein Todtenopfer euch werde.

Dort im schweigenden Thal, an Tempes hängenden Felsen,
Will ich wohnen, mit euch, dort oft, ihr herrlichen Nahmen!
Her euch rufen, bei Nacht, und wenn ihr zürnend erscheinet,
Weil der Pflug die Gräber entweiht, mit der Stimme des Herzens
Will ich, mit frommem Gesang, euch sühnen, heilige Schatten!
Bis, zu leben mit euch, sich ganz die Seele gewöhnet.
Fragen wird der Geweihtere dann euch manches, ihr Todten!
Euch, ihr Lebenden auch, ihr hohen Kräfte des Himmels!
Wenn ihr über dem Schutt mit euren Jahren vorbeigeht
Ihr in der sicheren Bahn! denn oft ergreifet das Irrsaal
Unter den Sternen mir, wie schaurige Lüfte, den Busen,
Dass ich spähe nach Rath, und lang schon reden sie nimmer
Trost den Bedürftigen zu, die prophetischen Haine Dodonas,
Stumm ist der delphische Gott, und einsam liegen und öde
Längst die Pfade, wo einst, von Hoffnungen leise geleitet,
Fragend der Mann zur Stadt des redlichen Sehers heraufstieg.
Aber droben das Licht, es spricht noch heute zu Menschen,
Schöner Deutungen voll und des grossen Donnerers Stimme,
Ruft es: denket ihr mein? und die trauernde Wooge des Meergotts

Hallt es wieder: gedenkt ihr nimmer meiner,
wie vormals?
Den es ruhn die Himmlischen gern am
fühlenden Herzen,
Immer, wie sonst, geleiten sie noch, die
begeisternden Kräfte,
Gerne den strebenden Mann, und über den
Bergen der Heimath
Ruht und waltet und lebt allgegenwärtig der
Äther,
Dass ein liebendes Volk, in des Vaters Armen
gesammelt,
Menschlich freudig, wie sonst, und *ein* Geist
allen gemein sei.
Aber weh! es wandelt in Nacht, es wohnt,
wie im Orkus,
Ohne Göttliches unser Geschlecht. Ans eigene
Treiben
Sind sie geschmiedet allein, und sich in der
tosenden Werkstatt
Höret jeglicher nur und viel arbeiten die
Wilden
Mit gewaltigem Arm, rastlos, doch immer
und immer
Unfruchtbar, wie die Furien, bleibt die Mühe
der Armen.
Bis, erwacht vom ängstigen Traum, die Seele
den Menschen
Aufgeht, jugendlich froh, und der Liebe seeg-
nender Othem
Wieder, wie vormals oft, bei Hellas blühenden
Kindern,
Wehet in neuer Zeit und über freierer Stirne
Uns der Geist der Natur, der fernherwandelnde,
weider
Stilleweilend der Gott in goldnen Wolken
erscheine.